

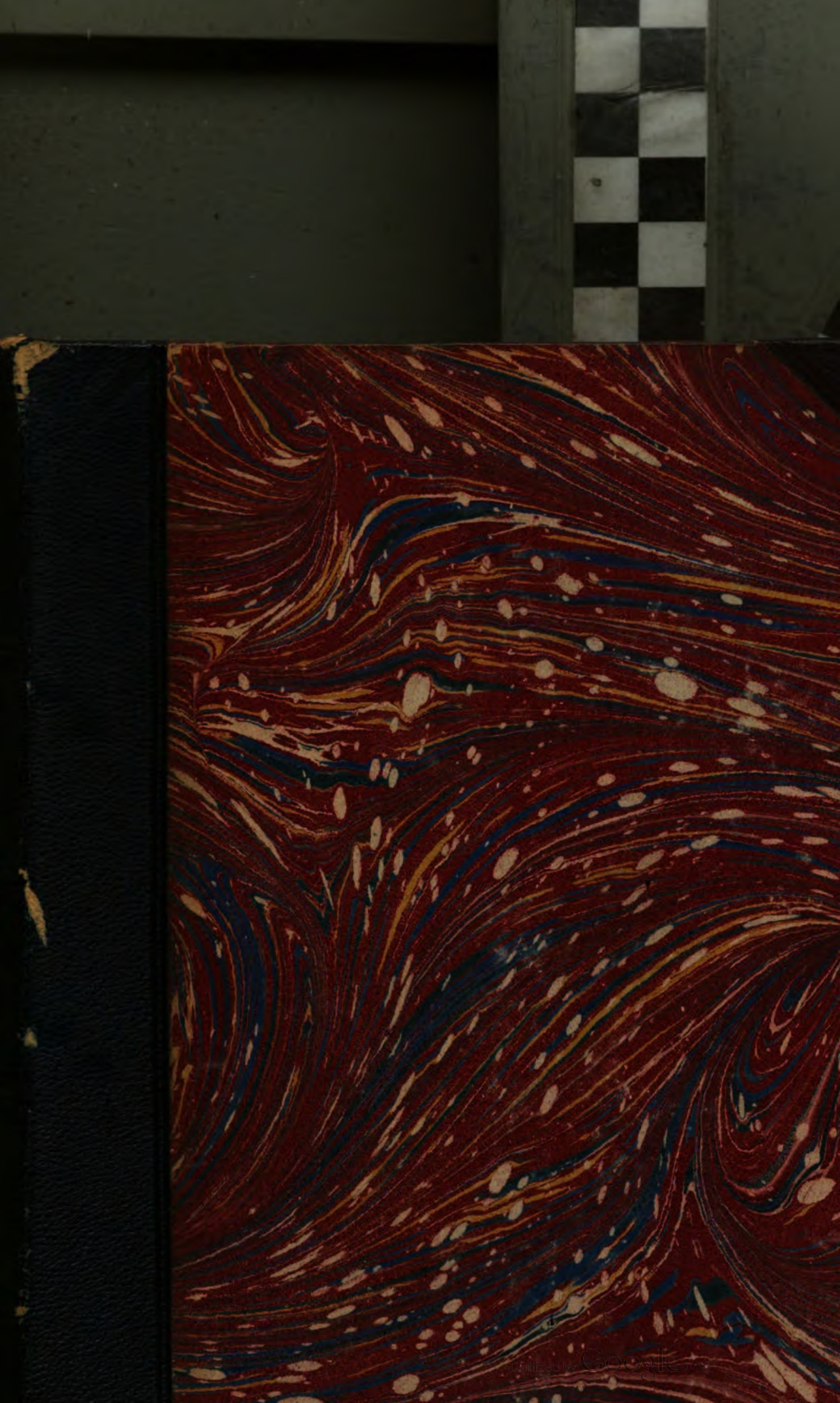
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MARIA LOUISA

*Empress of France*

*Born 12<sup>th</sup> Dec. 1791*

*Married to Buonaparte*

*April 1<sup>st</sup> 1810*



THE  
(PORT FOLIO)  
Vol. 5.



PHILADELPHIA

*Published by Bradford & Inskeep  
& Inskeep & Bradford.*





# THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY JOSEPH DENNIE, ESQ.

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Various that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

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Vol. V.

JANUARY, 1811.

No. 1.

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MARIA LOUISA.

(*With an elegant engraving.*)

TO France, in the days of Henry the Fourth, we might recur, in a spirit of gallantry, for an illustration of the finest forms of Beauty and of Grace. But these lovely shapes, however *flitting* and evanescent, can still be discerned; and the *Empire*, as well as the *Kingdom* of Love, boasts of the charms of its subjects. The consort of the present Ruler of France is described, by contemporary Criticism, as one of the most attractive of the Austrian race. The spirited exertions of our accomplished Engraver will, unquestionably, support the opinion. We, who are such sturdy republicans, can gaze with rapture at the features of Imperial Beauty; and the majority of our readers will survey with every complacent emotion, the interesting countenance of Maria Louisa. Indeed, it requires no very severe induction of Logic to prove that the chosen partner of the modern Hannibal is not unworthy of the eminence, to which she has been exalted. Encircled by the cæstus of Venus, and endowed with every fascinating Power, she detains the statesman from his Bureau and the Warrior from his Tent.

VOL. V.

B

## THE SALLAD, NO. I.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

BY CHRISTOPHER CROTCHET.

*Scribimus indocti, doctique*—Hor. *Epist.*

Those who cannot write, and those who can,  
All rhyme, or scrawl and scribble, to a man.—*Pope Imit.*

THERE is nothing which embarrasses an author more, after he has determined to make his debut in the republic of letters as an essayist, than the choice of a proper title for his speculations. It is infinitely worse than seeking for a name of baptism among the Hebrew roots. The author of the Rambler himself was perplexed in the extreme, and at that period too, when he was composing his great philological work. Having settled upon the plan to be pursued and fervently solicited Providence to aid the undertaking, his next care was the selection of an appropriate name. Sitting, standing or walking, in society or solitude, for one entire day, there was hardly any other subject, that occupied his mind. At length, like the trumpeter's wife in the tale of Slawkenbergius, he determined not to close his eyes, until he was satisfied, and was leaning almost in despair, on his bed-side, when by *accident*, he hit upon that, which was adopted.

How important an agent is chance in the economy and management of the world! Pythagoras originally invented music. It is said he fortuitously discerned the true proportion of notes from the noise of hammer's, on an artist's anvil. Sir Isaac Newton has transmitted his name to posterity, cover'd with imperishable glory, by discovering and applying the principles, which prevail in the establishment of the sublime harmony of the celestial spheres. His thoughts were led to the investigation, by the fall of a pippin upon his forehead.

But since neither meditation nor chance have assisted me in my researches after a genuine title, it is necessary that I should draw upon another's wit, for what my own is incompetent to supply. When Mr. Moore undertook "The World" a number of his friends, and David Garrick among the rest, met in conclave to officiate as sponsors, and fix upon the appellation of the cherished bant-

ling. The histrionic hero, desirous to gratify the taste of every reader, from the plainest to the most fastidious, proposed *The Sallad*. But the recommendation was frustrated. Dodsley had previously determined the matter within himself. I shall take this occasion of offering an inconsiderable homage to his memory, "whose death eclipsed the gayety of nations, and diminished the public stock of harmless pleasure."

This preliminary being satisfactorily arranged, I have yet a small difficulty to encounter and surmount. Voltaire in one of his works, I think it is *Zadig*, has recorded a curious disputation which arose among the Babylonians, in regard to the manner of entering the temple of *Mitra*. One portion of them declares, they should cross the threshold with the left foot foremost, whilst the other swore by Mahomet's ass and dove, that unless the right was advanced first, the presiding divinity would deny the accustomed dispensations. Even such a conflict, every young author experiences in his own breast. How shall I, who never appeared in a drawing room, without committing some misprision against the graces, who was never placed under the elegant discipline of the dancing master, or bred amid the refinements of the Lyceum; how shall I introduce myself to public attention? It is certain I ought to put my best foot foremost, according to the vulgar apophthegm; but in what manner shall the preference be awarded?

It is usual with essayists, and the practice is generally applauded by their well-wishers, to present a full portraiture of themselves in the first number of their publications, and remark every characteristic, however minute. They imitate *Sallust*, who in his biography of *Cataline* descends to the utmost particularity. He goes so far as to describe the walk of the arch traitor, as alternately rapid and slow, being in his idea the indication of a spirit subject to the successive paroxysms of hope and fear. Perhaps indeed some knowledge of an author's style of life and habits is necessary to the full understanding of his writings. Different persons would however require different points to be developed. The disciples of *Montesquieu* would ask to be acquainted with the region of his birth. Whether he first drew his



breath under the tropics or at the poles; whether his nativity was cast under benignant skies, where every zephyr brings health and fragrance, and every sound is the voice of cheerfulness; or in a country cursed with plagues and monsters, unconscious of the course of the seasons where the wild misrule of equinoctial storm or northern tempest lowers over a land, that presents scarcely any thing to the traveller but prospects of barren waste and gloomy desolation.

Another set of readers would desire to understand the system of education pursued towards the author. They would demand if it was Mr. Locke's or Rousseau's? If he was brought up under the guidance of an Aristotle or Ximenes? Whether like Paschal and Montaigne the germe of his genius expanded in an early blossom, and unseasonably ripen'd into lasting luxuriance; or like Young and Goldsmith, his mind was long concealed, before it spread its opulence and treasures to the sun; or if unlike either of them, he had ever given proofs of mind or genius at all?

A third class might condescend to interrogate me upon the subject of my physiognomy. Lavater would ask, what is the proportion of his nose, and the degree of the returning angle, occasioned by its junction with his upper-lip? What are the dimensions of his mouth? These features have long been considered as high evidences of the first qualification. Aretine\* mentions a curious speculation, in regard to the two great potentates of continental Europe during the sixteenth century. Agreeably to this speculation Charles V. is considered as under infinite obligation to his large mouth for all the aggrandizement and honour to which he had arrived; and Francis I. entirely indebted to his notable nose, for all his grandeur and influence. It was moreover imagined, that the *balance of power* (the favourite subject of modern writers, on political economy) was by this allotment only preserved secure. The magnitude of the Emperor's mouth by its counteraction prevented the universal despotism of Francis, and *à converso*, the plenitude of the king's nose precluded the overwhelming supremacy of Charles.

\* Vide Dr. Ferriar's Illustrations of Sterne, p. 109.

Finally, there are others, who, being more solicitous about the affairs of our beloved republic, than their proper household concerns, who would toast in recommendation or disapprobation of our government, with brimming cups, while their wives and children are in want of help at home; would request some exposition of my political tenets. But I must inform my reader (of what order he may be) that his wishes cannot be immediately and entirely gratified. I was consider'd at school, and now that I have grown up to man's estate, am still accounted the greatest foe to open egotism, and the fastest friend to secrecy and-silence, that ever walked his pilgrimage over our planet. If it ever becomes necessary to speak of myself, I cannot do it directly. I love to make a little enigma of the thing, by means of collateral hints and oblique references. For this reason I have ever extolled the celebrated answer of the prince of Saxony. Maurice being asked, who was the *first* and most accomplished general of the age, handsomely returned. "Why sir the marquis of Spinola is the second."

Although I shall not permit the curtain, which veils my character, to be abruptly withdrawn, yet in my next paper I shall present a brief history of my grandfather. The midwife, who handed me into this scribbling world, the nurse, who soon after relieved her of the charge, my godmother Tabitha Tweedle, a venerable maiden, highly valued by her neighbours for a talent of infallible prophecy, and my respected parents, all prognosticated that I should prove the very image and counterpart of my reverend ancestor. Whether they were mistaken or not, will peradventure be discover'd hereafter.

As to the course to be pursued, in my speculations, I cannot say much. I anticipate a good deal of *selfish* gratification from my labours in the literary vineyard. I however promise nothing. It would be highly impolitic and improper to excite pleasing expectations, which might end in disappointment; or exult in visionary honours, which might lead to shame. Perhaps where I had hoped, too fondly, to garner in an exuberant and goodly harvest of the most delicious grapes, and the richest olives, the soil would prove itself unable to yeild any other vegetation, than

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the rankest weeds and the most barren thistles. Advancing with this temper of mind I shall apply my best exertions to impart "ardour to virtue and confidence to truth;" but should they fail at last, I may exclaim with the dying Mezentius.

*Nullum in caede nefas, nec sic ad proelia veni.*

Virg. *Æneis*

'Tis no dishonour, for the brave to die;  
Nor came I here, with hope of victory.

*Dryden.*

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FOREIGN BIOGRAPHY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LIFE OF JOHN HENRY LAMBERT.

MOST men are discouraged and deterred from the pursuit of philosophy and the cultivation of elegant letters, by the actual pressure of Indigence, or by the airy phantoms of Poverty. But there are heroes in the realms of wit, as well as in the campaigns of war; and he is truly a Julius Cæsar, and an Alexander the great, in the empire of learning, who fights and conquers the vulgar foes of genius. The polite reader may remember this sort of triumph, illustriously exemplified in the life of William Gifford, the poet; in the life below of Lambert, the mathematician, we find all the demons of adversity successfully assaulted, by a hero, at least as valorous as Hannibal.

If among the literati, whose merits in the sciences have eternized their name, those who have acquired their erudition, without the assistance of others, merely by the energy of their own exertions, be, in a superior degree, entitled to the notice of the learned, then the man, of whose life and character we are now going to give an account, deserves undoubtedly, in preference to all others, to be introduced to the acquaintance of our scien-

tific readers; especially as he overcame the most arduous difficulties, merely through the unassisted application of his uncommon genius.

John Henry Lambert was born August 29, 1728, at Muhlhausen, a small confederate town in Sundgau. His father, whose ancestors had emigrated from France, when the edict of Nantz was revoked, was by trade a tailor, and had great difficulty to maintain himself and his family, by means of his industry. His limited circumstances determined him to bring up his son for his own profession, and to give him an education, conformable to his future situation in life, without, however, totally neglecting the improvement of his mind. He frequented the public school, at the expense of the corporation, till he was twelve years old, and distinguished himself so eminently from the rest of his schoolfellows, that his father was, at last, by the repeated intercessions of his instructors, and his invincible aversion from the trade, for which he was intended, prevailed upon to permit him to study theology. But being soon checked in the prosecution of his scientific career, by a total want of the requisite means, he was at length necessitated to assist his father in his profession.

While he was occupied in this manner, he read with uncommon eagerness all Latin books, of which he could obtain possession; and happening, in the course of his readings, to meet with an old work on mathematics, his decided predilection for this science manifested itself soon, in a most striking manner, by the ardour with which he studied it, and the complete knowledge he acquired, by means of it, of the computation of almanacks, notwithstanding the numerous errors he discovered in it, without being able then to correct them. The occupations, incumbent upon him, in the day, obliged him to devote great part of the night to the prosecution of his studies: and the money necessary for the purchase of candles with which he could not expect to be supplied by his parents, he procured by the sale of small drawings, which he delineated, while he, with his foot, rocked his infant sister. Some workmen being employed one day in repairing his father's house, this afforded him an op-

portunity of putting several questions respecting the practical application of some principles he had found in his book, to the builder, who was induced thereby to gratify him by the loan of a mathematical work which he possessed. Words are inadequate to express the joy which he felt on discovering that this work was completely calculated to enable him to correct the errors which he had found in his own book. He now learned from these two books, without any additional assistance, the rudiments of arithmetic and geometry.

His enthusiastic zeal for the sciences prompted at length several men of learning to instruct him gratis, and they had the satisfaction of seeing him improve with a rapidity that exceeded their most sanguine expectations. Thus generously supported, he acquired, in a short time, a knowledge of philosophy and the oriental languages, and learned to write a very elegant hand, which procured him the place of a copyist in the chancery of his native town, whence he removed in his fifteenth year to the iron works of M. de la Lampe, situated in the vicinity, where he was appointed book keeper, and obtained an opportunity of learning the French language.

Two years after, Mr. Iselin of Basil, who then conducted the publication of a newspaper, engaged him in the capacity of an amanuensis; and in a short time conceived for him the most tender friendship, of which he gave him numerous proofs as long as he lived. This situation afforded Lambert an opportunity of making further progress in the belles lettres, as well as in philosophy and the mathematics; and his passionate love of the latter science frequently made him neglect his regular occupations. In the year 1748 he was recommended by his patron to baron Salis, president of the Swiss confederacy, as tutor to his children. The excellent library; which he found in the house of his new patron, and the leisure hours with which he was indulged, together with the instructive intercourse which he had with all the members of that illustrious family, and with a great number of scientific strangers who visited the baron, drove him to excellent means of satisfying his thirst for knowledge, and enabled him to become more familiarly acquainted with astronomy



and all other branches of the science of mathematics as well as with physics, physiology, jurisprudence, eloquence, poetry, and the Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and German languages. His uncommon talent for mathematics now displayed itself in a most conspicuous and decided manner. Pascal's example stimulated him to invent an accounting machine, while the numerous occasions he had for an accurate chronometer actuated him to invent a time piece of mercury which went twenty seven minutes without causing the slightest error. Here he also invented his logarithmic accounting scales, and was likewise, by the error which one of his pupils had committed in the solution of an algebraical proposition, induced to turn his mind to the invention of a machine for designing perspective drawings. He surveyed and made a drawing of the country around Coire, and performed numerous physical observations in the mountains of that country. In 1752, he began to keep a regular journal of his daily occupations, which he uninterruptedly continued to the end of his life, and which is highly esteemed by the learned.

Lambert was as universally esteemed for his amiable character as respected for his scientific merits. The manner, in which he had been educated, had, indeed, left indelible traces of his originally low situation in life, which manifested themselves by his timid and awkward conduct, by the tasteless incongruity of his dress, the furniture of his apartments, by loud laughter, low jests and antic gestures, by his predilection for glaring colours, coarse viands, and sweet wines, as well as by the pleasure he took in frequently mixing with low companies, in joining in their political disputes and laughing aloud at their coarse witticisms. But these defects were amply overbalanced by a most excellent heart and uncommon mental perfections. A real virgin modesty, the most complete sobriety, an honest and frank manner of thinking, and a decided aversion from all kinds of duplicity and falsehood; an antipathy against every species of injustice, a prompt reparation for every injury which he thought he had committed, the most anxious desire to avoid every cause of dissension and dispute; an inexhaustible patience and forbearance; a total freedom from moroseness and ill hu-

mour; a sincere willingness to instruct those, who sought his society; the most active compassion, whenever he beheld wretchedness—all these qualities composed in him a harmonious whole. A glowing devotion which frequently rose to a kind of pious rapture, a lively sense of his dependence upon God, and of the imperfection of our knowledge of the Supreme Being, animated him from his earliest youth to his grave, and afforded him an uninterrupted serenity of mind frequently suffusing his countenance with a glow of heavenly beauty. He felt the most profound contempt for works which were levelled against the sacred cause of religion, while works, which ably defended it, were read by him with rapture. He was a real cosmopolite and animated with universal love. He delighted in assisting young men of talents and in contributing to their improvement.

Unbiassed by Flattery or Vanity, he judged with impartiality both of himself and others. But the habitude of speaking as decidedly and freely of his own merits and defects as of those of others made him frequently appear a boaster to those who did not sufficiently know him. He was wedded to his opinions, and relinquished them, with great reluctance, when tenable no longer. He generally judged correctly in his own sphere; while, out of it, when men and business were the objects of conversation, his judgment was frequently erroneous, either, because he neglected to observe men and the course of business, or because his being accustomed to analyse incapacitated him from discerning by intuition.

His conduct exactly corresponded with his manner of thinking. He proposed to himself certain rules, of the propriety and justness of which he was convinced, and observed them as strictly as the rules of arithmetic in calculating. Hence, nothing could affect the calmness of his mind, or divert him, in the slightest degree, from the pursuit of his studies. His diligence and assiduity were, perhaps, never excelled, or even equalled by any man; though he never manifested the least sign of that impatience, which is so common with people of an active mind, and

involved in a multiplicity of occupations. His mind was constantly unruffled.

He generally was at his writing desk from five o'clock in the morning till noon, and from two o'clock in the afternoon, till midnight, without indulging himself in any kind of recreation, a solitary walk, on a fine day, excepted. The most indifferent occurrence led him to mathematical or philosophical analysis, to which he gave himself up so completely, that no object whatever could make the least impression upon him. When he happened to be overtaken by a shower of rain on a walk, he calculated, while running, which was the shortest and driest way. Several of his treatises owe their existence to incidents of this nature. Even in the management of his economical concerns every thing was conducted with mathematical exactness. Whenever he happened to speak in company of metaphysical or mathematical subjects, he took not the slightest notice of surrounding persons; and his discourses were real dissertations in which not the least chasm could be discovered, as he always represented his ideas in that order in which they arose in his mind; and when he was interrupted, resumed his discourse at the exact point where he had stopped. Considering his ardent and indefatigable diligence, it is very natural that he should have acquired a profound knowledge of several sciences. He was thoroughly acquainted with the theological system of his age, and was well versed in the oriental tongues. He had also acquired a considerable knowledge of jurisprudence, but logic, metaphysics and mathematics were the leading subjects of his lucubrations. He was uncommonly strong in logic and was guided by its rules not only in his scientific pursuits, but even in common life. He was extremely acute in metaphysical analysis. He meditated upon the plan of a method of treating all simple notions with the same precision as the notion of quantity is treated in mathematics. His manner of treating every subject was the same which he describes in his *Organon*. He committed to paper every accidental idea that related thereto; arranged the materials, he collected in this manner, after the usual logical rules; he then endeavoured to fill up all chasms,

examined other books, especially vocabularies, in order to collect the whole extension of the notion, and finally revised the subject after a logical table which he published in the Leipzig Transactions. Mathematics were, however, the principal subject of his meditations and researches. The astonishing greatness of his genius manifested itself particularly in the facility with which he reduced to an easy construction the results of extensive and intricate computations. It clearly appears by his cosmological letters, and his computations relative to the supposed satellite of Venus, how easy it was for him to abstract a theory from a few cases or dates, and to carry it to a high degree of probability and completeness.

But having derived all his knowledge almost entirely from himself, it was extremely difficult for him to comprehend any thing suggested by others, if he did not light upon it of his own accord. Hence, it was easier for him to invent than to judge rightly of the ideas of others.

His memory was uncommonly faithful in matters, which related to his favourite sciences; but very indifferent in others. He was intimately acquainted with the history of these sciences, their epochs, and the great men who had formed them; though he was little acquainted with history in general.

He died, Sept. 25, 1777, of a decline, after having rendered to the sciences services which will be recollected with gratitude by the latest posterity.

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#### CORRESPONDENCE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL.

After acknowledging my sense of your honourable and flattering introduction of me to the public in the paragraph of your own writing \*, permit me to express my regret at seeing in print the *jumble* of paragraphs of mine which follow, injudiciously

\* Port Folio of September.

made from *several* letters that were intended for few other eyes after my father's and brother's. The publication (it appears) is made from a sheet of extracts made by my brother for his own use while the letters were with my father in the country. It is of too little consequence to your readers to explain the error by which they were published at all; and it must be sufficiently obvious that the repetitions occur in letters sent by various and precarious opportunities; nor need I particularly notice several of the disjointed paragraphs which appear exceedingly ridiculous in that form, however amusing they might have been, when they were privately addressed by the frankness of a son to the indulgence of a father.

Whether I gain or lose any reputation by letter-writing, will be indifferent to me, while I can pursue the path I have chosen in the field of art, and am permitted to press on towards that excellence which it is my ambition to obtain. Continually occupied with my art and its means, I have seldom had leisure even to perceive how great has been my fondness for it. Yet this fondness has not only supported me through the labour of study and exalted the pleasure of practice, but has stimulated every exertion not only to render my works more excellent but more durable by the friendly aid of chemistry. After having perfected the catalogue of durable colours, I could not subdue the desire of discovering a more certain *method* of employing them to produce the effects desired and to insure the preservation of the picture when painted. This I have accomplished; and since you have introduced the subject I take the liberty of subjoining a letter which was read before the National Institute, accompanied with an example of my painting in that style.

*To the President of the Institute of France.*

SIR.

Notwithstanding the decided advantages of oil-painting in solidity of colour, and, in some measure, the certainty of execution, painters have more or less complained of the irregular drying of the colours, the difficulty of retouching, and finally, the embrowning and cracking of the painting. With a view to ob-



viate these disadvantages my attention has been long directed to wax as the only vehicle whose chemical properties offered to painters entire confidence in its inalterability and requisite pliancy. To me it was a circumstance of little consequence to ascertain with count Caylus and other antiquarians whether the great painters of the time of Apelles, who have left us none of their works to admire, painted with wax.—What is of more consequence is, that such of the Grecian paintings as were done with wax have preserved their colours entire to the present day—And therefore if I now attach importance to the discovery, it is because under a *permanent form* it presents to the painter the inestimable facility of execution which leaves him master of forms, colours, tones, and particularly enables him, as the French express it, to *caress* his works.

It is not Vanity which induces me to present to the view of the Institute a *Picture in Encaustic*—but I yield to the persuasion that it is my duty at least to show the result of an art so far brought to perfection in France, although my experiments were begun in America. All that has hitherto been done towards Encaustic painting has presented no other plan to the painter but what is chemically bad, or difficult, laborious or uncertain in the operation—And although to insure durability to his picture would be an inducement to the painter to bestow some extra labour or attention on it; yet so great are the other difficulties in his art that he generally prefers the easiest means of executing his conceptions, which would be dulled or dissipated under a difficult or laborious process—the artist therefore requires more obedient as well as better materials, and whether his genius requires a bold and rapid execution or accurate and exquisite finishing, the instruments of his art should be the ready servants of his will, and neither as to time nor manner should he be a slave to them.

In this Encaustic Painting, in which no oil nor alkali is employed, and spirits of turpentine is the diluent, I have experienced many peculiar advantages. It has the transparency of miniature, enough of the mellowness of crayon and the facility of distemper: with a superior preservation to either. In oil paint-

ing the best oils turn yellow and tarnish the beauty of white and the light tints which, in wax remain unchanged during any length of time. Cloths prepared for oil-painting are heavy from the quantity of white-lead spread on them, especially when they are prepared as at present without size ; besides which the oil gradually rots the linnen. On the other hand when the linnen is sized, although less weight of paint is employed and the linnen does not rot, yet the picture is liable to crack and even to fall off in scales, especially when affected by alternate moisture and heat. The waxed canvas is light, protected from the contact of air, consequently cannot rot and is exceedingly pliable, with which the painting forms one homogeneous mass, never liable to crack nor scale off. But it is in the *execution* of the painting that some of the greatest advantages occur ; and from the quickness with which the spirits of turpentine evaporate and the advantage afforded by heating or burning in the picture (by which the appearance called sinking in is entirely done away) the artist is enabled to take several sittings or lay on several coats of colour in the same day or successive days, and finally to give a superior degree of finish in delicacy, transparency and truth of colouring or shading with the least sacrifice of the time of the sitter or model. Pots always full of every colour, viz. all the tints of flesh, linnen, drapery, background, &c. (which do not injure by keeping) are ready for painting at any moment—an advantage which the portrait-painter knows how to appreciate.

Since my early departure for America will deprive me of the advantages of the ensuing exposition at the saloon of the Louvre, I can do no more than thus to give a hasty view of the subject to the Institut. If they find it worthy of their approbation it will go far to repay me the labour it has cost, before I shall be permitted to make the mode of procedure known.

REMBRANDT PEALE.

*Paris, September 3d. 1810.*

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THE USEFUL ARTS.

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In the course of a late number of the *Port Folio* we have published certain notices concerning the new process of printing on stone. While our work was yet in the press we received from Mr. Nicholson, the truly laudable editor of the journal of Natural Philosophy, the following useful hints on the subject alluded to and addressed to him by one of his correspondents. These merit the attention of the lovers and the cultivators of the typographical art.

In your last number, you inserted from the, "*Annales de Chimie*" an account of the method of printing from stone. It is certainly an ingenious, and most probably a useful art; though I believe very little known in England. There are some circumstances respecting it with which some of your readers may like to be acquainted, that Mr. Deserres has passed by. A close texture, as he observes, is advantageous, and indeed necessary to its giving a clear impression.

I make the ink according to his direction (which was considered so great a secret) but prefer to it coloured turpentine, copal, or lac varnish. Muriatic acid is cheaper than nitric, and has the advantage of not acting upon the resin or wax, which forms the base of the varnish used.

After purchasing some pieces of marble, I was much vexed to find that both the muriatic and nitric acid left some of the veins untouched, and only partially dissolved others; this must be attended to in selecting the blocks. I find some pieces of the limestone from Clifton near Bristol lake take a tolerable polish, and dissolve readily.

But the easiest and cheapest way for those who wish to have a card, ciphers, &c. is Chauvron's on stone or even on lead. A little piece may be executed in a quarter of an hour; and if wetting is not sufficient to prevent the ink from adhering to the block, it will bear sponging, and yet leave enough of the Ink upon the figures.

The insertion of these hints in your valuable journal will oblige your constant reader.

G. O.

## SCIENCE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The English nation, with a sort of pertinacity, not very honourable to the philosophical character, and not quite compatible with that candour and fairness for which Britons are often so nobly distinguished, still persist in denominating a certain nautical instrument *Hadley's Quadrant*, though, as it is well known to a majority of your readers, the invention is challenged by an American, named Thomas Godfrey. Taking this for granted, still, Mr. Oldschool, as I am constantly of opinion, with the liberal Romans, that the *suum cuique* should always be impartially awarded, I take the liberty of associating Mr. Ramsden with Mr. Godfrey. He, who makes decided *improvements* upon the *invention* of another is entitled to a just consideration in the scientific world. We learn from professor Piazzi of Palermo, who, in a letter to M. De La Lande, translated from the *Journal des Sçavans*, for the month of November 1788, has communicated a very well written biography of an ingenious *mechanist*, that, at an early period, young Ramsden conceived a strong desire of devoting himself to science; that the mathematics, in particular, engaged his attention, and that when he was in his apprenticeship, as an engraver, mathematical instruments were often brought to him to be engraven. These, the more he examined, the more was he sensible of their defects. A secret instinct, the impulse of genius, made him desirous of constructing better ones. He, therefore, resolved upon the attempt. He soon acquired the use of the file, and made himself acquainted with the method of turning brass, and of grinding glasses. In the year 1763, he constructed instruments for Sisson, Dollond, Nairne, Adams, and other mathematical instrument makers. He then established a shop, on his own account, in the Haymarket, about the year 1768, from which he removed to Piccadilly in 1775. Having formed a design of examining all the astronomical instruments, he resolved to correct those, which being founded on good principles, were defective only in the construction.

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Hadley's sextant which is so much employed in the British navy appeared to Mr. Ramsden one of the most useful, but it was then very imperfect; the essential parts were not of sufficient strength; the centre was subject to too much friction, and the index could be moved several minutes without any change being produced in the position of the mirror; the divisions, in general, were very coarse; and Mr. Ramsden found that the abbé de la Caille was right, when he estimated at five minutes the error which might take place in the observed distances of the moon and stars, and which might occasion in the longitude an error of *fifty nautical leagues*. Mr. Ramsden, therefore, changed the construction in regard to the centre, and made these instruments so correct as to give never more than *half a minute* of uncertainty. At present, he warrants sextants of fifteen inches radius to within six seconds. Since the time when he first improved these instruments, he has constructed nearly a thousand; and several of them having been carried to India and America, the error has been found to correspond with what he determined it to be, before their departure. He has since made sextants from fifteen inches to an inch and a half radius, and, in the latter, the minutes can be clearly distinguished; but, in general, he prefers those of ten inches, as being more easily managed, and susceptible of the same exactness.

There is so much of justice and liberality in this narrative that I conceive it to be a duty to give it publicity in your journal.

Meanwhile, wishing you all imaginable success in your learned and in your lounging moods, I am your constant friend,

X. Y.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

*Remarks on an Essay on the Study of Natural Philosophy.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL.

I beg leave to make some observations on an essay, on the study of natural philosophy, which appeared in the number of the Port Folio, for November last.

The author informs us, that the science of hydrostatics teaches the properties of nonelastic fluids.

This may be productive of erroneous impressions. Physical properties, are either chemical, or mechanical. The science abovementioned, only treats of those which claim the latter epithet. It is not confined to nonelastic fluids, but treats of the equilibrium of fluids in general, whether elastic, or nonelastic, so far as is not disturbed by elasticity.

He erroneously asserts, that the discovery of specific gravities is the principal end of hydrostatic science. The process by which this discovery is attained, is only one of the applications of this department of our knowledge, which comprises the theory of every hydrostatical machine, and furnishes some fundamental data, to hydraulics, and pneumatics.

It is unnecessary to prove this remark, even to the author; as he has admitted the truth of it, in a previous paragraph.

"Hydrostatics and hydraulics are usually combined in a course of philosophical study; for as the first treats of the properties appertaining to a certain description of fluids, so the latter teaches the method of applying those qualities to the working of useful machines."

In defining pneumatics, the author falls into the same error as in the definition upon which I have already animadverted, in omitting the term *mechanical* before *properties*. The word *nature* is also improperly used, instead of the phrase *mechanical action*.

To develop the nature of elastic fluids is the object of pneumatic chemistry.

But to return to the essay: he observes "Although the *atmosphere* is usually termed a fluid, yet from several peculiarities observable in its nature, some philosophers appear to have entertained doubts upon this subject; Mr. *B. Martin*, in his lectures calls it a fluid "*sui generis*." Air is observed to differ from other fluids, first in not possessing the property of *congelation*, and secondly, from its not being uniformly *dense* throughout."

This displays the grossest ignorance of the present state of experimental philosophy. The notion that air is not a fluid, is equally repugnant to science and to common experience, and the most received ideas, or definitions of fluidity. The author is not to be excused, for citing a surmise so absurd. Nor is he less amenable for quoting the opinion of Mr. Martin, uttered a long time ago, "that the air is a fluid *sui generis*," were the originator recalled into existence, he would blush to repeat it after the slightest review of the luminous discoveries of the modern chemists.

It is now well known, even to school boys, that the atmosphere is composed of two species of air, which both in their chemical, and mechanical properties, so far coincide with other permanently elastic fluids, as to justify a generic classification under the term gas.

The author next observes, "It may perhaps be urged in objection to the truth of the assertion that air does not possess the qualities of fixation; that whenever it becomes one of the component parts of a natural body, it is in that situation found to be in a fixed state; this objection is frivolous; and to obviate it we have only to recollect that when air becomes a part of any body, it does [*not*] in so doing take a material form, but is, while so situated, merely in a state of *confinement*."

Air does not differ from all other fluids in being variable, or unequable in its density. This characteristic appertains to all elastic fluids, among which we may comprise steam, and all other vapours, also caloric, light, and the electric fluid. The latter part of the last quotation is contradictory. How can air become a part of a body, and not become fixed in it? Some carbonates contain  $\frac{1}{2}$  or  $\frac{1}{4}$  of their bulk of fixed air, or carbonic acid gas. It may

perhaps be said with propriety, that when the principles constituting air become solid, or a part of a solid, they cease to be air. It is however well understood, that by the phrase fixation of air, the idea is conveyed of the condensation of its principles into the solid form without decomposition. Thus the muriatic acid gas, and the ammoniacal gas, meeting, they are condensed into muriate of ammonia, or sal ammoniac, without any loss of any of their component parts.

Soon after the above, we are informed that the barometer ascertains heights with astonishing accuracy.

It is known to all familiar with the barometer, that it only indicates the weight of the superincumbent atmosphere. Now this being notoriously liable to vary, from other causes than change of elevation, the range or possibility of error is obviously equal to the possible extent of those other causes.

The remarks of this essayist on the thermometer, are still more erroneous. He informs us, that cold of tolerable intensity, is sufficient to freeze spirit of wine (page 440.) It is well known that this fluid, which is in science denominated alcohol, has never exhibited the slightest symptom of congelation in the extremest cold. Of this the author might have informed himself, had he perused any modern elementary work upon chemistry; and more especially that of Thomson, which is now in the hands of almost every student in natural science.

"Alcohol is exceedingly fluid, and has never been frozen though exposed to a cold so great as 69. Indeed Mr. Walker sunk a spirit of wine thermometer to 91 without any appearance of congelation. (Thomson's Chemistry, 3d edition, vol. 2, page 580.) Mercury freezes at 39, and yet our philosopher would assign its more difficult congelation as a motive for preferring it to alcohol in the fabrication of thermometers.

I hope the author will excuse these hints, and that they will induce him in future to read more, and write less.



## RHETORIC—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## LECTURE XII,

Of the constituent parts of a regular discourse ; with exemplifications of the different kinds of public Speaking.

GENTLEMEN,

IN every species of composition there are certain rules adapted to the proper or scientific arrangement of its respective parts. When such rules are neglected it will be rendered crude and uninteresting to a common, and to a classical ear, vapid and offensive ; though decorated occasionally with the most brilliant ornaments of language, and communicated with all the dignity and expression of chaste and animated eloquence.

Order, or regularity of arrangement and symmetry constitute the foundation of beauty as much in intellectual as in material productions, and the exercise of skill in the construction of an oration or poem, is as essential to its perfection, as it is to the perfection of any thing produced by the exercise of the mechanic arts.

Our attention is particularly called, this evening, to the constituent parts of a regular discourse or oration. These have been considered by rhetoricians as reducible to six heads, viz. Exordium, Narration, Proposition, Confirmation, Refutation, and Peroration, or Conclusion: where these are observed in the order I have mentioned, the discourse must be complete with respect to its *form*; its intrinsic merit or demerit will arise from the sentiments conveyed, the author's style or manner of thinking, and the language or channel through which his sentiments are communicated.

Orations may be considered of three kinds, viz. demonstrative, deliberative, and judicial. Of the demonstrative kind are philosophical discussions, panegyrics, eulogiums, epithalamiums, congratulations, &c. To the deliberative belong persuasion, exhortation, &c. And to the judicial, accusation, confutation, &c.

1. The Exordium or beginning of an oration, is that part of it in which we should inform our audience of the nature of the

subject we mean to offer to their attention, and endeavour to conciliate their favour, by mentioning any recommendatory circumstances by which it is rendered peculiarly interesting; and at the same time to deprecate their censure by suggesting any reasons in extenuation of its imperfection. In doing this, however, the speaker should be brief, perspicuous, modest, and explicit; his mode of delivery mild, respectful, and deliberate; and his tone of voice so accommodated to the size of the building and extent of the audience as merely to be heard distinctly, thereby reserving the strength and power of his voice to give the necessary expression to the subsequent and more interesting parts of his address.

2. Narration is a recital or rehearsal of the facts upon which the address is founded, including a statement of the cause, manner, time, place, and consequences of the action. This should necessarily be as short as perspicuity will permit, lest the attention of the hearer should be fatigued before he is called upon to consider the arguments which may be offered in support of the case. Great regard should also be paid to clearness in the arrangement of the incidents, as the strength of the Confirmation will very much depend upon the proper management of the Narration.

In pronouncing the Narration, the voice should be more elevated, the gesture more expressive, and the general air of the speaker more animated. The ease and gracefulness which renders a narration so pleasing in common conversation, will excite in the hearer a superior delight when exhibited by a public speaker, who accompanies his communication with appropriate action and expression of countenance.

3. Proposition—The intention of the speaker in every correct and regular address is to prove or illustrate something.—

The proposition therefore is an explanation of the purport or sum of the whole discourse or thing in dispute.

When the subject relates to several different points, each of which must be stated in a distinct proposition, it is called *partition*. When the speaker informs his hearers of the several parts of his intended discourse, it is called *enumeration*; and these should never exceed three or four at most.

The chief things to be attended to in delivering the proposition or subject of the discourse, are, distinctness of articulation, fulness of tone, and a considerable degree of deliberateness.—The intention being merely to inform the mind of the hearer, without any appeal to his imagination or his passions, there cannot be much occasion either for variety of tone or energy of action.

4. Confirmation is that part of the oration which contains the illustrations, proofs, or arguments, adduced to inforce or confirm the proposition. Some addresses indeed require nothing more than an enlargement or illustration to place those proofs in a proper light, and so forcibly to recommend their subject as to produce conviction of its truth and propriety in the minds of the hearers: in such cases a distinct proposition is rendered unnecessary, and of course confirmation is thereby rendered so, *that* properly consisting of arguments brought in defence of the proposition. Hence Cicero defines confirmation to be “that which gives proof, authority, and support to a cause by reasoning”—and this is effected by different modes, according to the nature of the subject, and the character who handles it: the logician directing his arguments in a different channel from the mathematician, or the professed orator. Let the mode or form however of the argument be what it may, it must belong either to the Synthetic or the Analytic method of reasoning: the former beginning with the parts and combining them gradually into the whole, as in treating of grammar we begin with orthography, or the nature and power of letters and syllables, and proceed to Etymology, Syntax, and Prosody—the latter, *i. e.* the Analytic, taking the whole compound as we find it and resolving it into its parts, as when we resolve a discourse into its several heads.

In this part of our address rhetoricians advise that the strongest arguments should be placed in the front or at the beginning, the weakest in the middle, and that some few of the best be kept for the conclusion, as a *corps de reserve*. (vide Cic. de Ora. 2. 27.)

Here the speaker is required to increase both his voice and gestures, as he will naturally be more earnest to recommend his

reasoning to the attention and approbation of his audience than any other part of his address ; because on its strength or weakness the influence of his oration must in a considerable degree depend. And as the nature of *confirmation* is almost infinite in its variety, by the introduction of description, quotation, testimony, &c. so must also be the manner in which they are communicated.

5. The Refutation, or as it is by some called the Confutation, is an answer to all our adversary's arguments, and destroys the force of his objections whether probable or absolutely offered, showing them to be absurd, false, or inconsistent; and this may be done either by *contradicting* them or by showing some *mis-take* in the reasoning, or by pointing out their invalidity when granted.

In refuting the arguments of the adverse party, firmness of manner and distinctness of pronounciation should be observed, that you may not appear to endeavour to conceal or evade them, or to be intimidated by their force. If Irony be employed, which is frequently the case, a sarcastic look, and such action and intonation as may tend to excite ridicule and contempt, must be assumed by the speaker. But great caution should be used in the exercise of this mode ; for if an argument of real weight be treated in a ludicrous instead of a serious manner *the defendant* will be more exposed thereby than the assailant.

6. The Peroration, or Conclusion, should consist of two parts, *i. e. Recapitulation* and an *address to the passions* of his audience ; the first being a summary account of the strongest arguments, brought into one view and condensed into a narrow compass in order to refresh the memory of his hearers ; and the latter to affect the heart and bring those passions into action which are particularly connected with the nature of the subject. Thus in demonstrative orations, when in honour of an individual—in commendation of a principle or theory—or commemoration of an event—love, admiration and emulation are generally excited; but in invectives or satire—hatred, envy and contempt. In deliberative subjects, either the hope of gratifying some desire, or the fear of some impending evil. And in judicial discourses al-

most all the passions are called into action ; but more especially resentment and pity.

The Peroration is generally the most impressive, and of course the most important part of the oration : the Exordium being intended merely to conciliate the hearers, and to gain their attention ; the Narration, Proposition, Confirmation and Refutation to inform them but the Peroration to agitate, to influence, to "carry them away captive." Hence, says Quintilian "Here (in the Peroration) all the springs of eloquence are to be opened ; it is here we secure the minds of the hearers, if what went before was well managed. Now that we are past the rocks and shallows, all the sails may be hoisted. And as the greater part of the conclusion consists in illustration, the most energetic language and strongest figures have place here," and consequently here the orator has an ample field for the display of his powers, the utmost energy of eloquence both with respect to diction and action being required. If a recapitulation of arguments be necessary it should be done in a sprightly and confident manner to excite a conviction of the goodness of the cause, and that nothing has been offered in its defence but what is consistent with the soundest reason and the purest truth. If the passions be addressed—the looks, the tones, the gestures must be accommodated to their nature, but, says professor Ward in his system of oratory, "an orator should always keep within those bounds which nature seems to have prescribed for him. Some are better fitted for action than others, and most for some particular actions rather than others, for what fits well upon one would appear very awkward in another. Every one therefore should first endeavour to know his own talents and act accordingly.—Though in most cases nature may be much assisted and improved by art and exercise. It is impossible however to gain a just pronunciation and expression of voice and gesture without practice and an imitation of correct example : which shows the wisdom of the ancients in training up their youth to it, by the assistance of masters to form both their speech and action."

These are the constituent parts of a regularly composed discourse ; but as we do not generally reason by regular and com-

plete syllogisms but by enthymems, where one only of the premises and the conclusion are used, so in a public address whether in the pulpit, in the senate, or at the bar, a strict observance of all the parts is seldom attended to; nor indeed does either the nature of the subject always require, or the prevailing habits of modern elocution permit, so precise and formal a mode of address. I do not at present recollect a more concise and eloquent exemplification of the observance of them in their order, than in the highly finished, though brief address of the eloquent and accomplished apostle Paul to king Agrippa which I shall now recite to you, marking as I proceed, its respective parts.

*Exordium.* "I think myself happy, king Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day, before thee, touching all the things whereof I am accused of the Jews:

Especially because I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews: wherefore I beseech thee to hear me patiently.

*Narration.* My manner of life from my youth; which was at the first among mine own nation at Jerusalem know all the Jews,

Who knew me from the beginning (if they would testify) that after the straitest sect of our religion I lived a pharisee.

And now I stand, and am judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers:

Unto which promise our twelve tribes, instantly serving God day and night hope to come: for which hope's sake, king Agrippa, I am accused of the Jews.

Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?

I verily thought with myself that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth.

Which thing I also did in Jerusalem: and many of the saints did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests; and when they were put to death I gave my voice against them.

And I punished them oft in every synagogue and compelled them to blaspheme; and being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities.

Whereupon as I went to Damascus, with authority and commission from the chief priests ;

At midday O King ! I saw in the way a light from Heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me, and those who journeyed with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me ?

And I said, who art thou, Lord ? And he said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest.

But rise and stand upon thy feet : for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee,

Delivering thee from the people, and from the gentiles, to whom now I send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God ; that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them who are sanctified by faith that is in me.

*Proposition.* Whereupon, O King Agrippa ! I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision : But showed first unto them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judea, and then to the gentiles, that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance.

For these causes, the Jews caught me in the temple and went about to kill me,

Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which Moses and the Prophets did say should come.

That Christ should suffer and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should show light unto the people and the Gentiles.

And as he thus spoke for himself, Festus said, with a loud voice, Paul thou art beside thyself, much learning doth make thee mad.

But he said I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness.

*Confirmation.* For the King knoweth of these things before whom also I speak freely ; for I am persuaded that none of these

things are hidden from him ; for this thing was not done in a corner.

*Refutation.* King Agrippa: believest thou the Prophets? I know that thou believest.

Then Agrippa said unto Paul, almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.

*Peroration.* And Paul said, I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds."

To this exemplification of the prescribed form, the fastidious critic perhaps may object that the *Narration* is unjustifiably long—that what is called the Confirmation and Refutation contain neither a series of arguments in defence of the Proposition, nor an exposition of the error of those which might have been brought. And that the Peroration contains no recapitulation of preceding arguments, nor elaborate appeal to the passions.

But let it be considered that the form of an address with respect to the observance of the particular prescribed parts should always be accommodated to the circumstances under which it is delivered. In the present instance the narration necessarily constituted the largest part of the address, as the speaker was required by Agrippa to give an account of himself. And as he was called before Festus, not to undergo a trial, but merely to gratify the curiosity of his royal guest, Paul with great propriety dwelt principally upon the extraordinary circumstances of his conversion to Christianity, and his consequent change of character from a furious persecutor into that of a zealous preacher of the Gospel.

The urbanity of the prisoner induced him to rest his *Confirmation* upon a simple appeal to the King's knowledge of the facts without entering upon any reasoning, or adducing any testimony in their support. And his *Refutation* of what might be suggested against them upon an equally polite and respectful appeal to the conscience and faith of the King. Had he, as when before Felix, entered into a statement of the doctrines of Christianity and "reasoned about Righteousness, Temperance, and a Judgment to come," he unquestionably would have been more elaborate under both of these heads, as well as in his *Peroration* which requiring neither a recapitulation of argument, nor an appeal to



the passions was judiciously confined to a modest and brief yet earnest expression of his wish that his hearers were all supported and comforted by the same religious faith which animated and exhilarated him.

He however as a scholar evinced his skill in composition by preserving in his speech the form at least and the order prescribed for a regular oration.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A DESCRIPTION OF NANTUCKET.

The description and view of Nantucket, which illustrate this month's Port Folio, will be surveyed with additional delight, when the public are apprized that, both for the sketch and the essay we are indebted to the genius of a gentleman\* who is a friend to the muses, to the fine arts, and to his country.

THE island of Nantucket has been called, "a sand bank," till its sterility has become proverbial, and no other idea of its naked plains is entertained upon the neighboring continent, than that they form a *place for fishermen to dry their nets on*. Yet the shoals of Nantucket, so carefully avoided by European navi-

\* Joseph Sansom, Esqr. of this city, who has honourably distinguished himself in the republic of letters, by his interesting travels in Switzerland and the Papal territories; a work, which has been so cordially greeted in Great Britain, that we understand it forms a prominent and conspicuous article, in Philips's collection of contemporary voyages and travels. From some fantastic and inexplicable circumstance, a gentleman who deserves so well of his country, has been rather coolly, if not cavalierly treated *at home*, and receives the most distinguished literary honours *abroad*. That this is not exactly a *novel* case our friend may learn from a very illustrious example, recorded in the most venerable of volumes. We learn, with a sort of pleasure, that none but literary men can feel and estimate, that the Port Folio is to be honoured with the publication of a second series of letters, comprehending our author's adventures in France and England. To this correspondence we shall render due honours. The theme is certainly brilliant and copious; and we have every disposition to be *partial* to the mode in which it is treated.

gators, surround some thousand acres of arable land, diversified with hill and dale, and productive, with little cultivation, of indian corn, rye, oats, barley, and all the variety of succulent vegetables, which contribute so largely to the support of man. Nay so rich is Nantucket in medicinal herbs, that it has been declared, by an eminent physician, to produce native remedies for all the diseases of its inhabitants; and a naturalist, who lately visited the island, in search of *non-descripts*, pronounced it, in the raptures of discovery, "A garden of plants."

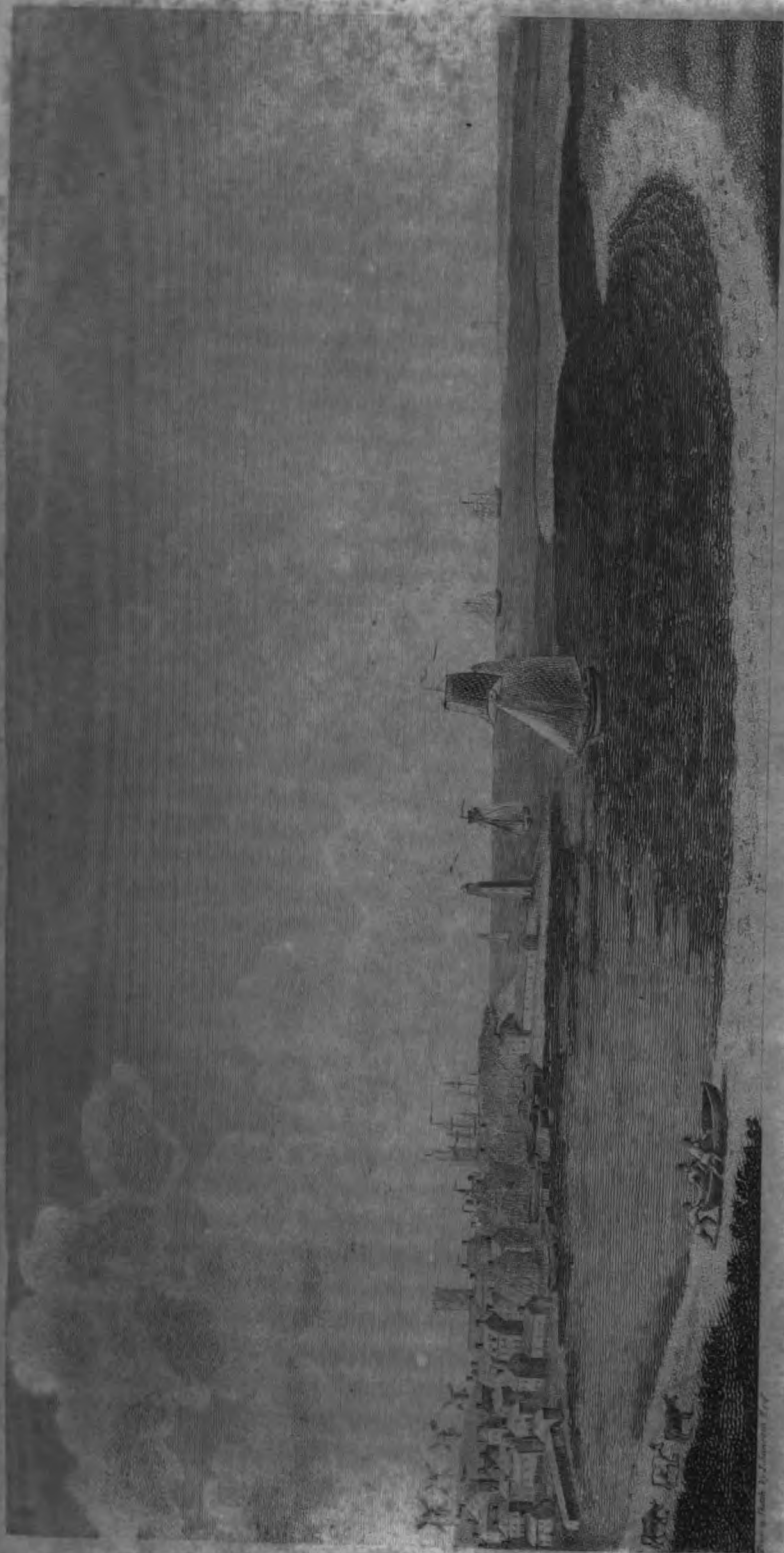
All this however might be fairly presumed, from the well-known fact, that when the first settlers landed here, they found two or three thousand natives, subsisting, with little care or labour, upon the spontaneous productions of the earth and sea. But, unhappily for these sons of the forest, their island though no more than three miles in width, was yet long enough, in the shape of a half moon, to admit of a division in the middle; and from the earliest recollections of old age, or tradition, the inhabitants of the east end of it had been at war with those of the west, though they were only separated from each other by shaggy woods, and either party could at any time march along the beach, into the enemy's country, between the ebbing and flowing of the tides. Like the prouder history of civilized nations, their story is brief, without the interludes of war and bloodshed; and nothing more is now remembered of the Aborigines of Nantucket, than that the last sachem of the Wampanoags (king Philip in the annals of Newengland) was acknowledged by them as lord paramount, and that all the wampum that could be collected upon the island, was once sent over to pacify his wrath against an offender.

They received the new comers with open arms, and sold them all the land they did not actually occupy, with unsuspecting simplicity. Like the other natives of the American wilderness, notwithstanding the crude reports, or wilful misrepresentations, of superficial observers, the indians of Nantucket believed in "the Great Spirit," who created heaven and earth; and that the souls of good men would ascend to him in a future state. It was reserved for civilized man to conceive, that the frame of

the universe was constructed without design, and that the harmony of nature might be the result of accident. A zealous missionary arrived among them. They were converted to the christian faith, without adopting correspondent habits, their active ferocity sunk into listless indolence, and they gradually dwindled away, under the ravages of the small pox, and the debilitating effects of spirituous liquors, until in the winter of 1763—4 the then remainder, amounting to several hundreds, were nearly all swept off at once, by a pestilential fever. One or two old women now only survive of a population that may be traced on every hillock, and in every plain by mouldering clamshells, and those local appellations, which are yet remembered, where the villages they belonged to have been long forgotten.

It was in 1659—the year in which William Robinson and Marmaduke Stevenson suffered death, at Boston, for their religious protest against that intolerant zeal, which actuated the early rulers of Newengland, that Tomas Macy, the future patriarch of Nantucket, who then lived at Salisbury, near Salem in Massachusetts, was requested, one stormy night, by a couple of banished quakers, to permit them to take shelter in his barn: but, like Abraham of old, this good man was *not unmindful to entertain strangers*, and he received them into his house, notwithstanding a law of the colony against harbouring the obnoxious sectaries. For this offence he was prosecuted with the utmost rigour; and being himself a baptist, liable to all the pains and penalties of nonconformity to the orthodox pattern of faith and worship, he formed the resolution of quitting his native country, and migrating to Nantucket.

Here he was soon joined from similar motives, by Edward Starbuck; and so little did these harmless men apprehend any injury from the Indians by whom they were surrounded, that they settled near two miles apart. Not long afterwards the natives collected in great numbers, near Macy's plantation; and worked themselves up into a great fury, singing and dancing with all their might. Macy, apprehending they meant to exterminate the new comers, sent a boy round the beach to tell his "brother Starbuck" (for such it seems was their primitive phrascology)



THE TOWN of SHERBURNE in the ISLAND of NANTUCKET.



that he believed the Indians were plotting mischief. Starbuck being a bold man is said to have took his hat and cane, and walked directly over to Macys, to see what was the matter, when, after looking awhile upon the Indians, he cried with a loud voice "Is not the Lord on our side? of whom shall we be afraid?—One shall chace a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight?" And sallying forth upon the astonished natives he brandished his staff, and drove them all off the turf. They understood afterwards however that it was nothing more than a grand "Pow-wow" by way of a prayer for rain—surely an application not less acceptable to the universal Benefactor than a *te dum* for successful slaughter, though performed in a cathedral, by consecrated priests.

These two families were soon joined by other sober people, of the presbyterian persuasion, who were admitted to the participation of equal rights, both civil and religious; and such was the simplicity of manners that prevailed among their posterity, and so little have these tranquil islanders been actuated by the love of power, or fame, that no name is so celebrated in Nantucket history as that of a female; and Mary Starbuck is remembered, after the lapse of a century, as the only person that ever obtained a marked ascendancy in the island. Nothing of importance was attempted, in her day, without consulting her; and even the town meeting delayed its temperate conclusions, till her opinion could be known. When John Richardson visited the island, in 1701, this eminent woman embraced the principles of Fox and Barclay, in which she was followed by many of her friends and neighbours, from whom are descended the present quakers of the place.

Nantucket now constitutes a county of the same name, in the state of Massachusetts, containing eight or nine thousand inhabitants, who have a right to send nine representatives to the general court: but they seldom think it necessary to deputize more than one person, to attend to their interests at the seat of government; though the full extent of the elective franchise was lately exerted by the democratic party (which is here predominant) to influence some political question; and nine persons were chosen for legislators of the state, with as little regard

to qualification for office, as is frequently displayed in some other parts of this land of freedom, to the great disparagement of universal suffrage.

The light house upon Nantucket stands in latitude 41. 22, longitude 69. 58. This singular island, which seems to have been designed by Providence, as a nursery for sailors, pilots, and fishermen, lies about eight leagues to the south of the peninsula of Cape Cod, and about seven to the east of the island of Martha's Vineyard. It is reckoned about ninety miles from Boston, and three hundred and eighty from Philadelphia.— Though little more than three miles in breadth, it is not less than fifteen in length, from east to west, with a long sandy point, stretching to the northward; which makes a fine road for ships, on the north side of the island, except when the wind is at north-west. The harbour is a fine natural basin, about a mile over, and 12 or 15 feet deep; but a bar of sand stretches quite across the mouth of it, on which there is but 7 feet of water at ebb tide, which renders it necessary to unload large vessels by means of lighters.

The town was originally called Sherburne after a seaport of that name in Dorsetshire, G. B. but as there is no other place of any consequence upon the island, the distinctive appellation is lost in the general name of Nantucket. It is pleasantly situated upon a gentle slope, on the south-west side of the harbour, surmounted by a row of windmills, and flanked, to the right and left, by extensive ropewalks. There is generally 15 or 20 sail of square rigged vessels in port, with twice or three times that number of coasters, presenting a lively scene, as you enter from sea; the stores and houses, which are built of timber, being mostly painted red, or white, and crowned by the steeples, or rather towers, of two presbyterian meeting houses.

This town has the honour of giving birth to the maternal grandfather of the great Franklin, his name was Peter Folger, and the doctor tells us, in the interesting narrative of his early life, that he was thought to have inherited from this ancestor some traits of his disposition. He was a writer, and dates a poe-

tical effusion, upon some local subject, with the public spirit so characteristic of his grandson,

“ From Sherburne, where I dwell,

“ Your friend, who means you well.”

The whale fishery, upon which Nantucket depends, and which gives a peculiar character to its inhabitants, who are reckoned the most expert whalers in the world, is said to have been first attempted, about the year 1690, in boats, from the shore. In 1715 they had six sloops in the trade; and from 1772 to 75 the fishery employed 150 sail, from 90 to 180 tons, upon the coast of Giunea, the West Indies, and Brazil. The Revolution put a stop to this prosperous commerce, and it did not immediately revive upon the peace of 83; in consequence of which many families removed to Kennebeck, Newbedford, Hudson's River, North Carolina, and other places on the continent; but their place has been since amply supplied by new comers, who flocked thither from different parts, on the revival of trade, under the new constitution.

A number of families, under the direction of the respectable William Rotch, had gone over to France at the invitation of the then prime minister, the count de Vergennes, to prosecute their useful occupation with peculiar privileges and immunities, at Dunkirk; but the revolution which hurled Lewis XVI from the throne taking place soon after, prevented their intended establishment; and the greater part of the adventurers happily returned to their own country, where some of them in their native place, and some at its thriving colony of Newbedford (distant 60 miles) have ever since pursued their favourite occupation; and, having chased their gigantic game out of the Atlantic, now pursue the flying whale into the great South Sea, frequently doubling Cape Horn, and sometimes ascending the north west coast of America, till they nearly encompass the globe, in voyages of two or three years duration.

On these whaling trips round the world, instead of wages, every seaman takes a share in the ultimate proceeds of the voyage, a mode of engagement palpably conducive to habits of



industry and fidelity. They are oftener mere boys, who grow up during the voyage; but mostly married men, who have left wives and children behind them, to whom they return with all the earnestness of conjugal or parental affection, to share with them the well earned savings of their long protracted voyage.

There are at present about 1200 sailors, and 15000 tons of shipping employed at this place; and 15 or 20 spermaceti works are erected on the island, which manufacture great quantities of candles, and supply the numerous light-houses of our coast, as well as the streets of our cities with oil; besides occasionally contributing to the unbounded consumption of the London market, and the frequent wants of Cadiz, Marseilles, and the Levant.

Industry and frugality are virtues at Nantucket, and idleness is a vice. Every man upon the island is well acquainted with the cheapest method of procuring lumber from Kennebeck or Passamaquoddy, beef and pork from Connecticut, flower and biscuit from Philadelphia, or pitch and tar from North Carolina; and knows how to exchange codfish, and West India produce for such articles as are wanted in New Spain, or on the north-west coast.

Such is the simplicity of this primitive place, and so small is the resort of strangers, that the streets which have branched out from each other by imperceptible degrees, every man being at liberty to place his house according to his own fancy, and being naturally more disposed to regulate his front by a point of compass, than by the direction of the street, had never any names given to them, until the assessment for the direct tax under president Adams; and the sounding appellations of Federal street, Washington street, &c. &c. then given, have fallen into disuse, with the unpopular measure which occasioned them; and inquirers are now again directed, as before, to the well known neighbourhood of such and such an old stander, in the respective quarters of West Cove, Up-in-town, or the North Shore. The most common family names are Coffin, and Bunker, and Starbuck, and Hussey, which are frequently combined according to the genius of the place, with the scriptural surnames of Peleg, and Shubal, and Obed, and Jethro. Thus if you do not know where such a one

lives, you may be gravely informed, in Elisha Bunker's street, or David Mitchel's street, or Tristram Hussey's, or captain Haydn's. The streets, or rather roads, for none of them have ever been paved, run along the hollows, or wind up the hills, but the houses stand generally single, presenting to the passenger sometimes a line, and sometimes an angle; and so rare is any thing like a row, that two or three standing together will be currently described as, "The long houses." Yet two banks and two insurance offices, accommodate the trade of the place; and the town is supposed to have nearly doubled its population, in the last twenty years. Several new streets have been laid out in straight lines, and a number of houses have been built, within a year or two, with cielings of ten feet high. This however is considered as a piece of useless extravagance, the old fashioned stories of eight or nine feet being generally reckoned high enough, and to spare.

Every other house in this sea-faring place has a look out upon the roof, or a vane at the gable end; to see what ships have arrived from sea or whether the wind is fair for the packets. Sea phrases accordingly prevail in familiar conversation. Every child can tell *which way the wind blows*, and any old woman in the street, will talk of *cruising about*, *hailing an old mesamatic*, or *making one bring to*, as familiarly as the captain of a whale ship, just arrived from the north-west coast, will describe dimension to a *landlubber* by the span of his *gibboom*, or the length of his *mainstay*. If you have a spare dinner *it is short allowance*; if you are going to ride, the horse must be *tackled up*; or if the chaise is *rigged out*, and you are got *under way*, should you stop short of your *destination*, you are said to *tack about*, or to *make a harbour*. This technical phraseology, however, is attended with the concomitant frankness and honesty of sea-faring life. You meet a hearty welcome wherever you go; shop windows are without windowshutters for security; and winter's wood is piled up in the street.

Before the revolution county courts were regularly opened once a year, at the time prescribed in the almanack; but the officers of justice only assembled to smoke a pipe or two, and ad-

journal the court. During the war even this formality was dispensed with, and disputes were universally settled by arbitration: but since peace and prosperity have occasioned an influx of strangers, lawsuits are no longer unknown in Nantucket; and now they say supercargoes are pestered with attachments, and sailors with writs of suit, before they can get cleared out for their triennial circumnavigations.

Criminal prosecutions however are still unheard of, in this abode of primæval simplicity. The only person that was ever executed on the island was an indian, who had committed murder upon the high seas; and corporal punishment (once so freely dispensed in Newengland, and not unknown even in the best days of Pennsylvania) has here long been obsolete.

The prison is admirably adapted to this state of things, for it would not readily contain more than two or three inmates at a time. Of its present incumbents, one is a little deranged, and refuses to quit the place; and the other, it is said, might go too if he would. The dimensions of the poor house are proportionably contracted, for there are no idlers at Nantucket, and the decrepid are supported in their own neighbourhoods by voluntary alms. The courthouse itself is but a one story frame of 20 feet square.

Not so the grammar school, which is a capacious edifice with a belfry, or the Free Masons' Lodge, whose ample halls are occupied as free schools, and serve occasionally for public or municipal purposes, whilst five large meeting houses, two for presbyterians, two for friends (or quakers) and one for methodists, assemble the greater part of the inhabitants of this peaceful island two or three times a week.

Every thing here reminds one of a religious community, like that of the Moravian brethren, for instance, abstracted, but not wholly withdrawn from the world. The tranquillity of a convent pervades the streets, except when the bell rings for dinner, and droves of cows go out and come in under a herdsman grotesquely accoutred. The great bell agreeable to a good old Newengland custom, is tolled every evening at 9 o'clock, to warn the citizens to their homes; and one of the steeples, in the true spirit of commercial usefulness, has been constructed with

a view to serve for a look-out. It commands the whole island, together with its sea girt horizon; and there is one individual, whose observant eye is sharp enough, with the help of glasses, to distinguish the different vessels belonging to the place, as they come to anchor, occasionally, in the harbour of Martha's Vineyard. Even the amusements of children partake of the sea-faring spirit. They learn to row spontaneously, as they learn to swim; and nothing is more common in the harbour of Sherburne, than to see the boys paddling about upon planks, or putting before the wind little sail boats of their own construction. This early initiation begets a hankering after the sea, and by the time they are ten or twelve years of age they will ship themselves for cabin boys, and are with difficulty restrained by their parents from undertaking the most hazardous adventures. Not long since a boy of ten years old broke away from school, and got on board of the Bedford Packet, he was gone some days before he could be heard of, and when the little rogue was asked what could have induced him to run away from his friends, he coolly replied, *He was tired of seeing nothing but Nantucket.*

The numerous ponds upon the island once abounded with Teal, Brant, and other varieties of wild fowl; and the head of the harbour, running several miles inland, furnished the first settlers with plenty of clams and oysters. These have now become scarce, from being too freely used; but the neighbouring banks still abound with cod, halibut, seabass; blackfish, mackarel, herring, flounders, smelt, perch, &c. The soil produces spontaneously, besides beach grass, blue grass, herd grass, and white clover; and peat is found in the swamps: but it is totally destitute of stone as well as of timber.

In common with other places of easy circumstance, and difficult access, the people of Nantucket are happy to see strangers, and such as have any thing to recommend them to notice, are entertained with unbounded hospitality from house to house. Luxuries are held in common, for whoever has any thing better than his neighbours will send it to them without asking in case of company, or sickness. If one who gives a dinner is scant of provisions, he makes no scruple to borrow a joint of meat,

and (what is frequently less convenient to the lender) a horse, or a riding chair, will be applied for without reserve; and a refusal would hardly be taken well, though the loan should reduce the owner to go out himself in a cart, the usual carriage of the island, in which the most responsible personages are seen riding about with all the gravity of decorum, in hats and wigs, with their wives and daughters at their side.

When riding chairs were first introduced at Nantucket the outlandish conveyance was considered as too effeminate for manly use, and of the two persons who first risked the innovation, one was persuaded to renounce the unbecoming indulgence, and the other only retained it in consideration of delicate health, and on condition of lending it to others in the same predicament. The progress of improvement, however, and the influx of wealth, were not to be long resisted; but the obnoxious vehicle is still regarded by the commonalty with a jealous eye, on occasional rencounters in the streets; and the riders in carts unwillingly give way to the riders in chairs, on their afternoon excursions to Quayes, and Palpus, and Pocomo, and Squam, lone houses of the same sober gray with the heath which surrounds them, unsheltered by a single tree of native growth; yet there is one spot on the island which is still called, "the woods," though it has been time out of mind, without a shrub, the native trees having gone to decay on clearing the fields and letting in the sea air.

Upon a high bluff which breasts the surges, at the east end of this monotonous plain, are two fishing villages, Sesakaty and Siasconsit. The latter consists of about forty houses, or rather huts, of one story, standing apart, in four rows, leaving three broad lanes between them, which are covered with a fine sward of grass, the place being only resorted to spring and fall; when the bank is crowded with women and children, and 20 or 30 boats are sometimes seen off shore at a time, catching cod. In a more simple age it was customary for visitors from town to make themselves welcome at any table in the place; and when they went away to take what fish they pleased, for nothing. Now two or three widowed families make a living by entertaining strangers, and if they want fish they pay for it.

Before the revolution, the people of Nantucket were like a band of brothers. They were then an unmixed race, of English descent. They were all clad in homespun, and minded their own business. Such a thing as a bankruptcy was therefore almost unexampled. They are now much intermixed with strangers, and concomitant habits prevail; yet they still frequently call each other by the familiar appellations of uncle, aunt, cousin, &c. Persons of note are saluted by every body they meet; and the popular name of captain is often bestowed on respectable people, who never followed the sea, and perpetuated, as a creditable title, like that of squire on the continent, to those who have retired from business. One quiet lane, leading into the country, is called India Row, from the number of persons of this description, who reside there, in ease, and affluence; and Mitchell street, so called from being mostly inhabited by people of that name, forms a delightful retreat along shore, for those concerned in the whale trade; some of whom are very rich, and many of them inhabit roomy houses, and live in the genteel style of middle life, except only the use of that elegant luxury called a coach.

From the habit of transacting business in the absence of their husbands, women are frequently concerned in mercantile affairs and manage them to advantage. Two lawyers suffice the wrangling of the bar, and ply their talents upon the continent, between the terms; and three doctors recommend themselves to practice by making up their own prescriptions, and frequently adopting the simples which were used by the Indian natives. No printer has ever thought it worth while to establish himself at Nantucket, since nobody there pretends to fathom the gulf of foreign politics; and domestic disputes are never agitated, but at the eve of an election.

During the war the people of this secluded island were prevented by their situation, from taking any part in the struggle for independence, and they were suffered to maintain a sort of defenceless neutrality, between alternate marauders, neither party suspecting treachery, or committing unnecessary depredations at Nantucket, whose peaceable inhabitants are to this day al-

lowed an exemption from the oppressive routine of militia duty: but the harbour of Sherburne is mostly filled with ice every season, and in the hard winter of 1780, the surface of the sea was frozen over as far as the eye could reach, and all communication with the continent was cut off during forty days. Such a circumstance had never occurred before, the winters being rarely severe. In summer they enjoy a happy temperature, the thermometer seldom rising above 80°. of Fahrenheit; and the highest winds seldom preventing a daily intercourse with the neighbouring continent.

The whole island is held in common, under shares of propriety, originally no more than twenty-seven; but these have been subdivided, by purchase, or inheritance, till many proprietors of the poorer class hold no more than gives them a right to pasture one cow, or eight sheep; a horse being reckoned equivalent to two cows. A council of proprietors prevents encroachments, and decides, every season, on what part of the island the great corn field shall be. Here every one cultivates his own share, which is sometimes but a narrow slip, the bounds of which he carefully marks, by sticks or stones; but should these be displaced the horse that ploughed it up, may safely be trusted to find the spot again. Once a year, about the middle of June, all the sheep, amounting to some thousands, are driven into pens, when each man selects his own, shears them himself, and separates such as he wants for use. This is the only holiday which is kept at Nantucket. The whole country turns out to enjoy the occasion, booths are set up with refreshments, and the annual merriment is as highly relished by these sober people, as the salutations of May morning, or the healths of Washington's birth day.

Such has been, for a century and a half, the patriarchal manner of occupying the island of Nantucket: but the spirit of innovation has found its way even here; and there is now a plan in agitation for dividing to each proprietor his share, in fee simple, under the specious plea of putting it into the power of every man, "to manage his own affairs, in his own way." Should this operation take place, it will probably throw large tracts into particular hands, who may improve the breed of sheep, and ameliorate the soil—

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perhaps plant trees, that might again keep off the spray of the sea, and cover the nakedness of the land: but the place would lose forever its most interesting peculiarities. It would be no longer a copartnership of kinsfolk, with a common interest in the general prosperity. The small landholders would be obliged to sell their freeholds, because they would not be worth fencing in.

The present equality and sociability of all ranks, would give place to that emulation, and reserve, which prevail in more cultivated societies; and, in another century, the people of Nantucket would be no longer remarkable for an attachment to their native place, which is now one of their distinguishing characteristics.

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#### THE POLITE SCHOLAR—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ONE of the noblest privileges of my situation and my studies is to indicate to the studious gentlemen of the country such immortal authors, as have enjoyed and deserved the brightest honours of the muse. It is moreover, as my friends, the lawyers, would express it, my *bounden duty* to introduce to my countrymen every illustrious stranger, whenever I have the glorious opportunity of being the gentleman usher on such an occasion. I understand to my astonishment that the genius and writings of a celebrated chancellor of France are almost entirely unknown in America; and that the works of D'AGUESSEAU are not in the hands of every barrister and politician. Let us reveal the pretensions of a great man; let us first quote in his favour, the authority of the junior lord Lyttleton, and then publish, from a scarce source, the Biography of another BACON.

My country employments are better than you imagine. I am reading, with great care and observation, the works of the chancellor *D'Aguesseau of France*. Many years ago, my father gave a volume of them to me, desiring me to study it with attention,



and consider the contents as his own paternal counsels. At that time, I did neither the one nor the other; however, I am now making ample amends for former neglect. The magistrate, the statesman, the lawyer, the man of the world, the orator and the philosopher will find delight and instruction in these volumes. I can say no more; and what I have now said will add them to your library, if it does not already possess them.

It has been observed that unless the natural powers of the human mind be excited by the prospect of some excellence which can only be attained with labour and difficulty, it is too apt to be diverted by every trifling impression, or to be lulled into a culpable indifference. To present before the imagination examples of unsullied virtue or extraordinary talents has therefore been recommended by reason and by the sanction of experience, as the most efficacious method of leading the unprincipled from vice and exciting the indolent to activity.

But those who have thus attempted to place before the world objects, which might stimulate or allure, have frequently been seduced by enthusiasm to ascribe to their heroes attainments above the reach of the human capacity, or virtues which no man could hope to imitate, whatever might be the elevation of his mind, or the purity of his heart.

That class of biography, which describes the progress of an individual with respect to the general learning, or refinement of the age in which he lived, as it precludes in some measure the facility of deception, and displays the comparative claim which its hero has upon the applause of posterity seems to be the most generally useful. The respective merits of Homer, of Alfred and of Bacon must in some measure be judged of by comparing their attainments with those of their contemporaries, while the political histories of Charles and of George serve to cast a light upon the virtues and blemishes of Milton and Chesterfield.

The subject of the following sketch, whether we consider his eminence as a statesman, his connection with the literary characters of his country, or the importance of the era in which he flourished is worthy of the attention of the biographer. The history of his life, if properly executed, might afford a more perfect

view than has yet appeared of the literature and manners of France from the time of Boileau to that of Voltaire. The talents of a Roscoe might not be unworthily employed in recommending a narrative sufficiently extraordinary to stimulate the inactive without being too elevated to extinguish emulation, and which might possess much of the novelty of fiction, with all the credibility of truth.

Henri François D'Aguesseau was born at Limoges the 27th November, 1688. His father, H. D'Aguesseau, counsellor of state, sketched the outlines of the education of his son, and first awakened his mind to observation and inquiry, by allowing him to visit the curiosities of Languedoc in the company of his tutors, who endeavoured in their journeys to promote the literary advancement of their pupil by pointing out to him, in the poets of antiquity those descriptions, which were applicable to the scenes he visited. The attention and ability of their pupil sufficiently rewarded their assiduity. His study of the writers of ancient and modern times was so intense and his perception so acute that before the 20th year of his age, the Greek, the Latin, the Arabic, the Hebrew, the Portuguese, the Spanish, the Italian, and the English languages were familiar to him. Yet his knowledge of these tongues was not gained with unwillingness, but was owing to the pleasure which he took in the study of their rudiments, a study which he often declared to be no contemptible amusement.

But this familiarity with the languages however extraordinary it may appear was equalled by his knowledge of philosophy and the mathematics. His taste for poetry and his talent for criticism were so great that they procured him the friendship of Boileau and Racine. He was acquainted more intimately than any of his contemporaries with the constitution of his country, the nature of its commerce and the intricacy of its laws. He studied the legislative policy of the Greeks and Romans, examined the governments of the neighbouring states, and inquired into the principles of feudal slavery.

With these qualifications he became successively the advocate, the attorney general, and the chancellor of France, and executed the duties of those important offices with equal fidelity

and wisdom, with the approbation of his sovereign and with the suffrage of the people. Notwithstanding the multiplicity of his employments, he never dismissed a cause without having examined it with minuteness and accuracy. His sagacity and his vigilance were displayed in various plans for the regulation of the hospitals and the relief of the poor. His judicial knowledge was so remarkable that before he had reached the summit of his honours, the senators of France consulted him in private that their public conduct might be regulated by his advice, and his harangues were considered as the most accurate standards of judicial elocution.

Yet amid his power and his honours, when perplexed by a variety of intricate employments, he never allowed the fatigues of his office or of study to induce him to neglect the duties of humanity and benevolence. His justice to his country was tempered by mildness to the criminal. His hand was always stretched out to the assistance of the unfortunate, and, as he selected with judgment, he gave with delicacy. He had thus, for 27 years, continued in his situation, uncontaminated by the vices of a court, when the regent, with that caprice which frequently attends the ruler of a nation, deprived him of the seals. That knowledge and those acquirements which qualified him to shine in the cabinet enabled him to fill up the vacuity of solitude. He dedicated a portion of his time and his learning to the purposes of studying the sacred writings in the original, and re-examining the opinions of the sages of the law upon the constitution of his country. But these, which would have occupied the lives of many men, were to him but secondary pursuits: the cultivation of music, of poetry, of chemistry, and of botany likewise divided his attention. His knowledge of science was so extensive, and his love of study so ardent that what were to others the cause of anxiety and labour were to him the principal sources of delight. Among those men to whom no intricacy is perplexing he may justly be distinguished; for he surely must have been possessed of no mean acuteness of perception, who, when wearied by exercise, or overpowered by lassitude, could fly to a treatise of Algebra for relaxation and amusement.

Yet, notwithstanding the variety and depth of his inquiries, it does not appear that he neglected the duties of domestic life. He instructed his children in the rudiments of the sciences, and endeavoured with perpetual solicitude to instil into their minds the principles of virtue while he regulated his pecuniary affairs with regularity and prudence. Nor was he distinguished by any of those disgusting singularities which are generally supposed to be the concomitants of genius, but to all the erudition of a scholar he united the urbanity of the gentleman.

He continued in solitude, with some intervals of public duty, till the year 1737, when he was reinstated in his office, without his solicitation, or rather without his consent, and executed his duty with his former ability and virtue. He now applied more particularly the fruits of his solitary studies to the interest of his country, and formed by his own meditation a code of jurisprudence which will remain while regulated society shall exist a monument of versatility of talent, and energy of thought.

But the moment was approaching in which his learning or his genius would be useless. His infirmities increasing, in the 82d year of his life he retired from his public employments, after having held the dignity of chancellor of France for 34 years, without reproach and without an enemy. Shortly after, his weakness becoming insupportable he prepared to meet the stroke of Death with piety and calmness. During his illness, a book was placed upon his pillow, in reading which he expired.

That this extraordinary man was exempted from the frailties and vices of human nature it would be ridiculous to imagine; but that his moral character was exemplary may be reasonably believed, since those who opposed his measures with the greatest vehemence acknowledged his virtue. If we consider his attention to literature and the propriety of his domestic conduct while employed in the highest offices of state, we shall be obliged to rank him in the number of those men who have preserved their integrity amid the corruptions of a court, and who have shown that a statesman may benefit his country and rise to eminence, without the assistance of intrigue or wickedness. Although his abilities were employed in situations to which few can aspire, yet his ar-

dour in the pursuit of knowledge and the constancy of his perseverance may be imitated, not only by men who are born to add to the splendour of a throne, but by those who are doomed to languish in comparative obscurity.

As it is my earnest desire to diversify as much as is possible the contents of these little papers, I now take my leave of the chancellor of France, to greet once more the favourite of Mæcenas. I am solicitous that Horace, who is, indeed, the *amicus omnium Lorum*, should be familiar to every polite reader. But I am persuaded, from certain peculiarities in his dialect and demeanour, that his manner is strange to many, who like myself, would be, as the pure Philadelphians say, *right glad* of an intimate acquaintance with an illustrious stranger, provided they could clamber easily over the bars of Indolence, or break, with the strength of a Samson, the *shackles* of Timidity. Such, as are unwilling to encounter difficulty, I am afraid to terrify with the horrors of Horace's Latin. They, who are willing to be delighted in the most summary way, will be sufficiently pleased with Pope's imitations. He, who cares not a stiver for the measures of the original may be amused with the ensuing bold paraphrases for which we are indebted to a wag, who, without audacity, calls himself Horace in London.

#### BOOK II. ODE XI.

*Quid bellicosus, &c.*

TO HARRY — ESQR.

Cease, cease, my dear Harry, to trouble your brain,  
With Spain and the Tyrol, to Liberty true;  
Napoleon must cut off an arm of the main,  
Ere he, or his arms can give trouble to you.

Our youth, like a rainbow, soon loses its charms,  
And, with it, Life's flattering colours are gone;  
Soft Sleep, Love, and Pleasure, are scar'd from our arms  
As Age, on his crutches, comes tottering on.

The Spring and its roses soon bend to the blast,  
The moon fades away, leaving darkness behind;  
Since Nature will change, why should misery last,  
Or Care take a permanent lease of our mind:

Dear Hal, if thou lov'st me, as Falstaff would say,  
 Let carking old Care be invaulted below;  
 And, if he will rise, when you wish to be gay,  
 Bid him bring you a bottle of *Château Marguot*.

Then let him, when Bacchus and Pleasure combine  
 To banish the woes of this whirligig world,  
 Like Clarence, obtain his quietus in wine,  
 So, *in* the Red Sea shall his spirit be hurl'd.

The bibbers of water are drunkards, not we,  
 The tide overwhelming their reason divine,  
 For man's like a beast, drinking water, and he  
 Must be senseless, indeed, who refuses his wine.

Let Lydia, the lovely enchantress, appear  
 And breathe to her harp the effusions of MOORE:  
 Enjoying these transports, oh, what should we fear  
 While Wit can exalt us or Beauty allure?

Then cease my dear quidnunc, to groan at the news,  
 Nor mourn o'er the records of national sorrow,  
 But, if you *must* study, oh, study to lose,  
 In this day's enjoyment, the thought of to-morrow.

The wit and ingenuity of our arch imitator are sometimes employed at the expense of *their worship's and their reverences*. Mrs. Hannah More, however, will hardly frown at the following humorous verses. It may be remarked, by the way, that the two first stanzas are in the very spirit of Flaccus; and a mere English reader, may be pretty well satisfied with looking, as a pedant would say, even at the *wrong* side of the tapestry.

## BOOK I. ODE XXXIV.

*Parcus Deorum cultor et infrequens.*

Inveigled by Hume, from the temple of Truth,  
 From Piety's sheepfold a stray lamb,  
 I laughed and I sang, a more reprobate youth,  
 As seldom at church, as sir Balaam.

But now, through a crack in my worldly-wise head,  
 A ray of *new light* sheds a blaze,  
 And back, with the speed of a zealot, I tread  
 The wide metaphysical maze.

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Of late, through the Strand, as I saunter'd away,  
 A curricule gave me new life,  
 For, O, in that curricule, spruce as the day,  
 Sat *Coelebs* in *Search of a Wife!*

Majestic as thunder, he roll'd through the air,  
 His horses were rapidly driven,  
 I gazed, like the Pilgrim in Vanity Fair,  
 When Faithful was snatched into Heaven.

Loud bellowed the monsters in Pidcock's abyss,  
 Old vagabond Thames caught the sound,  
 It shook the Adelphi, amaz'd gloomy Dis,  
 And Styx swore an oath under ground.

The Puritan rises, Philosophy falls,  
 When touched by his Harlequin rod,  
 The Cobler and Prelate, from separate stalls  
 Chant hymns to the young Demigod.

The beardless reformer leaves London behind,  
 He wanders o'er woodland and common,  
 And dives into depths theologic to find  
 That darkest of swans—a white woman.

The Pilgrim of *Bunyan* felt wiser alarms,  
 His darling at home could not bind him,  
 'Twas Death and the Devil, when locked in her arms,  
 'Twas Heaven,—when he left her behind him.

The gayety of our poet's measure in the following instance,  
 will sooth the ear, and the tenderness of his sentiments, find its  
 way to the heart.

#### BOOK I, ODE XIX.

*Mater saeva Cupidinum.*

Dame Venus, who lives but to vex,  
 And Bacchus, the dealer in wine,  
 Unite with the love of the sex,  
 To harass this poor head of mine.  
 Sweet Ellen's the cause of my wo,  
 'Tis madness her charms to behold,  
 Her bosom's as white as the snow,  
 And the heart it enshrines is as cold.

Her gay repartees have a grace  
 Good humour alone can impart,  
 The roses, that bloom in her face,  
 Have planted their thorns in my heart.  
 Fair Venus, who sprang from the sea,  
 Despising the haunts of renown,  
 Leaves Brighton, to frolic with me,  
 And spends the whole winter in town.

I sang of the heroes of Spain,  
 Who fight in the Parthian mode,  
 The goddess grew sick at my strain,  
 And handed to Vulcan my ode;  
 Forbear, she exclaim'd, silly elf,  
 With haughty Bellona to rove,  
 Leave Spain to take care of himself,  
 Thy song is of Ellen and love.

Come, Love, bring the graces along,  
 That Ellen may melt at my woes,  
 Let fluent Rousseau gild my tongue,  
 And, Chesterfield turn out my toes.  
 Ah, no, I must wield other arms,  
 Sweet Ellen, to reign in thy heart,  
 When Love owes to Nature his charms,  
 How vain are the lessons of Art!

Every admirer of pathetic poetry remembers Cowper's famous stanza, the burden of which is *my Mary*. This affectionate tribute to Mrs. Unwin we believe has been followed up by some hundreds of parodies. Godwin, the author of a forgotten book, called Political Justice, and of some romances, which deserve a better fate than oblivion, has taken it lately into his head that he is a poet, and has actually produced a most woful and pitiful tragedy, in which he reveals his utter ignorance even of the common law of Prosody. Horace in London thus facetiously *quizzes* the audacious Pretender.

## BOOK I. ODE XXV.

## MY GODWIN.

*Parcius junctas quatunt fenestras.*

Ours Temple youth, a lawless train,  
 Blockading Johnson's window pane,



No longer laud thy solemn strain,  
My Godwin.

Chaucer's a mighty tedious elf,  
Fleetwood lives only for himself,  
And Caleb Williams loves the shelf,  
My Godwin.

No longer cry the sprites unblest,  
Awake, arise, stand forth confest;  
For fallen, fallen, is thy crest  
My Godwin.

Thy jaded muse for former feats,  
Does penance now in quarto *sheets*,  
Or, clothing parcels, roams the streets,  
My Godwin.

Thy flame at Luna's lamp thou light'st,  
Blank is the verse that thou indit'st,  
Thy play is damn'd, yet still thou writ'st,  
My Godwin.

And still to wield the gray goose quill,  
When Phœbus sinks, to feel no chill,  
"With me is to be lovely still,"  
My Godwin.

The winged steed, a bit of blood,  
Bore thee, like Trunnion, through the flood,  
To leave thee sprawling in the mud,  
My Godwin;

But carries now, with martial trot,  
In glittering armour, Walter Scott,  
A poet he—which thou art not,  
My Godwin.

Nay, nay, forbear these jealous wails,  
Though he's upborne on Fashion's gales,  
Thy heavy bark attendant sails,  
My Godwin.

Fate each by different streams conveys,  
His skiff in Aganippe plays;  
And thine in Lethe's whirlpool strays,  
My Godwin.

## THE BEEHIVE, No. IV.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.

*Keep to the right as the law directs.*

SUCH is the order of the statute in travelling upon turnpike roads; and it is very satisfactory and convenient that a rule has been established, to which all denominations of travellers must yield obedience. It prevents those altercations and quarrels, which sometimes occurred formerly upon our roads, from the uncertainty in which the question of right was enveloped.

It is however to be regretted that the rule was not reversed. *Keep to the left as the law directs*, would have been as convenient to all descriptions of travellers, and for a large and useful class, incomparably more safe. Wagoners, when they travel on foot, as very frequently occurs, walk on the left side of their teams. Of course, in narrow or difficult roads, when they encounter other teams, they are placed between the two, and are actually in danger of being crushed to death. Accidents of this kind will probably happen. And as prevention is in every case better than cure, and as this is one of those cases, which, after the event has taken place, admit of no cure, it deserves the attention of the legislature to pass an act making the alteration suggested.

I am informed, and on the very best authority, that the English rule is—*Keep to the left*.

—  
*A new project to restrain mendicity.*

The rev. Mr. Haweis, an English clergyman, published, in the year 1788, a work on the situation of the poor, with some plans for diminishing the number of beggars. Some of them were very extraordinary, and among the rest one had a very curious novelty to recommend it to the public attention. He proposed to pass an act imposing a penalty, not, as the reader would suppose, upon the mendicant, but on those who supplied his wants.\* “*Charity covereth a multitude of sins.*”

\* Ruggles’s History of the Poor, vol. ii, p. 36.

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*A hint to directors of libraries.*

Many of the libraries of this country, even of those which are regarded as of the first order, are remarkably deficient of various ancient valuable works, which are sometimes eagerly sought for in the elucidation of important points. The Philadelphia Library is without doubt highly reputable, and reflects credit upon the city by its extent, and the liberality of expenditure, whereby it is enriched with all the stores of modern literature. Nevertheless, some years since, one of our citizens, having a question of some consequence to investigate, was surprised to find that more than half the valuable books connected with it, were not in the library.

I propose a simple remedy.

There are numbers of booksellers in London, perhaps twenty, whose business consists principally in the purchase and sale of old libraries. They publish sale catalogues every year, and some of them twice a year, containing complete lists of all their books, with the prices annexed, which are in general tolerably reasonable. I have seen some of these catalogues, containing 3 or 400,000 volumes; among these are frequently to be found works of the utmost rarity. Instances have occurred of books purchased in this manner, of which there probably were not twenty copies for sale in all Christendom.

How are we on this side of the Atlantic to avail ourselves of these treasures? The mode is very simple. Let an annual appropriation of two or three hundred dollars be made, and remitted to London to a suitable correspondent. Let a committee of the directors of the library, composed of men of taste and erudition, make a list of such valuable ancient books as are not in the library, and as it would be desirable to procure. Let the list be sent over with the remittance, and let the correspondent be directed, on the appearance of the sale catalogues, to purchase such of the enumerated articles as they contain, within such limitations as may be proper. In a few years the advantage would be signal and striking. Opportunities of procuring inestimable books in London occur daily, in this mode, which, once lost, may never return.

A word on hours of attendance in libraries. In Europe they are generally open from an early hour in the morning, till a late hour in the evening. Our library is opened at two o'clock, and shut at sunset. This, during a considerable portion of the year, is only three or four hours. When this regulation was adopted, I presume the convenience merely of those who take books out of the library was consulted. The board did not advert to a valuable description of studious men, who frequent public libraries, with a view of consulting authorities, and who find the morning more suitable to their pursuits, than the afternoon; and some of whom would occasionally require the whole day. For those who send for books, three hours would probably answer almost as well as the whole of the longest day in summer. But the other class are unquestionably entitled to attention: and as a small addition to the librarian's salary would compensate him for the residue of his time, it is respectfully submitted to the directors of libraries in general, whether the advantages of the alteration would not amply compensate for the increased expenditure.

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*Proximus ardet Ucalegon. Your neighbour's house is on fire.*

Every idea, calculated to diminish the ravages of the devouring element, fire, which so frequently inflicts upon the inhabitants of our cities, towns and villages, such tremendous calamities, is deserving of the most serious attention. I therefore trust that these few lines may induce some of our fire companies, to adopt a simple and unexpensive plan, of the efficacy whereof no doubt can be entertained. It has been frequently tried, and always with the most salutary consequences.

Let every fire company provide itself with a dozen or two of the thickest and largest blankets that can be purchased. Let them be stitched together double, and provided at the sides with hooks and eyes alternately, at proper distances. As soon as a fire begins to rage, let these blankets be thrown over the roofs of the houses adjacent to that where the devouring fire prevails; and if it be in a narrow street, and the wind high, the roofs of the opposite

houses ought to be covered in the same manner. Frame houses ought to be covered on the top and front and rear. I feel pretty confident that a single engine, properly worked on houses covered in this way, would have a more powerful effect, than ten engines, unaided by the blankets.

If an hundred tons of water were poured upon the roof of a house next door to one on fire, in ten minutes after the torrent ceased, the shingles would be as inflammable as at first. But a single engine well directed, would keep the blankets constantly saturated.

I am so sanguine in my expectations of the success of this plan that I believe by way of experiment a frame house, in the midst of an entire solid square of houses of that description, might be burned down, and all the rest be preserved, provided there was a brick wall on each side, with a parapet. But be that as it may, if in a range of brick houses one took fire, I would insure the others for one half per cent. if this plan was adopted.

I claim no merit from this suggestion, as a discovery. It was carried into operation, at a dreadful fire in Carter's alley, a few years since, by a few intelligent individuals, and actually arrested the progress of the conflagration.

Shortly afterwards, I recommended the project in one of the gazettes, and a genuine wise man of Gotham turned it into ridicule.

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*A question for gentlemen to solve.*

Among the fair sex in this city has not "the human face divine," greatly improved in beauty, in all its various shades and degrees, within the last twenty or twenty-five years? I am clearly and unequivocally for an affirmative answer.

I believe that out of every hundred females, from fifteen to five and twenty years of age there are probably twice as many beautiful, and twice as many handsome, as there were at the commencement of the period embraced in my inquiry. Perhaps I am wrong. But I hope and trust the idea is well founded

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*Fashion.*

This invincible tyrant, who holds in chains so large a portion of mankind, laughs to scorn all attempts to abridge or contract his

power. Any effort to break his yoke, is almost as hopeless as the task of Syſiphus who rolls the huge stone upwards on a precipitous hill.

Desperate as is the undertaking, I boldly dare it. If I perish in the attempt, let it be inscribed on my tomb—*Magnis excidit ausis*. I wish to rescue from his anathema one simple garment, which on its first introduction, appeared highly grotesque, but was soon found to be uncommonly convenient and comfortable. I mean the *Spencer*, which is now so completely exploded, that I believe there are but two or three in the city, one of which I still venture to wear.

The advantages of this now antiquated vestment, are by no means inconsiderable. There are in every year at least fifty or sixty days in which the atmosphere is so humid, that some extra covering is necessary, more particularly for valetudinarians—and indeed for those persons in high health, who do not wish to enrol themselves among the valetudinarians; and yet the weather is not so adverse as to induce a man going abroad to use a great coat. On all such occasions, how imperiously does prudence raise her voice in favour of the rejected *Spencer*, and invite him back to resume his quondam place in our wardrobes?

—  
*Taste.*

“There is no disputing about tastes,” said one of the ancient philosophers. Every day exemplifies the correctness of the adage. In passing through the streets of Philadelphia, an observer is struck with the novel taste in the inscriptions painted upon some modern show-boards and signs. The effeminate and petit maitre Roman and Italic characters are discarded, and the bold, masculine and rough Gothic characters have usurped their place. Public thanks are due to those gentlemen, who have effected this improvement. It is to be hoped that they will not stop here—but introduce some of the manners and customs of the aboriginals of our country, which modern effeminacy has discarded. For instance how much less troublesome would it be for our ladies to wear blankets, held together by skewers, than all the paraphernalia of the toilette, such as offends our eyes every day? What an improvement would it be for our beaux to

cover themselves with the skins of bears and wolves and panthers, which could be provided with so much ease, instead of submitting to be measured by M<sup>c</sup>Alpin, Watson, Wildes or Thaw?

Some fastidious people will probably object to these improvements, as they do to the novel shape of the letters on the showboards. I hope such absurd objections will be of no avail, and that my suggestions, which have just the same forcible arguments to support them as the Gothic characters, which is, that they are the antipodes to the customs that have hitherto prevailed, will proceed *pari passu* with the innovations of the painters.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. EDITOR,

The late newspaper accounts of the intrigues of that mysterious Indian known by the title of the *Prophet of Alleghany*, brought to my mind the following production. It was written some years ago, and the principal circumstances are certainly true. In the report of the Newyork missionary society for 1803, there is particular mention made of the intrigues of this singular person.

Yours, &c.

THE PROPHET OF THE ALLEGHANY.

In the year 1798 one of the missionaries to the Indians of the North-west, was on his way from the Tuscarora settlement to the Senecas. Journeying in pious meditation through the forest, a majestic Indian darted from its recesses and arrested his progress. His hair was somewhat changed with age, and his face marked with the deep furrows of time; but his eye expressed all the fiery vivacity of youthful passion, and his step was that of a warrior in the vigour of manhood

“ White man of the ocean, \* whither wanderest thou?” said

\* The Indians at first imagined that the white men originally sprung from the sea, and that they invaded their country because they had none of

the Indian. "I am travelling," replied the meek disciple of peace, "towards the dwellings of thy brethren, to teach them the knowledge of the only true God, and to lead them to peace and happiness." "To peace and happiness!" answered the tall chief, while his eye flashed fire — "Behold the blessings that follow the footsteps of the white man; wherever he comes the nations of the woodlands fade from the eye like the mists of morning. Once over the wide forest of the surrounding world, our people roamed in peace and freedom, nor ever dreamed of greater happiness, than to hunt the beaver, the bear and the wild deer. From the farthest extremity of the great deep came the white man armed with thunder and lightning, and weapons still more pernicious. In war he hunted us like wild beasts; in peace he destroyed us by deadly liquors, or yet more deadly frauds. Yet a few moons had passed away and whole nations of invincible warriors, and of hunters that fearless swept the forest and the mountain, perished vainly opposing their triumphant invaders; or quietly dwindled into slaves and drunkards, and their names withered from the earth. Retire, dangerous man, leave us all we yet have left, our savage virtues and our gods; and do not in the vain attempt to cultivate a rude and barren soil pluck up the few thrifty plants of native growth, that have survived the fostering cares of thy people, and weathered the stormy career of their pernicious friendship." The tall chief darted into the wood, and the good missionary pursued his way with pious resolution.

He preached the only true divinity, and placed before the eyes of the wondering savages the beauty of holiness, the sufferings of the Redeemer, and the sublime glories of the christian Heaven. He allured them with the hope of everlasting bliss, and alarmed them with denunciations of an eternity of misery and despair. The awe struck Indians, roused by these accumulated motives, many of them adopted the precepts of the missionary so far as they could comprehend them; and in the their own. They sometimes called them in their songs "the white foam of the ocean," and this name is still often applied contemptuously, by the savages of the northwest.



course of eighteen months their devotion became rational, regular, and apparently permanent.

All at once however, the little church in which the good man was wont to pen his fold, became deserted. No votary came as usual to listen with decent reverence to the pure doctrines which they were there accustomed to hear; and only a few solitary idlers were seen of a Sunday-morning lounging about and casting a wistful yet fearful look at their little peaceful and now silent mansion.

The missionary sought them out, inquired into the cause of this mysterious desertion, and told them of the bitterness of hereafter to those who having once known abandoned the religion of the only true God. The poor Indians shook their heads, and informed him that the Great Spirit was angry at their apostacy, and had sent a prophet for the summit of the Alleghany mountain, to warn them against the admission of new doctrines; that there was to be a great meeting of the old men soon, and that the prophet would there deliver to the people the message with which he was intrusted. The zealous missionary determined to be present, and to confront the impostor who was known by the appellation of *the Prophet of the Alleghany*. He accordingly obtained permission from the chiefs to appear at the council, and to reply to the charges that might be brought forward. The 12th day of June 1802, was the time fixed for the decision of this solemn question, "whether the belief of their forefathers, or that of the white men was the true religion?" The usual council house not being large enough to contain so great an assemblage of people, they met in a valley about eight miles to the westward of the Seneca Lake. This valley was then embowered under lofty trees; it is surrounded on almost every side with high rugged hills, and through it meanders a small river.

It was a scene to call forth every energy of the human heart. On a smooth level, near the bank of the slow stream, under the shade of a large elm sat the chief men of the tribes. — Around the circle which they formed, was gathered a croud of wondering savages, with eager looks, seeming to demand the

true God at the hands of their wise men. In the middle of the circle sat the aged and travel worn missionary.—A few gray hairs wandered over his brow, his hands were crossed on his bosom, and as he cast his hope beaming eye to Heaven, he seemed to be calling with pious fervour upon the God of truth to vindicate his own eternal word by the mouth of his servant.

For more than half an hour there was silence in the valley, save the whispering of the trees in the south-wind, and the indistinct murmuring of the river. Then all at once a sound of astonishment passed through the croud, and the prophet of the Alleghany, was seen descending one of the high hills; with furious and frenzied step, he entered the circle, and waving his hand in token of silence, the missionary saw with wonder, the same tall chief who four years before had crossed him in the Tuscarora forest. The same panther-skin hung over his shoulder, the same tomahawk quivered in his hand, and the same fiery and malignant spirit burned in his red eye. He addressed the awe-struck Indians, and the valley rung with his iron voice.

“Red man of the woods, hear what the Great Spirit says to his children who have forsaken him!

“Through the wide regions that were once the inheritance of my people, and where for ages they roved as free as the wild winds, resounds the axe of the white men. The paths of your forefathers are polluted by their steps, and your hunting fields are every day wrested from you by their arts. Once on the shores of the mighty ocean your fathers were wont to enjoy all the luxuriant delights of the deep. Now *you* are exiles in swamps or on barren hills; and these wretched possessions you enjoy by the precarious tenure of the white man's will. The shrill cry of revelry or war no more is heard on the majestic shores of the Hudson, or the sweet banks of the silver Mohawk. There where the Indian lived and died free as the air he breathed, and chased the panther and the deer from morn till evening—even there the christian slave cultivates the soil in undisturbed possession; and as he whistles behind his plow, turns up the sacred remains of your buried ancestors. Have ye not heard at evening and sometimes in the dead of night, those mournful

and melodious sounds that steal through the deep vallies, or along the mountain sides like the song of echo? These are the wailings of those spirits whose bones have been turned up by the sacrilegious labours of the white men, and left to the mercy of the rain and the tempest. They call upon you to avenge them—they adjure you by every motive that can rouse the hearts of the brave, to wake from your long sleep and by returning to these invaders of the grave the long arrears of vengeance, restore again the tired and wandering spirits to their blissful paradise far beyond the blue hills.\*

These are the blessings you owe to the christians. They have driven your fathers from their ancient inheritance—they have destroyed them with the sword and poisonous liquors—they have dug up their bones, and there left them to bleach in the wind—and now they aim at completing your wrongs, and insuring your destruction by cheating you into the belief of that divinity, whose very precepts they plead in justification of all the miseries they have heaped upon your race.

“Hear me, O, deluded people for the last time!—If you persist in deserting my altars, if still you are determined to listen with fatal credulity to the strange pernicious doctrines of these christian usurpers—if you are unalterably devoted to your new gods, and new customs—if you *will* be the friend of the white-man, and the follower of his God—my wrath shall follow you. I will dart my arrows of forked lightning among your towns, and send the warping tempests of winter to devour you. Ye shall become bloated with intemperance, your numbers shall dwindle away until but a few wretched slaves survive, and these shall be driven deeper and deeper into the wild, there to associate with the dastard beasts of the forest, who once fled before the mighty hunters of your tribe. The spirits of your fathers shall curse you from the shores of that happy island in the great lake, where they enjoy an everlasting season of hunting, and chase the wild deer with dogs swifter than the wind. Lastly, I swear, by the lightning, the thunder and the tem-

\* “The answering voices heard from the caves and hollows which the Latins call echo, *they* (the Indians) suppose to be the wailings of souls wandering through these places.”

*Pitiro Martire.*

pest, that in the space sixty moons, of all the Senecas not one of yourselves or your posterity shall remain on the face of the earth."

The prophet ended his message, which was delivered with the wild eloquence of real or fancied inspiration, and all at once the croud seemed to be agitated with a savage sentiment of indignation against the good missionary. One of the fiercest broke though the circle of old men to despatch him, but was restrained by their authority.

When this sudden feeling had somewhat subsided, the mild and benevolent apostle obtained permission to speak in behalf of him who had sent him. Never have I seen a more touching pathetic figure than this good man. He seemed past sixty—his figure tall yet bending—his face mild, pale, and highly intellectual—and over his forehead which yet displayed its blue veins were scattered at solitary distances a few gray hairs. Though his voice was clear, and his action vigorous, yet there was that in his looks, which seemed to say his pilgrimage was soon to close forever.

With pious fervour, he described to his audience, the glory, power and beneficence of the Creator of the whole universe: He told them of the pure delights of the christian Heaven, and of the neverending tortures of those who rejected the precepts of the Gospel: He painted in glowing, and fervid colours the filial piety, the patience, the sufferings of the Redeemer, and how he perished on the cross for the sins of the whole human race: and finally he touched with energetic brevity on the unbounded mercies of the Great Being who thus gave his only begotten Son a sacrifice for the redemption of mankind.

When he had concluded this part of the subject, he proceeded to place before his now attentive auditors, the advantages of civilization, of learning, science, and a regular system of laws and morality. He contrasted the wild Indian roaming the desert in savage independence; now revelling in the blood of enemies, and in his turn the victim of their insatiable vengeance: with the peaceful citizen enjoying all the comforts of cultivated life in this happy land, and only bounded in his indulgences, by those salutary restraints which contribute as well to his ad-

happinees, as that of society at large. He described the husbandman enjoying in the bosom of his family a peaceful independence, undisturbed by apprehensions of midnight surprize, plunder and assassination; and he finished by a solemn appeal to heaven that his sole motive for coming among them, was the love of the Creator and of his creatures.

As the good missionary closed his appeal, *Red Jacket*, a Seneca chief of great authority, and the most eloquent of all his nation, rose and enforced the exhortations of the venerable preacher. He repeated his leading arguments, and with an eloquence truly astonishing in one like him, pleaded the cause of Religion and Humanity. The ancient council then deliberated for near the space of two hours; after which the oldest man arose, and solemnly pronounced the result of their conference, "That the Christian God, was more wise, just, beneficent and powerful, than the Great Spirit, and that the missionary who delivered his precepts, ought to be cherished as their best benefactor—their guide to future happiness."

When this decision was pronounced by the venerable old man, and acquiesced in by the people, the rage of the Prophet of Alleghany became terrible. He started from the ground, seized his tomahawk, and denouncing the speedy vengeance of the Great Spirit on their whole recreant race, darted from the circle, with wild impetuosity, and disappeared in the shadows of the forest.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

#### SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MR. JOSEPH WOOD.

i. THERE is perhaps no example, more useful than that of a man who has by the strength and vigour of his mind, surmounted every obstacle that opposed his success in honourable pursuits, and risen to distinction as it were in spite of fate. It serves to animate such as are labouring to overcome similar difficulties.

ties by showing them that, nothing is impossible to talents when guided by perseverance and animated by ardour, and that however forlorn may be the hope that cheers their rugged path, still there is a divinity in true genius, which sooner or later will inevitably lead to success. For want of this conviction many obscure and friendless men who might have gained distinction in the pursuits of science and literature, have after a few desperate struggles to overcome the disadvantages of their situation, sunk back into their original state, and died disappointed and unknown. The following little sketch will serve perhaps to encourage "some bashful genius in his rural cell," to come forth and try the strength of his arm in the lists of honourable fame.

Mr. Joseph Wood was born at Clarkstown, Orange county, in the state of Newyork, about the year 1778. His father was a respectable though not a wealthy farmer, and like most fathers of that most truly useful class, wished his son to follow the same avocation. At that period of comparative simplicity, it was not the fashion for the honest yeomanry of the country, to reserve one at least, of their hopeful sons, perhaps the dullest of them all, for a *liberal* profession, as it is called; and thus rob the state of a sturdy ploughman, or expert mower, to make a paltry pettifogging lawyer, or a miserable country practitioner in physic. That honest, downright, and clear sighted common sense which is the most valuable of all human qualities, taught them to perceive, that the life of a farmer generally led to content and independence, and that while the country contained such vast quantities of unappropriated lands, it was a more useful occupation to sow turnips, than to sow dissentions, and that a man benefitted his country more by planting potatoes well, than by practising physic ill.

Under this view of things it is to be supposed that the son of a farmer generally followed the path of his father before him, and was for the most part content to live and die on the spot where he was born. Wood however, who had very early in life imbibed a love for that art, in one branch of which he has since attained such excellence, was determined to pursue the bent of his inclination at an all hazards. To those who are accustomed

ed to inquire into the first causes which give a decided character to the mind and a permanent direction to its pursuits, it will not appear singular that in such a remote situation, where never painter was seen or scarcely heard of, Wood should have fallen in love with painting, when it is known that the country in which he passed his early days, is romantic and picturesque in an uncommon degree. It abounds in beautiful landscapes, and is remarkable for a happy combination of natural objects, rarely to be met with. While pursuing the usual employment of a farmer's boy his attention was often attracted by the windings of some solitary brook, the charms of some rich and varied landscape, or the bold and swelling outline of the distant highlands. His first attempts were to sketch rude imitations with his pencil, for though circumstances afterwards led him to another branch of the art, his natural bias was towards landscape painting, sometimes he would steal away from his work to practise that vocation to which nature had so strongly directed him, and on these occasions his father used to cherish the most melancholy presages respecting his future fate. He would shake his head with much sagacity, and prophecy with a melancholy foreboding "that the boy would be ruined." At such times too, with the very best intentions in the world, he would tear up his drawings, put his pencil under sequestration, and by virtue of his office as sheriff of the county, confine him for several hours in the steeple of the court house in which he resided. It will readily be perceived by those who have lived in the country, and observed the habits, reflections and opinions of our excellent yeomanry of those times, that this conduct of the honest old gentleman was perfectly natural. Among this class of the community, more virtuous and patriotic by far, yet not so much enlightened by an intercourse with the busy world, as the inhabitants of cities, *industry* is considered a cardinal virtue and manual labour the first of human employments. Exertion of mind therefore as it for the most part tends to inaction of body is highly unpopular, and there is little difference in their minds between the vacant idiot who sits in the sun all day in listless inanity, and he who employs himself in the labour of intense contemplation.

Wood however did not much mind being shut up in his steeple, because it commanded more extensive views of the surrounding country; but as he could not live forever upon landscape, and as the *sheriff* resolutely persisted in dispensing him nothing but duke Humphrey's fare, it became necessary at these times, to open a negotiation in which it was always stipulated that he should give up his black lead pencil, mind his work, and forever abandon the wicked custom of lounging on the banks of the lake which lay at some little distance among the mountains. These truces did not last in general longer than those of the English and Scottish borderers, and very shortly after the ratification of the last agreement of this kind, the young offender was detected in the very act of sketching the outlines of one of those fine mountains, that threw its dark shadows into the middle of the forbidden lake. Such an open breach of the peace produced further hostilities, and Wood finally at the age of fifteen put himself under the care of the destinies, and trugged away to New-York, with his lead pencil, and six dollars in his pocket, to seek his fortune. His object was to find some situation in which he might improve himself in drawing.

Those who have had the happiness of being set adrift in the world in early life, to stem the tide of fortune, or yield to its force, as fate ordains, will be able to conceive the difficulties that lay in the way of our raw adventurer. Wherever he directed his applications, they met with disappointment, and often with insult. One recommended him to go home and improve himself in the noble art of sowing turnips, another to bind himself apprentice to some distinguished sign painter, while a third advised him by all means to go and hang himself. In short, every where his hopes were disappointed, his feelings insulted, and his perseverance was exercised in vain; for at the end of two years, during which time he supported himself by working in summer, and playing the violin in winter, he still remained without a friend to take him by the hand, or a hope to beckon him on to continue his pursuit. Walking one day along Broadway, indulging in some of those precious contemplations that spring from oft baffled expectations, and perseverance long exercised in vain, Wood was attracted by some miniature pictures in the



window of a silver-smith's shop. He went in and after some negotiation, the master, who had some little knowledge of him, received him as an apprentice, and graciously allowed him to look at the pictures in the window when he had nothing else to do. While here, he accidentally hurt his left hand, and being incapable for a time of assisting in the business of the shop, was permitted to attempt a copy of one of the miniatures, which however were none of the best. This was the dawning of better days, for he succeeded, in this attempt so as not only to encourage his own hopes, but to excite well grounded expectations in others.

In this situation he continued some time longer occasionally stealing a few hours to devote to painting; when he had the good fortune to attract the notice of the late Mr. Malbone, an artist who not only excelled others in his art, but also in those excellent qualities that give a man a lasting place in the recollections of his friends. This gentleman was at that time considered as unquestionably the best miniature painter in this country; and as it is when a man feels himself above the danger of rivalry, that he is most apt to encourage merit in his own profession, he generously gave his assistance to a friendless adventurer, who possessed a claim to his regard in a congeniality of taste and genius. While he lived he was Wood's best friend, and when he died he left him an example in his life and a pattern in his works. By thus disciplining his genius in the school of so fine a master, and by unwearied assiduity in his profession, Wood became what he now is, the rightful successor of his excellent friend, and the first artist in his line, in the United States.

It is with great pleasure we add, that after having by the vigour and perseverance of his mind, overcame every obstacle that opposed his pursuit, Wood had the pleasure of seeing his aged father live to witness his success and to hear him retract his rash prophecy "that the boy would be ruined." He is now exercising his talents in Newyork without a rival, and with a clear prospect of that reputation and independence which ought ever to be the reward of genius and industry, and which in the opinion of those who know him best, he merits by excellence in his art as well as by his unassuming manners and genuine worth.

## THE FALSE PRINCE OF MODENA.

*An Anecdote of the 18th Century.*

Translated for the Port Folio.

Of all the imposters who under false names have shone more or less on the theatre of the world, one of the most remarkable, by the singularity of the circumstances which favoured his imposture, is a youth who made his appearance about the middle of the last century in the island of Martinique, under the title of *Hereditary Prince of Modena*. The following is a statement of the facts such as they have been reported by an eye-witness, who without pretending to explain them, simply relates what passed under his own observation. He deserves the more confidence, because never having shared in the credulity of those who were seduced by so singular an imposture, he cannot be suspected of exaggerating the inconceivable circumstances which might in some measure seem as an excuse for this credulity.

In the beginning of the year 1748, France being yet at war with Great Britain, a small merchant vessel bound from Rochelle to the Cul-de-sac Marin, a port of Martinique, was so closely pursued by the English cruisers which blockaded that island, that the captain seeing the impossibility of saving his vessel and cargo, determined on trying at least to escape captivity, by throwing himself and all his crew into his long-boat; they succeeded in reaching the shore in safety, but with the loss of all their effects.

Besides the crew, which was not numerous, this captain had on board with him a young man, of eighteen or nineteen years of age, whose features, without being beautiful or regular, were agreeable, his figure elegant although small, but who was especially remarkable by the fairness and extreme delicacy of his skin, which seemed to indicate an elevated rank in life. He called himself the Count of Tarnaud, son of a major-general, and the respect of the crew appeared to announce a still more distinguished situation. He had however sailed without any attendants; the only person who was particularly attached to his person was one Rhodez, a young sailor of about 24 years of age, the captain's mate, with whom he had become acquainted during the passage.

This young man seemed to enjoy his intimate confidence; but on the part of Rhodez the intimacy did not amount to familiarity, and the most unequivocal marks of respect betrayed his consideration for the stranger.

The latter, when they reached the shore, had inquired for some reputable inhabitant of the island, at whose house he might find an asylum and assistance. The residence of an officer, named Duval Ferrol, who lived near the spot where they had landed, was pointed out to him. He went there, without any other recommendation than the misfortune he had lately undergone. He was received as is usual in America, and in all countries where the difficulty of communication between the inhabitants supports the exercise of hospitality, and established himself there with Rhodez.

All sorts of attentions were shown him; these he accepted, as if he rather conferred than received a favour. He eluded by vague answers the numerous questions addressed to him; and the mysterious conduct of Rhodez supported and even increased a curiosity which was directed towards the young stranger with greater vivacity in consequence of the captain's refusing to answer all inquiries respecting him. He merely said in confidence to the commandant of the *Cul-de-sac Marin*, that this youth had been brought to him by a merchant, who had recommended to him in private, but without giving any farther instructions, to treat him with great respect, because he was a person of importance.\*

Every thing about the young man appeared indeed mysterious and extraordinary. He had arrived at Rochelle, as has been since learnt, some time before his embarkation. He was at that time accompanied by an elderly man who appeared to be his mentor. Nobody knew by what conveyance they had come. They were both dressed with the greatest simplicity. On arriving at Rochelle, instead of stopping at an inn, they had hired a small apartment in a private house, and had immediately caused it to

\*This captain's name was Mendavid; he was a very ignorant and stupid individual.

be furnished at their expense, at no great cost indeed, but comfortably. During their residence in that city, the young man had lived very retired, never going out, seeing nobody, living principally on shell-fish and especially fresh-water cray-fish, which are scarce and dear at Rochelle.

The old man, on the contrary, was a great deal from home; his chief business seemed to consist in finding an opportunity to embark his pupil, which was not an easy matter in consequence of the war. At last one had presented itself: when the youth set out to go on board, the woman at whose house he lodged having asked him what she should do with his furniture; "keep it," answered he, "to remember me." His conductor who witnessed this act of generosity, had scarcely appeared to notice it. The present might be estimated at about five hundred livres; but the most singular circumstance was that he who made it did not take with him, in money and effects, much more than the value of that sum; and from the manner of his *debut* in the colony, it was not to be presumed that he had secured for himself any very certain resources there. However nothing seemed to give him uneasiness during the passage. His manners had constantly been dignified, without prodigality. When they found themselves obliged to betake themselves to their boat and coast along the island in order to escape the English, they had not had time to put any provisions on board, the crew were starving; he purchased of a planter, whom they met in his pirogue, the provisions he was carrying to his plantation, and distributed them among the sailors, who, as will easily be believed, were filled with new respect for the young passenger, whose importance was already made known to them by the mysterious recommendation given to the captain.

Some of these details were soon spread about the island; it was known from the sailors that their passenger had been sick on board; that all kinds of attention were paid him; that he had received them with great affability and goodness, mingled however with a little hauteur. During his indisposition, Rhodéz, by the captain's orders, never left the sick gentleman; and from this time dated the intercourse of confidence on one part, and of

respect and services really extraordinary on the other, which existed between these two individuals.

There was in all this more than enough to kindle curiosity, ever on the watch in places where it can but rarely be excited and not easily satisfied. Already it was known throughout the colony that a man of high birth had arrived at Martinique and lodged at Duval Ferrol's; all the circumstances of his landing were mentioned; his daily actions were the subject of conversation; facts were misrepresented, exaggerated, multiplied; the imaginations of people were excited, without yet having a determinate object before them, and this young man, who had been only four days in the island, was already the subject of endless ridiculous suppositions, of romantic stories each more strange than the other, all repeated with equal assurance and received with equal avidity.

However, after a few days, Duval Ferrol informs the stranger that not knowing him and being himself a subaltern officer, he had been under the necessity of making his arrival known to the *Lieutenant de Roi*, commanding at the Cul-de-sac Marin, and that the latter requested to see him. The young man goes there, he presents himself by the name of count de Tarnaud and is well received; but the commandant, having had notice of the rumours which are circulated on the subject of the stranger, and being determined to pierce through the mystery which envelops him, offers him a lodging in his house and the use of his table. Tarnaud accepts it all, and now we have him established at Nadau's; this was the commandant's name.

Rhodez, who never quitted him, took up his quarters there also, and thus appeared to acknowledge a sort of voluntary dependence, which by the by, he did not seek to dissemble.

Young Tarnaud had now been two days at the commandant's; the latter had company to dine with him. When they were just seated at table, the young man perceives that he has forgotten his handkerchief—Rhodez leaves his seat and goes for it. All the guests stare at each other; a white man wait upon a white man! This in the islands is an unheard of thing, a dishonourable thing, unless it were a prince, or at least the governor of the colony.

The poorest planter would not consent to do it; and Rhodéz, of a good family, well educated, acquainted with the customs of the country, would certainly not commit himself to such a degree for a man of ordinary rank. Who then can this stranger be? What confidential information can Rhodéz have obtained from him? How is this mystery to be unravelled?

The company are seated; in the midst of the dinner Nadau receives a letter from Duval Ferrol:

"You desire of me," writes he, "information respecting the French passenger who lodged some days at my house; his signature will tell you more than I could do. I herewith send you a letter which I have just now received from him."

Nadau looks over the letter enclosed in that of Duval; it contains nothing but thanks, expressed in a style bad enough—but what confounds him is that it is signed D'Estè, and not Tarnaud. As soon as dinner was over, he takes aside one of his guests, to whom he communicates the contents of the packet. His friend sets off immediately for the house of the marquis d'Eragny, whose plantation was at a short distance. The marquis was still at table with several other persons who dined with him.—They were speaking of the stranger; the new-comer states what has just happened. At the name of Estè every body was astonished—they endeavour to find out who it can be, and at last, after consulting the court Almanack, it is decided that the stranger can only be Hercules Rinaldo d'Estè, hereditary prince of Modena and brother of the dutchess of Penthievre. Nothing more easy than to ascertain the fact;—one of the company, by name Bois-Fermè, the commandant's brother in law, declares that the preceding year he has several times seen the prince of Modena; another of the company has seen him when with the army; they resolve to clear up all doubts about the matter; in the meantime they must finish their wine. Towards evening the whole troop mount their horses, and arrive at the commandant's as he is going to supper. They look attentively on the stranger.—Bois-Fermè declares that it is certainly he.—It is true that Bois-

Fermè never spoke a word of truth, even when he was drunk.\* But the other officer says the same thing; they approach the commandant.—“You have in your house,” say they to him, “*the hereditary prince of Modena.*”—Scarcely had the company taken their seats, when the sound of instruments was heard out of doors; it proceeded from some French horns which Bois-Fermè had brought with him. *They drank the health of Hercules Rinaldo d’Estè, hereditary prince of Modena,* to a flourish of the music. The person, in whose house this scene was performed, appeared at first surprised, embarrassed; then expressed dissatisfaction at such a piece of indiscretion.

“My lord,” say they to him, “you cannot conceal yourself from us; we know who you are.” He then leaves the table, takes the commandant aside and says to him: “I did not expect, in so distant a country, to be recognized so soon. Inform those gentlemen that I insist on being *incognito*; and that I am for every body the count de Tarnaud.” Nadau communicates to all present the prince’s orders; every body takes leave with promises of keeping the secret, and you may suppose how well they perform their engagement.

Our colonies, and particularly Martinique, were at that time in a very critical situation. The island was blockaded by the English and provisions were scarce; none could be procured but from the neutral islands of Curacoa and St. Eustatius.—These supplies, in their own nature sufficiently precarious and burdensome, were rendered still more so by the advices of some of the principal officers, who sought in the public misery for means to increase their private fortunes. At the head of these was the marquis of Caylus, governor-general of the windward islands, residing at Martinique; he was a man of extravagant habits, whom the embarrassment of his affairs forced into the hands

\* Bois-Fermè had a negro, named La Plume, who waited on him at table, and whom he had taught not a word of French, except *oui* (yes).—“Is it not true La Plume?” his master used to say, turning round to him whenever he had told a story a little hard of digestion. “Oui” answered constantly and laconically La Plume. *Is it not true, La Plume?* had become a proverbial mode of expressing doubt of a fact or a story.

of a crowd of designing people who led him into speculations, of which the profits were for them and the odium for him. It was he who was the principal subject of accusation ; his subalterns, whom he watched with jealous severity, took part with the multitude in their animosity against him, which was moreover excited by the scarcity now beginning to be felt to an alarming degree. Discontent was at its height and waited only for an opportunity of declaring itself. It is easy to imagine what an effect was produced on the minds of people thus prepared, by the news of the arrival of the pretended prince.

Every body was engaged in calculating the advantages which would result to the colony from this event. No one asked : what business has a prince of Modena at Martinique ? Why has he come in such a manner ? What does he mean to do ? or if such questions chance to be made, there are answers ready to all of them. Besides four or five persons pretend to have seen him at Paris, and whether they believe it or not, declare that this is the man. In short they all need the indulgence of hope, and their wishes are too keen to admit of doubt.

Nadau who fancies that his fortune is made, and moreover excited by individual resentment against the governor, hastens to lay before his guest the complaints of the whole colony ; unveils to him the tricks of the speculators to raise the price of provisions, informs him of the monopoly they exercise in this necessary branch of trade, and paints in vivid colours the misery which is consequent to it. The prince grows warm, gets into a passion, swears that he will put a stop to such scandalous proceedings, that he will cause to be punished those who thus abuse the king's confidence. In the meantime, if the English should attempt to land, he will place himself at the head of the inhabitants to repel them.

Nadau fails not to repeat this conversation. Enthusiasm and confidence are excited by it. The fermentatation even reaches Fort St. Pierre where the marquis of Caylus then was, and who laughed at this cabal which he expected to annihilate with a single frown. However reports were coming to him from every quarter. He gives orders to the commandant of the



*Cul-de-sac Marin* to send the count de Tarnaud to him, or if he is a person of rank to bring him himself. Nadau answers that the person at his house is, beyond all doubt, the hereditary prince of Modena; that the prince is sick and cannot go to St. Pierre. The governor, on receiving this message, despatches the captain of his guards accompanied by another officer, and charges them with a letter for the count de Tarnaud, by which he invites him to come to St. Pierre. The count or prince, which you please, reads the letter and says to the envoys: "Tell your master that I am to all others the count de Tarnaud, but to him, Hercules Rinaldo d'Este. If he wishes to see me let him come half-way; let him, in four or five days hence, go to Fort-Royal; I will be there."

The messengers had their doubts when they set out on their errand: they returned persuaded. The marquis himself began not to know what to think of the matter. "There is no doubt about its being the prince," said the captain of the guards; "G\*d (this was the officer who accompanied him) was struck with his likeness to the dutchess of Penthièvre his sister, and especially to the dutchess his mother. Besides Nadau is so sure of the fact that he must have proofs of it; if he conceals them, it is in order to lay a snare for you. Take care what you are about." The governor, borne along by the general conviction, and perhaps disturbed by the consciousness of his own improper conduct, at last gives up the point. He goes into his drawing-room where the company were expecting the result of his message. An officer had just been laying a wager that the pretended count de Tarnaud was not the prince of Modena; the governor told him he had lost.\*

This was the decisive blow; the incredulous were silent, the others triumphed. The governor seemed to have lost his senses; he wrote word that he should go to Fort-Royal, began his journey, then changed his mind, and returned to Saint Pierre.

The prince (for we must call him so) pursues his excursion followed by a court of seventeen or eighteen gentlemen. He

\* Fort-Royal is seven leagues from Saint Pierre, and the same distance from *Cul-de-sac Marin*.

† The officer who laid this wager, was the narrator of this anecdote.

arrives at St. Pierre, traverses the streets as in triumph, sends notice to the Jesuits that he intends to lodge with them, and on his way chooses precisely the road which passes before the governor's house. The latter, who was looking through the blinds exclaims on seeing him pass: "it is absolutely the picture of his mother and sister;" and immediately as if attacked with a vertigo he leaves Saint Pierre and returns to Fort-Royal, leaving the field to his adversary, who joked at his flight and said to those who mentioned it to him; "your general is a runaway; but I will catch him for you; I will fetch back his ears\*."

Now then the prince was established at the Jesuits' convent: He no longer concealed himself; he had formed his household. The marquis d'Eragny is his grand equerry; Duval Ferrol and Laurent Dufont, (this was he who recognized him at the same time as Bois-Fermé,) are his gentlemen; Rhodéz, his page. He holds his court, has regular audiences, to which go on the one hand the crowd who have petitions to present against the government, and on the other the principal officers of the colony who come to pay their respects to the prince; among these are M. de Ranché, the intendant, and one Martin Poinssable, local governor of Martinique, who having always done every thing with money or for money, saw nothing better to get himself into favour than to offer his purse together with his services. The prince turned his back without making him any answer. This was not the first offer of the kind he had refused; and besides, a particular circumstance at this time enabled him to despise them.

The duke of Penthièvre possessed at Martinique considerable sums of money, which were entrusted to a confidential person charged with laying them out to advantage. This gentleman had not been among the last to present himself before his master's brother-in-law. The prince had received him very well, had conversed with him in private for half an hour, after which both cash and cashier were placed at his highness' disposal.

\* When runaway negroes were caught, it was customary at Martinique to cut off their ears.

If any doubts had yet existed respecting the principality, no more would have been necessary to dissipate them. Liewain, this was the agent's name, had the reputation of being a prudent and honest man; he had resisted with spirit and ability the marquis of Caylus' attempts to engage him in his speculations; he would not, it was said, have allowed himself to be so grossly taken in by a lad of eighteen. He was moreover intimately acquainted with the affairs and connexions of the house of Penthièvre; in order to convince him, the prince must necessarily have communicated to him details of a very particular nature; he must even have had very cogent reasons for giving him in such a manner the disposal of his money. Thus the arrival of a prince of Modena at Martinique, which could at first be only explained as the frolic of a youth, now assumed in the eyes of the wiseacres of the island, all the appearance of a political mystery.

The prince had yet been only three days at the Jesuits'; he had shown himself on horseback and on foot in all the streets; had walked about, leaning affectedly upon his equery; had supped at the countess de Rochechouart's; had played at cards; had been in the society of the ladies, polite, but cold, lofty and embarrassed.\* This was attributed to etiquette. If any chanced to think otherwise, they took good care not to say so. The Jesuits were proud of the honour done to their convent, the Dominicans jealous, so that in order to content them, the prince, on his return from a little excursion to Saint Pierre, did them the pleasure to take up his residence with them.†

The reception they gave him was even more magnificent than that of the Jesuits.‡ A table of thirty covers was every day served up for the prince; to which he caused to be invited by his gentlemen the different persons whom he wished to favour. He ate his repasts in public, with trumpets sounding; and but for a

\* He soon got rid of his embarrassment. It is supposed he met with some assistance on the occasion.

† They say too that he was afraid of remaining longer exposed to the piercing eyes of the old father principal of the Jesuits, a man of sense and experience, who had lived a long time in Italy.

‡ This affair cost the Dominicans forty-two thousand livres.

balustrade which was erected in the middle of the hall, he would have been in danger of being crushed by the crowds who pressed in to behold him.

Never had Saint Pierre exhibited such a scene; never was disorder more complete and at the same time more gay. All action of the government was suspended, but its absence was as yet perceptible only by the cessation of the tyranny it had exercised. Songs, epigrams in ridicule of the chief officers were showered upon them, and these gentlemen thought it the wisest way to bear the joke patiently. Provisions appeared again in abundance; and lastly the news of peace arrived to crown the general intoxication.

However vessels had been a long time before this despatched to France. The prince had written to his family,\* and had given his letters in charge to a merchant-captain in the employ of Liwain. No answers arrived, and the prince seemed to be very uneasy on this account. The governor, on the other hand, had sent off the engineer Des Rivieres to the minister, to give him an account of what had happened and to ask for instructions. Des Rivieres had been gone six months and did not return; but he might make his appearance from day to day, and the prince showed no uneasiness about the matter. In the meantime he amused himself with braving the governor, who had tried in vain to be restored to his favour, and with playing boyish tricks on M. de Ranche, whom he caused to ride full gallop over the fields in a heavy rain, with his laced coat, his wig and his white silk stockings.† He made love to all the women, committed every

\* Liwain, who acted as his secretary, declared to the writer of this account, that while writing with his own hand to the dutchess of Penthièvre, his eyes were red and filled with tears.

† The prince was ill when the festival of the *Corpus Christi* took place. It was customary for the shipping in the harbour and the forts to salute the procession with their great guns. The governor, from respect for the sick prince, forbade the salute's being fired. He sent every morning to inquire about his highness' health. One day at the Dominican church, where the latter had come to hear mass, the governor sent him word that he had come to the sacristy in order to ascertain with his own eyes the state of his health. "Does he

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excess in eating and drinking, abandoned himself to every whim that came into his head. One day he put on the blue ribbon, which would have been the most ridiculous thing in the world, even if he had been the hereditary prince of Modena. He supported this silly proceeding by a story still more silly, which was not the less credited on that account.

*(To be continued in our next.)*

take me for a relick." Said the prince. The messenger took back no other answer.

On the octave of Corpus Christi, the prince, having perfectly recovered, expressed an inclination to see the procession. The marquis of Caylus, on being informed of this determined to join in it, hoping to be taken notice of; accordingly he was so by every body, except his highness, who did not go to the procession. He was told that the marquis went there only on his account. "I rejoice, said he, that I have been the means of inducing the Jew to perform an act of religion."

One day the intendant, who was in the habit of putting himself quite at his ease wherever he was, was cleaning his teeth at table; the prince sent him word in a loud whisper by a servant, that it was impolite to do so. On another occasion he covered his coat, with the froth of a bottle of champagne. These were certainly princely diversions.

## ORIGINAL POETRY FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

*To the Editor of The Port Folio.*

SIR,

Your interesting miscellany deserves universal encouragement. Its effects are so important, in rousing slumbering genius, and exciting literary emulation, that its success is identified with the progress of refinement.

Every literary lounge, as well as the professed votary of science, ought to encourage it by his pen and patronage. I belong to the former class: and indeed to that my pretensions are not "supereminent." My effusions have hitherto been confined to my own closet and fire, and have not soared even so high as the columns of an ephemeral newspaper. Induced however by the liberality of your character as a critic, I send you the following monody occasioned by the death of the right hon. Charles James Fox, confident if it be condemned it will be done with the candour of the scholar, and the politeness of the gentleman.

## A MONODY ON THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES JAMES FOX.

WRITTEN JANUARY 1809.

Mourn Albion! mourn thy reign of greatness o'er!  
 Thy bold undaunted chieftain is no more!  
 Mute is the tongue, whence stern remonstrance rung;  
 As on its accents, raptured senates hung.—  
 Dim is the crest, where godlike glory gleamed;  
 From which with radiant light, bright honour beamed;  
 And fled, the wondrous mind whose searching sight,  
 Pierced with its ample ken through moral night,  
 On venturous pinions, proudly dared to soar,  
 Trace Nature's maze, and all her fields explore.

Come sacred Virtue, from thy glittering sphere;  
 And mourn, with sad regret o'er Fox's bier!  
 Thy form seraphic cheer'd his ardent mind;  
 Thy holy impulse every thought refined.  
 What though in opening dawn, dark Error's sway,  
 At times, obscured the lustre of his way;  
 And passion wild, and party's mad career  
 Forced him, through vexing storms his course to steer:—

Yet, from the cloud, thy sun of glory shone,  
 And stamped his soul with greatness, all thy own,  
 Taught him the laurelled paths of fame to tread;  
 By thee attracted, and by honour led.  
 At thy command, bright Truth her banner raised;  
 And kindling Fancy in his bosom blazed:  
 Each reasoning power, bestowed its genial force;  
 And patriot ardour bore him on his course:  
 Till unresisted, o'er the vulgar throng,  
 He swept impetuous his march along.

And thou blest Freedom! on thy starry throne;  
 Lament his loss;—thy wisest, brightest son.  
 To thee devoted was his earliest hour,  
 For thee he battled, with maturer power.  
 When fearful tempests shook each feeble mind;  
 And thy fair hopes for trappings were resigned:—  
 When dastard souls, appalled by pale Affright,  
 Forsook thy field; and shunned thy beaming light:—  
 Even then he stood, in conscious virtue brave,  
 And dared defend the cause, he could not save.  
 Amid the horrors of ill omened power,  
 When leagued oppression ruled the fated hour;  
 His godlike mind, with ancient truths elate,  
 Remained the pillar of the tarnished state:  
 And nobly dared, inspired with steadfast zeal,  
 To face all dangers for his country's weal.

His was the soul, to highborn purpose true,  
 Which caught each wide relation in its view.  
 With wisdom gifted, and with prescience sage,  
 He scanned with clear design, the future page:  
 From mystic causes, each effect could trace;  
 And gather light from Error's darkling maze.

Nor less in scenes, where social virtues warm,  
 His soul expanded to the generous charm.  
 With sprightly wit; which pained no feeling heart;  
 Which beamed resplendent, but conveyed no dart;

With playful Fancy, in its happiest mood;  
And every frolic attribute endued;  
With treasured learning, of its dross refined;  
He ruled resistless o'er the world of mind;  
And led, in captive crouds, each nobler band,  
That vowed allegiance to his magic wand.—

What sun, oh Albion! mid thy gilded trains,  
Like his full orb, shall shine around thy plains?  
Who, in thy councils, dares alone to stand,  
And wield thy trident, with unerring hand?  
Who now is left, with energy sublime,  
To guide thee safely down the gulfs of time?  
Who, of the venal throng, can fire thy race,  
Till kindling valour light the warrior's blaze?  
Or nerve thy freeborn sons, with ancient pride,  
To stem, with triumph, Gallia's crimson tide?

Alas! no conscious breast to glory soars,  
Endowed, by Heaven, with more than mortal powers,\*  
Throughout thy hapless realm, no gallant name  
Flings its broad radiance o'er thy fading fame.  
Thy fawning courtier tribes around thee stand,  
To pillage, not to save a sinking land.  
With dark intrigue, they jostle on their way;  
And join in nothing, but to seize the prey.  
Corruption's fiends, victorious, stalk around,  
While venal strains their blasted honours sound.

Not one among thy sons, by Freedom fired;  
By Fox and PITT's illustrious deeds inspired;  
Dare wake to high pursuits the swelling soul;  
Each lofty purpose, for thy weal, control;  
*And with stern pride, while kingdoms round are hurled;  
Preserve thee steadfast, mid a crashing world.*

\* "With more than mortal powers endowed."

Scott's Marmion.



## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## THE SICK LION, THE FOX, AND THE WOLF.

—*patrias tentasti lubricus artes,  
Nec fraus te incolumen perferet. Virg.*

Thy father's tricks, oh slippery knave,  
Shall not thy guilty carcass save.

A lion bless'd one day with luck,  
In hunting, caught a noble buck;  
The fat was choice! The blood was such,  
His kingship ate, and drank too much;  
And, like a fiend most diabolic,  
Roar'd all night after with the colic.  
Next morn, his subjects flock'd to bring  
Help and condolence to their king;  
The wolf the only absentee  
Still failed to greet his majesty.  
Then reynard rose, and in a speech,  
Of treason did the wolf impeach,  
And as a speaker did so well,  
The beasts applauded with a yell!  
But while he urged his reasons home  
'Twas buzz'd about, "The wolf is come!"  
Arriv'd, the wolf with low obeisance,  
Mov'd forward to the royal presence.  
"My liege!" said he, "no sense of crime  
"Deterr'd my waiting in due time;  
"At dawn, I would have sought your face,  
"But staid to ponder well your case.  
"Of physic late, I've grown so fond,  
"Each noted author I have conn'd?  
"But none surpass old Boer haave  
"By simple means your life to save;  
"Some that were tutor'd here of late  
"Advise to bleed and salivate;  
"But for a colic with a spasm,  
"He doth prescribe a cataplasm:

"For instance here—a batch of hide  
 "Warm from a fox to be applied."  
 "Let it be done"—the lion said,  
 And in an instant was obey'd.  
 Thus reynard fam'd through ages past  
 For subtle deeds, was skinn'd at last;  
 Nor more, by his example gain'd,  
 To practise tricks shall boys be train'd.

P.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## THE SHEPHERD AND THE WOLF.

*Raro antecedentem scelestum**Deseruit pede poena claudo.—Her.*

The gallows, though they never stir,  
 To find a thief will seldom err.

A shepherd oft a watch did keep  
 To take a wolf that kill'd his sheep,  
 But guns and traps were set in vain  
 For such a thief as he in grain,  
 And though the pit was baited well,  
 This cunning knave the trick could smell.  
 Dan Æsop's fox to him in wit\*  
 Was not to hold a candle fit,  
 Since all his cunning once did fail  
 When in a trap he lost his tail:  
 But e'en his enemies believ'd,  
 No trap the wolf had e'er deceiv'd.  
 One night, ere cocks the morning told,  
 This prowler broke into the fold,

\*The American wolf has more sagacity than the American fox. The instinct of all brutes is improved by the greater the difficulty they have in obtaining their favourite food, and by their intercourse, or interference with man. Now the fox of this country obtains birds, which he delights in, with ease among our numerous wild fowl: but mutton the favourite morsel of the wolf, can only be wrested from man; hence the former becomes indolent and inert, the latter enterprising and sagacious.

The shepherd late a watch had kept,  
But wearied now he soundly slept;  
And thus the wolf was left at will,  
As wolves delight, the blood to swill:  
Without remorse, he doom'd to bleed  
Lambs fine, as ever cropp'd the mead.  
At length—quoth he, "I feed so light  
"Ere noon I'll feel an appetite;  
"This soup indeed is very fine!  
"Yet on some mutton I must dine:"  
So in the dark began to grope,  
And there perchance he found a rope.  
Once he had seen the shepherd tie  
A lamb as he was sculking nigh;  
And now he tied a wether too  
Just as he saw the shepherd do.  
Next, as a pedlar would his pack,  
He flung the mutton on his back,  
The body on his shoulders prest,  
The feet projected at his breast.  
But as he now progress'd from thence  
All on his way to gain the fence!  
The shepherd snored, his dog awoke,  
And from the hut, loud barking broke;  
His load to cast the prowler tried,  
The knot too firmly he had tied!  
To reach the fence next urg'd his speed,  
His load the race did much impede;  
He leap'd—he gain'd the outer side!  
His load alas! did inward slide:  
So here, the sheep was balanc'd fair,  
While there, the wolf was pois'd in air.  
Doom'd thus to hang—with grief he hears  
The shepherd shouting in his ears;  
"In thy own toils, oh villain, caught!  
"Thy cunning hath thy ruin wrought:  
"Though long she halted in thy rear,  
"No longer justice could forbear."

P.

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

In the winter of 1801, the editor of the *Port Folio* commenced the publication of a politico literary paper. He then deemed it expedient to adopt a fictitious name, after the manner of my lord Bolingbroke, sir Richard Steele, Addison, and others. Having long since relinquished the management of a journal, devoted to party politics, the appellation of Oliver Oldschool, in the opinion of its foster-father, is no longer expedient or necessary. As the liberal conductor of a liberal work, dedicated to the Muses, the Sciences and the Graces, all mystery and artifice should be disdained. Hence the editor chooses to appear before the bar of the public in his proper person; and the high and anxious responsibility, which he now assumes, will, it is hoped, have this salutary effect, to make him, still more studiously than ever, solicitous for the reputation of his literary labours. He is now fairly pledged to his patrons, and it imports him seriously to be on the alert with respect to the invention, the selection, and the disposition of his materials. Nothing can surpass his solicitude to be useful and agreeable to his subscribers, and no enthusiasm can be more fervent than that by which he is impelled to rush forward in the Olympic game of literature. May that BENIGNANT POWER, to whom he is indebted for all his intellectual joys, continue graciously to grant him such a measure of corporeal and mental strength, that he may trace, without fainting or lassitude, all the paths of public utility.

It is earnestly requested by the editor, that every despatch, which has any relation to literature, science, or the arts, should in future be invariably directed to *his address*. Every communication, touching the pecuniary concerns of the *Port Folio*, must be directed to his publishers. On letters of every description the postage must be paid; and it is suggested to our confidential correspondents not to trust

their papers to the simple safeguard of a wet wafer, but to seal them carefully with wax, that they may arrive in the mails safe and inviolate.

We most respectfully tender our thanks to Dr. Hosack for the *second* number of his valuable journal, and shall esteem it a signal favour, if that gentleman will not only transmit his own Repository, but likewise communications for ours. Such is our confidence in his talents and taste, we shall be happy to hear from him on any subject.

In this our newyear's number, we commence the publication of the SALAD, a periodical paper of great promise. We think that the skilful purveyor can garnish his salad so adroitly as to suit the most fastidious palates. Let him take care to mingle, in Epicurean proportions, the egg of Invention, the oil of blandishment, the vinegar of sarcasm, and the salt of Attica.

We hope that our January Port Folio will not be coldly received. We have taken much pains to please the public, but are still far from being satisfied with our exertions. Our February Journal it is determined shall totally eclipse its predecessor. The festivities of Christmas, the hurry of despatch, and the habitual indisposition of the editor, have all conspired to exclude from this month's repository many articles both brilliant and solid. Our correspondents hourly increase, their lucubrations appreciate in value; and we confidently declare to the public that the *originality* of the Port Folio shall soon be recognised by the most careless, and acknowledged by the most censorious.

The eloquence of the Prophet of Alleghany, and the interest of the biography of Wood, unite to produce additional admiration of the fine talents of an ingenious and original writer. We shall be delighted if our witty friend will correspond with us every month. Whenever he chooses to appear at our literary levee, he may rely upon a most gracious reception.





# THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY JOSEPH DENNIE, ESQ.

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Various : that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change.  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

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FEBRUARY, 1811.

No. 2.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO:

## A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF BENJAMIN CHEW, ESQ.

Among every people, whether rude or civilized, ignorant or learned, old age is an object of pious veneration. It is regarded as a badge of wisdom, and is privileged to instruct—as a source of authority, and is entitled to counsel, direct, and control. It is a circumstance of human existence sacred and holy, commanding instinctively the homage of the heart, and conciliating to its purposes and enlisting in its behalf, the best and noblest affections of our nature. Hence the origin of patriarchal government, the earliest and most natural form of the social compact—hence the filial submission with which the kings and heroes of Greece are represented to have listened to the counsels of the aged Nestor—and, hence, even at the present day, the respectful deference paid by the savage warriors of America to the experience and advice of their venerable sachems.

But if old age considered in itself be an object of such profound veneration and respect, how much more so must it be when dignified by every excellence, and adorned by every virtue. When the powers of the mind receive a lustre from the qualities

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of the heart, when public eminence is harmoniously blended with private worth, when a spirit of piety elevates the sentiments, and mingles its influence with the actions of life, and a polish and interest are given to the picture by taste, hospitality, refinement of manners, and the whole train of social virtues?—When old age is encircled and exalted by attributes like these, it is of all earthly objects the most venerable and impressive. Freed from the clouds and wild misrule of the passions, and gilded by the calm sunshine of reason, virtue and piety, it seems to stand on middle ground, and to partake of a middle nature, between human and divine. No wonder, then, that a rude barbarian soldiery mistook the Roman senate for an assembly of gods! And no wonder that to individuals standing on the verge of a protracted and exemplary life, superstition has oftentimes attributed powers and privileges of a supernatural order—powers and privileges of no less amount than that of penetrating through the curtain of time, and receiving an antepast of the enjoyments of another world!

Into this train of reflection I have been insensibly led by a retrospect of the character of him who is to constitute the subject of the present memoir. For, though I will not say that the closing years of his life furnished a perfect example of hallowed old age, such as I have endeavoured to represent it, yet, those who knew him best, are best able to judge, how difficult it would be to find an example more perfect.

Benjamin Chew was a native of Maryland, a state celebrated in no ordinary degree, for giving birth to characters of eminence and worth. His father, Samuel Chew, was a practitioner of medicine. Though deservedly ranked at the head of his profession, he was not more esteemed for his talents, learning, and skill, than he was beloved for the benevolence of his disposition, the affability of his manners, the disinterestedness of his affections, and the charities of his heart. But his mind active, erudite and enterprising, was not formed for an exclusive devotion to medical pursuits. Besides being extensively read in theology and history, he had a profound knowledge of the science of law; more particularly of the laws of his country; and of the British Constitution. Attainments so various and important as these

still heightened in their lustre by a spotless integrity of character, while they conciliated private friendship and esteem, could not fail to attract public notice and consideration. Doctor Chew was accordingly appointed to the office of chief justice of Newcastle, Kent, and Sussex, counties which were subsequently erected into the state of Delaware. Thus elevated by his merit to a conspicuous and honourable station, he bore no inconsiderable part in many of the public transactions of the day. Having passed a life of patriotism, virtue, and distinguished usefulness, he died on the 16th day of June, 1744, leaving behind him three sons and three daughters.

His son, Benjamin, the much lamented subject of the present memoir, was born on the 29th day of November (old style) 1722. Of the events of his childhood we know but little, and that little is too much obscured by the mists of time to be worthy of recital. For such was the protracted span of his life, that long before its close, there lived not a single companion of his youth, to tell the story of his early years. All we can state with certainty is, that he received the best education the schools of the country, were at that time calculated to afford. And from the accuracy and excellence of his classical scholarship, there is no reason to doubt, that his assiduity was exemplary and his progress honourable.

The flattering promise which young Chew exhibited on the close of his academical career, designated him as a youth amply qualified to acquire distinction in one of the learned professions. For in addition to talents of an elevated order, and a stock of acquired knowledge unusual for his years, he possessed a dignity of sentiment, and an emulation of spirit, which, while they pointed to eminence, raised his attention far above the level of common pursuits. He felt, and, had his native modesty permitted, would even have been privileged to glory in the consciousness, that, capable as he was of superior usefulness in society, he had Nature's warrant to aim at a superior standing. Conformably to these proud but highly laudable views and sentiments, the law became the profession of his choice. For on glancing over the various walks of civil society, he discovered

the law to be the most certain and direct path to distinction and influence.

On the study of this profession he entered with his usual industry and ardour, under the direction and auspices of Andrew Hamilton, Esq. of Philadelphia, one of the most eminent characters at the American bar. And such was the effect of his unwearied application, engaging manners, and propriety of deportment, that the able preceptor was soon converted into the intimate companion and the generous friend. In consequence of his splendid talents and commanding popularity, Mr. Hamilton was pressed with an unwieldy load of professional business. But in a short time it was his good fortune to have this load not a little lightened by the aid he received from his favourite pupil. For I am authorized to assert that he frequently confided to Mr. Chew, while yet a student, the investigation and arrangement of cases both intricate in their nature and important in their object—cases, in the issue of which his own interest and reputation were essentially concerned. If my information be correct (and considering the source from whence it is derived there is no cause to doubt it) there has seldom existed between a preceptor and a pupil an intercourse more friendly, a confidence more unlimited, or a reciprocity of services more conspicuously useful. It will not be deemed an unwarrantable digression to remark, that the confidence with which a pupil inspires his preceptor, and the satisfaction he affords him in the discharge of the offices and duties entrusted to his care, may be, and generally are, regarded as an earnest of the attention and fidelity with which he will acquit himself of his subsequent duties and offices in life. Did this truth stand in need of illustration or proof, it might well receive it from the fair example now under consideration.

But the relationship and intercourse between Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Chew were doomed to be as short-lived as they were pleasing and honourable. For before the latter had completed the term of his pupilage, the former had filled up the measure of his days. Yet even that event, melancholy and mournful as it was, afforded decisive evidence of the strength and immutability of their attachment and regard. Mr. Chew felt and mani-

fested the affliction of a son at the death of his preceptor, while Mr. Hamilton employed some of his last accents in expressions of esteem and paternal affection for his youthful friend.

From the pressure of this heavy and unlooked for loss in friendship, connected with an application to business and to study too unremitting and too severe for the strength of his constitution, Mr. Chew soon began to suffer materially in his health. For the re-establishment of this he was advised to change his climate and habits, by making a voyage to a foreign country. With this advice he readily complied, determining at the same time, to render his visit abroad subservient to the completion of his education in the science of law. He accordingly set sail for England in the autumn of 1743, and soon after his arrival in London, entered himself of the middle Temple.

To a mind ardent and aspiring as his, this could not fail to be an arrangement fraught with the highest degree of interest and delight. For he was now in a situation to which his ambition and his love of knowledge had long taught him to look with the proudest anticipation. In relation to sources of knowledge, all he had hitherto desired and fancied, appeared to be now realized. With regard to the cultivation of professional science in particular, he found himself in the midst of advantages equal to the utmost his imagination could conceive. From the fatigues of ransacking libraries rich in the experience, learning, and wisdom of ages, he could now turn and receive at once instruction and delight from the pleadings of counsellors the most eloquent, and the decisions of judges the most enlightened and profound, the world could at that time produce. Even his common recreations and amusements could be rendered tributary to the object of his ambition—I mean his advancement in the knowledge of law.

Nor did it comport with his inextinguishable and praiseworthy thirst after eminence in his profession, to suffer these opportunities to pass unimproved. On the other hand, with such assiduity did he cultivate them, and with such effect did he treasure up the information they were calculated to impart, as to acquire, in a short time, the most flattering distinction among his associates in science. He was regarded as a young American whose

talents, acquirements, and exemplary deportment were alike honourable to himself and to his native country. The proudest and most prejudiced of the European philosophers could have derived from his character and standing no evidence (nor even any supposed evidence) of the deterioration of man in the western hemisphere. They must have been forced to acknowledge, however reluctantly, that in all the higher attributes of our nature, he was fully equal to their own countrymen; and, what, no doubt, appeared still more extraordinary to them and more humiliating to their self-conceit, not inferior even to themselves.

During his residence abroad, Mr. Chew had the good fortune to become known to, and to contract intimacies with, some of the most distinguished characters of the day; characters who both then and subsequently acted a very conspicuous part in the affairs of Europe. These intimacies continued to be afterwards fostered and kept alive by such an uninterrupted series of letters, kind offices, and courteous civilities, as can be reciprocated only by liberal and elevated minds. But of all his European intimacies and friendships, those contracted with the Penns, the proprietary family of Pennsylvania, proved to himself the most honourable and useful. They were honourable to him, because they furnished evidence of the high confidence and esteem his manners and character were calculated to inspire; and they were useful, because they became instrumental in his future promotions, by procuring for him several office and appointments of profit and trust.

Before the expiration of the term which Mr. Chew had contemplated spending in his studies and travels abroad, he was prematurely recalled to his native country by the melancholy occurrence of the death of his father. In this event he experienced a double loss—a deep wound in his filial affections, and a check to the pleasing and highly profitable career of improvement he had promised himself from a longer residence in Europe. But he submitted with resignation and fortitude to the stroke, and instead of repining at what he could not remedy, thought only of turning to the best account the attainments of which he was already possessed. In this he manifested a resolu-

tion and temper of mind equally becoming the christian and the man.

Though Mr. Chew had, at this time, but little more than emerged from a state of minority, yet had he already acquired a distinction and a maturity of reputation, which very soon raised him into public life. His first appointment was to a seat in the legislature of what was then known by the name of the *three lower counties*, but is now denominated the State of Delaware. At that peaceful and happy period, party feuds and rivalships were in a great measure unknown, and places of distinction and public trust, not yet become the prescriptive inheritance of charlatans and demagogues, were bestowed almost exclusively on superior eminence and worth. Under these circumstances it was peculiarly honourable to so young a man as Mr. Chew, that he was elected speaker of the house of representatives. To this station he was successively preferred, as long as he chose to accept of a seat in the house.

In the year 1754, yielding to the impetus of that vortex which draws men of talents into large cities, Mr. Chew removed to the city of Philadelphia. His high reputation having long preceded him, as herald to his entry, it was here that his public career may be more emphatically said to have begun. If he did not immediately become himself the most popular and influential character in the [then] province of Pennsylvania, he certainly took rank with those that were so. From this period public honours and appointments were conferred on him in profusion so great, and with such rapidity of succession, that to enumerate them all might look like ostentation. Nor were these places of honour and trust either offered as bribes or given in commutation for an exclusive devotion to any political sect or party. They were bestowed as the high rewards of high personal and public deservings.

Some of the principal appointments conferred on Mr. Chew it cannot be deemed inadmissible to mention. They were, *attorney general of the province of Pennsylvania*, the arduous and important duties of which he discharged with ability and applause, during a period of more than seventeen years—*Member of the governor's council for the province of Pennsylvania*, a sta-

tion which introduced him to an active and conspicuous part in most of the leading occurrences of the day—*Recorder of the city of Philadelphia*. On this office he conferred dignity, reputation and effect, from the year 1755 to the year 1772—*Register general of wills for the province of Pennsylvania*. To this office he was appointed in the year 1765, and continued in the discharge of the duties and functions appertaining to it, till it was merged in the new order of things that arose out of our revolutionary commotions.—*Chief justice of the supreme court of Pennsylvania*. This appointment he received in the year 1774, and held it till the year 1776, when it also sunk in the revolutionary tempest. During this short, but highly responsible period of his life, his judicial proceedings were marked by an enlightened wisdom, and his general conduct was patriotic and exemplary. In his official intercourse with the gentlemen of the bar, dignity was mingled with courteous affability, and despatch of business and strictness of rule were made compatible with a spirit of accommodation and indulgence. In relation to suitors and criminals, justice was blended with lenity and mercy, for the unbending firmness of the judge, was happily tempered by the clemency of the man. In all his measures, and in all his decisions, the cynosure of his actions was the principle of right, combined with a most sacred regard for the public good.

On the first commencement of our revolutionary struggles, it did not comport with the character of Mr. Chew to balance between principle and interest, nor did he pause for a moment as to the party he should join. A decided enemy to oppression in every form, and actuated by an unconquerable love of freedom, he promptly enrolled himself with the patriots of the day, and was second to none of them in his firm and manly opposition to the lawless encroachments of the British ministry. Though not himself called to a seat in the supreme council of the nation, yet from his intimacy with, and his influence over, several of the leading members of the first and second congress, his sentiments and advice on public affairs, were mingled liberally and without concealment with the deliberations of that august and patriotic body. He not only approved of the manly and dignified measures they pursued, but had, on sundry occasions,

no inconsiderable agency in devising and maturing those measures. During that period of the contest, therefore, he may be truly said to have borne his full part in the hazards and public transactions of the day. But his views against the mother country were not pushed to the same extremity with those of many of his compatriots and friends. His object was *reform* rather than *revolution*—*redress of grievances* rather than *independence*. Accordingly when the question of an entire separation of the colonies from the British empire began to be first agitated in private meetings, he was opposed to the measure, and when, at length, independence was declared, he thought the step precipitate and rash. Nor could any considerations of interest, policy or ambition, induce him after that epoch, to aid by his counsels proceedings which were contrary to the decisions of his judgment, and perhaps I may add, to the affections of his heart. For it is scarcely probable that his sentiments of good will towards the government by which he had been so repeatedly and so highly honoured, and under the protection of which he had already spent the prime of his years, were entirely subverted by the *first shock* of our conflict for freedom. He, therefore, in the year 1776, withdrew himself entirely from public concerns, and passed the remainder of the revolutionary period in the capacity of a private and peaceful citizen. But notwithstanding the neutral and unpopular line of conduct he now pursued, the spirit of party, that relentless and promiscuous destroyer, had respect for his virtues, even in the most intolerant of times, and never ventured to sully with a blot the purity of his character. He never for a moment threw off, his nature was utterly incapable of throwing off, that inbred and ardent love of his native land, which is entwined with every fibre of the virtuous heart. Nor though publicly separated from them, did he either forego the private society, or forfeit, in any measure, the personal friendship and esteem of some of the most distinguished revolutionary characters. First on the list of his personal associates was Washington himself; who, having been on terms of intimacy with Mr. Chew from the year 1755, cherished his acquaintance in all the different situations in which he moved, and frequently, while president of the United States, marked his respect for his



venerable friend, by visiting him at his house; a compliment he is known to have paid but to few.

Though on the first declaration of independence, Mr. Chew was mistaken, in his views and apprehensions of that measure, as the issue of things most happily proved, yet the rectitude of his intentions and the purity of his motives, were never impeached. To the shades of private life he carried with him the regret but not the hostility of the whigs of the day; and his former political associates, who still took him to their bosom as a companion and friend, would have gladly received him to a share in their public counsels, could they have shaken by any means the resolution he had formed to remain in a private station. Essays of a tempting nature were not wanting to induce him to take a part in the concerns of the nation.

As an apology for Mr. Chew's opposition to the policy of independence, when first declared, we might adduce the example of some of the most distinguished orators and statesmen of the time, whose dislike of the measure was no less strong and notorious than his. The only difference which marked their conduct, on the occasion, was, that he perseveringly retained his original impressions, while they, more pliable and perhaps more prudent, changed with the current of public opinion. To the motives of each party it is but candour to ascribe an equal degree of purity and honour. And had not Heaven most signally interposed in behalf of our country—had not the arms of Freedom been almost supernaturally crowned with victory and glory, posterity, judging only from the event, would have regarded the transactions of that momentous period with impressions widely different from those which occupy, at present, the public mind. What we now justly term, *a glorious revolution—a virtuous and manly struggle for all that freemen ought to prize*, they would have received the sanction of mankind in denominating *a rebellion*—characters engaged in it would have been denounced under an appellation equally offensive, while those who remained inactive during the contest, would have been eulogized as friends to order and good government. So precarious is the foundation of human applause! and so thin and perishable the partition which separates the praise from the censure of the world!

After the close of the revolution, and the final achievement of American independence, it became essential to the existence and wellbeing of the state, to repair and put again in motion, those peaceful establishments and civil institutions, which had been shattered and suspended by the operations of the war. To the accomplishment of an object so extensive and complicated as this, nothing less than the united wisdom, experience, and energy of the nation was adequate. They were, accordingly put in general requisition, wherever they were found pre-eminent in degree, and associated with well known patriotism and virtue. Under these circumstances Mr. Chew was again called into public life, a decisive proof, had proof been wanting, of his exalted standing in the estimation of his country.

In the organization of the judiciary department in the year 1791, under the present constitution of Pennsylvania, a high court of errors and appeals was established. It was composed of the judges of the supreme court, and the presidents of the district courts of common pleas, and was the highest and most august tribunal of the state. In selecting a president of this last and most sacred asylum of justice and right, it was requisite that the character of the individual should correspond in elevation and dignity to the eminence and responsibility of the station he was intended to fill. Mr. Chew was appointed to the office with universal satisfaction. The respectability of his talents, the maturity of his judgment, and the extent of his erudition and experience in law, added to the firmness of his character, the integrity of his principles, and the dignified urbanity of his manners, marked his peculiar fitness for a place so conspicuous. Nor did he, in the discharge of the duties of his office, disappoint the exalted expectations he had inspired. On no occasion was he found inferior to himself. Though the orb of his public services to his country was now fast descending to extinguish its fires in the evening wave, it had as yet lost nothing of its meridian splendor. It was indeed less ardent and dazzling, but its genuine brightness was still the same. Nor did it fail in its lustre till it finally disappeared.

Mr. Chew had been for several years desirous of retiring from public concerns, and reposing in the lap of private life the solitudes and growing infirmities of age. But at the earnest intreaty of his friends, he consented to retain the presidency of the high court of errors and appeals, till the year 1807, when that tribunal was abolished by an act of the legislature of the state. Thus closed a course of distinguished and almost uninterrupted services to his country protracted to the unusual term of sixty years.

In the year 1808 Mr. Chew's health began perceptibly to decline. Nor was this declension to be regarded as exclusively—perhaps, not even principally, the effect of actual disease. It was the final shattering of his constitution under the pressure of years—the exhaustion of the powers of nature in their conflict with time. But it was his corporeal powers only that failed in the combat and submitted to the conqueror. The powers of his mind held out in vigour to the last, bidding a noble defiance to both time and disease. It was reserved for Death alone, the vanquisher of all that is sublunary, not indeed to subdue these, but to transfer them from their fallen mansion on earth to a fairer and imperishable dwelling in the Heavens—a dwelling, where they are destined to exercise their functions with the energy of celestials, to advance in endless and more elevated attainments, and to realize fruitions far beyond the conception of mortals.

On the 20th of January 1810 this venerable patriarch—a patriarch in virtues no less than in years, yielded up his spirit at the summons from above, having attained the advanced age of eighty-seven years, one month, and eleven days.

Mr. Chew had been twice married. His first wife was Mary the daughter of Samuel Galloway, of West River, Maryland, a lady of singular beauty, acquirements, and worth. She was alike distinguished for the graces of her person, the elegance of her manners, and the solid as well as the ornamental accomplishments of her mind. Nor were the qualities of her heart in any measure inferior to her other endowments. A rich, polished, and sprightly conversation threw a charm around her in general

society, while an amiable disposition, accompanied by all the milder virtues, conferred on her a peculiar fitness to give and receive domestic happiness. His second marriage was with Elizabeth the daughter of James Oswald, of Philadelphia. As this lady is still living, an ornament and example to society at large, and all but the idol of her family and friends, it might be deemed indelicate to dwell on her character. It would be injustice, however, not to observe, that she is no way inferior to her to whose place she succeeded, and is, in every respect, worthy of him to whose fortunes she was united, and whose name she assumed.

The children of Mr. Chew, by his two marriages were numerous, and most of them are now living. The writer of this memoir, alike unwilling to flatter or to offend, has no wish to approach them with unmerited panegyric. Nor will he, as he believes, with those who know them, subject himself to the charge or even suspicion of this, in saying, that they and their descendants fill up, at present, in society a sphere equal in extent and genuine respectability to that filled by the descendants of any individual in the United States.

Were I to attempt to sketch, in brief, a few of the outlines of Mr. Chew's character, the following, or something like it, would be the miniature I would form.

He was a man of consummate worth, rather than of real greatness. His talents, though not the most elevated and commanding, were yet sufficiently elevated, to be of the most useful kind. They were solid and practical, calculated to benefit mankind, not buoyant and speculative, fit only to amuse and delight them. An excellent early education combined with subsequent habits of study and observation, had enriched them with all that culture could bestow. His industry, accuracy, and punctuality in business were much more than a substitute for the most exalted talents, where these cardinal qualities are wanting. His heart was a hot-bed of the moral, social, and domestic virtues. His hospitality was without bounds, and his easy affluence enabled him to indulge this noble propensity. His soul was the seat of an expanded benevolence, and his hand the liberal dispenser of charity. Though he never achieved any thing to render his name peculiarly con-

spicuous, yet the general amount of his reputation equalled in respectability the glitter of fame. Like sterling metal, it was pure, solid and durable, wholly independent of any peculiar cast of public sentiment. Reared on the everlasting basis of virtue, and cemented by the actions of a long life of general usefulness, it was incapable of being subverted by any of the convulsions to which society is liable.

In addition to his more substantial qualities and acquirements, Mr. Chew's taste was cultivated and refined, his conversation easy and animated, his deportment graceful and pleasing, and his wit not unfrequently playful and sparkling. His elevated rank in society, the style of affluence in which he lived, and the public stations which he so long continued to fill, led him of necessity into frequent entertainments. On these occasions the most sprightly and engaging display of convivial qualities was tempered by an observance of the strictest decorum. Hence he knew how to partake of the pleasures and mingle in all the revelry of the table, without either descending from his dignity or forfeiting for a moment his title to respect.

Were I capable of bestowing on my humble picture that softness and masterly finish which are due to the original, I would now intrude for a moment into the sanctuary of Mr. Chew's private mansion, and sketch the features of his domestic character. But on this point despair of success forbids enterprize and paralyzes exertion. To the love and veneration of his household, while living, and to the eloquence of their grief in his departing moments, I must commit the task in which I feel it would be presumption to engage.

In height Mr. Chew somewhat exceeded the middle stature. When young he was reputed handsome, and being of a dark complexion his beauty was manly. His personal appearance was always dignified and commanding—In the latter years of his life it was peculiarly venerable. Take from it the ease and polish of modern manners, and substitute in their place the austere and unbending air of antiquity, and it would have well become a Grecian philosopher or a senator of Rome. Were titles and honours hereditary in the United States, a stranger on entering Mr. Chew's

dwelling and being personally introduced to him in the bosom of his family, would have been ready to exclaim, " This is one of the ancient and well-bred nobles of the land." C.

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#### FOREIGN BIOGRAPHY.

##### LIFE OF MR. WINDHAM.

MR. WINDHAM was descended from an ancient and highly respectable family in the county of Norfolk, where they had resided for several generations, and possessed a considerable property. His father, William Windham, was one of the most admired characters of his time; and, in 1756, soon after the plan of a national militia was formed by Mr. Pitt (afterwards earl of Chatham), this gentleman, in conjunction with the late marquis Townshend, was extremely zealous and active in promoting and carrying into execution that scheme, which has since proved so salutary to his country. On this subject he published one or two very excellent pamphlets. He died in 1761, leaving his only son, then eleven years old, under the care of the executors of his will, the Rev. Dr. Dampier, then under master of Eton-school, and Mr. Garriek. Mr. Windham was born at Felbrigge-hall, the family seat in Norfolk, in March 1750. He received the early part of his education at Eton, where he continued from 1762 to the autumn of 1766, when he removed to the University of Glasgow, where he resided for about a year in the house of Dr. Anderson, professor of natural philosophy, and diligently attended his lectures: and those of Dr. Robert Simson, professor of mathematics, the well-known author of a Treatise on Conic Sections, and of other learned works. Here first probably he became fond of those studies, to which he was ever afterwards strongly addicted.\* In September 1767,

\* Mr. W. has left behind him three treatises on mathematical subjects, which he directed, by his will, should be put into the hands of the bishop of Rochester, Dr. Horsely, who was then living; adding, that if he should think them of any value, they might be published.

he became a gentleman commoner of University college in Oxford, Mr. (afterwards sir Robert) Chambers, being his tutor. During his academic course\* (from 1767 to 1771) he was highly distinguished for his application to various studies, for his love of enterprise, for that frank and graceful address, and that honourable deportment, which gave a lustre to his character through every period of his life. In 1773, when he was but twenty-three years old, his love of adventure, and his thirst of knowledge, induced him to accompany his friend Constantine lord Mulgrave, in his voyage towards the North Pole; but he was so harassed with sea-sickness, that he was under the necessity of being landed in Norway, and of wholly abandoning his purpose. In 1778 he became a major in the Norfolk Militia, then quartered at Bury in Suffolk, where, by his intrepidity and personal exertion,† he quelled a dangerous mutiny, which had broken out; notwithstanding he was highly beloved by the regiment. On one of the mutineers laying hold of his dress, he felled him to the ground and put him into confinement; and, on his comrades afterwards surrounding him, and insisting on the release of the delinquent, he drew his sword, and kept them at bay, till a party of his own company joined and rescued him. Soon afterwards, in consequence of his being obliged to remain for several hours in wet clothes, he was seized with a dangerous bilious fever, which nearly deprived him of his life. In the autumn of that year, partly with a view of restoring his health, he went abroad, and spent the two following years in Switzerland and Italy. Previously to his leaving England, he was chosen a member of the literary club, founded by sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Johnson, (who had the greatest esteem for Mr. Windham;) and, notwithstanding

\* In 1782, he was created M. A. and in 1793, D. C. L. at the installation of the duke of Portland; when so high was the admiration of his character, that on his entering the theatre, the whole assembly rose from their seats, and hailed him with loud applause.

† Of his dauntless courage many instances might be given. In 1785, he ascended from Moulsey Hurst in a balloon, with Mr. Sadler; and in 1793, having visited the army engaged in the siege of Valenciennes, he surveyed all the works with the most minute attention, in company with captain, now colonel, Thornton, and approached so near the enemy, that he was often within the reach of their cannon.

his engagements in consequence of his parliamentary business, and the important offices which he filled, he was a very frequent attendant at the meetings of that respectable society, (for which he always expressed the highest value,) from 1781 to near the time of his death. So early as the year 1769, when he was at Oxford, and had not yet attained his twentieth year, the late marquis Townshend, then lord Lieutenant of Ireland, whom he twice visited during his residence in that country, offered him the office of his principal secretary; but he declined it in a letter which is still extant, and which very forcibly displays that excellent sense, and those honourable sentiments, which afterwards uniformly regulated his conduct. In 1782 he came into parliament, where he sat for twenty-eight years, at first for Norwich, and afterwards for various boroughs; and he so early distinguished himself in the house of commons, that he was selected by Mr. Burke in June 1784, to second his motion on representation to his majesty on the state of the nation. In the preceding year, he had been appointed principal secretary to the earl of Northington, then constituted lord lieutenant of Ireland; and in that capacity he visited Dublin in the spring of 1783, and intended to have accompanied his excellency when he afterwards opened the session of parliament there in October; but being prevented by illness, he relinquished his office; and his friend the hon. Thomas Pelham (now earl of Chichester,) was appointed secretary in his room. From the time of his coming into parliament to the year 1793, he usually voted with the opposition of that day; but he never was what is called a thorough party man, frequently deviating from those to whom he was in general attached, when, in matters of importance, his conscience directed him to take a different course from them; on which account, his virtues and talents were never rightly appreciated by persons of that description, who frequently on this ground vainly attempted to undervalue him. After the rupture between Mr. Fox and Mr. Burke, in consequence of the French revolution, Mr. Windham attached himself wholly to the latter, with whom he had for many years lived in the closest intimacy, and of whose genius and virtues he had always the highest adm-



ration. Being, with him, thoroughly convinced of the danger then impending over his country from the measures adopted by certain classes of Englishmen, in consequence of that tremendous convulsion, he did not hesitate to unite with the duke of Portland, lord Spencer, and others, in accepting offices under the administration in which Mr. Pitt then presided. On this arrangement Mr. Windham was appointed secretary at war, with a seat in the cabinet, an honourable distinction which had never before been annexed to that office. This station he continued to fill with the highest reputation from that time (1794) till 1801, when he, lord Spencer, lord Grenville, and Mr. Pitt, resigned their offices; and shortly afterwards Mr. Addington (now lord viscount Sidmouth) was appointed chancellor of the exchequer and first lord of the treasury. On the preliminaries of peace with France being acceded to by that statesman and his coadjutors, in 1801, Mr. Windham made his celebrated speech in parliament, which was afterwards (April 1802) published, with an appendix, containing a character of the present usurper of the French throne, which will transmit to posterity the principal flagitious passages of his life up to that period, in the most lively colours. On Mr. Addington being driven from the helm, in 1805, principally by the battery of Mr. Windham's eloquence, a new administration was again formed by Mr. Pitt, which was dissolved by his death, in 1806; and shortly afterwards, on lord Grenville's accepting the office of first lord of the treasury, Mr. Windham was appointed secretary of state for the war department, which he held till his majesty, in the following year, thought fit to constitute a new administration. During this period he carried into a law his bill for the limited service of those who enlist in our regular army; a measure which will ever endear his name to the English soldiery. The genius and talents of this illustrious statesman are well known and universally acknowledged. He was unquestionably the most distinguished man of the present time, and not inferior, in many respects, to the most admired characters of the age that is just gone by. He had been in his earlier years, a very diligent student, and was an excellent Greek and Latin scholar. In his latter years, like Burke and Johnson, he was an excursive reader.

but gathered a great variety of knowledge from different books, and from occasionally mixing, like them, with very various classes and descriptions of men. His memory was most tenacious. In his parliamentary speeches his principal object always was to convince the understanding by irrefragable argument, which he at the same time enlivened by a profusion of imagery, drawn sometimes from the most abstruse parts of science, but oftener from the most familiar objects of common life. But what gave a peculiar lustre to whatever he urged, was his known and uniform integrity, and a firm conviction in the breasts of his hearers, that he always uttered the genuine and disinterested sentiments of his heart. His language, both in writing and speaking, was always simple, and he was extremely fond of idiomatic phrases, which he thought greatly contributed to preserve the purity of our language. He surveyed every subject of importance with a philosophic eye, and was thence enabled to discover and detect latent mischief, concealed under the plausible appearance of public advantage. Hence all the clamourers for undefined and imaginary liberty, and all those who meditate the subversion of the constitution under the pretext of reform, shrunk from his grasp; and persons of this description were his only enemies. But his dauntless intrepidity, and his noble disdain of vulgar popularity, held up a shield against their malice; and no fear of consequences ever drove him from that manly and honourable course, which the rectitude and purity of his mind induced him to pursue. As an orator, he was simple, elegant, prompt, and graceful. His genius was so fertile, and his reading so extensive, that there were few subjects on which he could not instruct, amuse, and persuade. He was frequently (as has justly been observed) "at once entertaining and abstruse, drawing illustrations promiscuously from familiar life, and the recondite parts of science; nor was it unusual to hear him through three adjoining sentences, in the first witty, in the second metaphysical, and in the last scholastic." But his eloquence derived its principal power from the quickness of his apprehension, and the philosophical profundity of his mind. Of this his speech on Mr. Curwen's bill (May, 1809) is an eminent instance; for it unquestionably contains more moral and political

wisdom than is found in any similar performance which has appeared since the death of Mr. Burke, and may be placed on the same platform with the most admired productions of that distinguished orator. In private life no man perhaps of any age had a greater number of zealous friends and admirers. In addition to his extraordinary talents and accomplishments, the grace and happiness of his address and manner gave an irresistible charm to his conversation, and few, it is believed, of either sex (for his address to ladies was inimitably elegant and graceful) ever partook of his society without pleasure and admiration, or quitted it without regret. His brilliant imagination, his various knowledge, his acuteness, his good taste, his wit, his dignity of sentiment, and his gentleness of manner (for he never was loud or intemperate) made him universally admired and respected. To crown all these virtues and accomplishments, it may be added, that he fulfilled all the duties of life, the lesser as well as the greatest, with the most scrupulous attention; and was always particularly ardent in vindicating the cause of oppressed merit. But his best eulogy is the general sentiment of sorrow which agitated every bosom on the sudden and unexpected stroke which terminated in his death. During the nineteen days of his sickness, his hall was daily visited by several hundred successive inquirers concerning the state of his health, and that part of Pallmall in which his house was situated, was thronged with carriages filled with ladies, whom a similar anxiety brought to his door. Every morning and also at a late hour every evening, when his physicians and surgeons attended, several apartments in his house were filled with friends, who anxiously waited to receive the latest and most accurate accounts of the progress or abatement of his disorder. This sympathetic feeling extended almost through every class, and even reached the throne, for his majesty frequently inquired concerning the state of his health, pronouncing on him this high eulogy, that "he was a genuine patriot, and a truly honest man." Of the fatal malady which put an end to his invaluable life, such erroneous accounts have been published in the newspapers, that it may not be improper to give an accurate statement of that most distressful event. An idle story has been propagated, that the hon. Frede-

ric North, on his last going abroad, left his library and MSS in the care of Mr. Windham, and had requested him to remove his books to Mr. Windham's house in Pall-mall; that he had neglected this charge, and thence had the stronger inducement to exert himself to save them. In all this circumstantial detail there is not one word of truth. The fact is, that on the 8th of last July, Mr. Windham returning on foot at twelve o'clock at night from the house of a friend, as he passed by the end of Conduit street, saw a house on fire; and, with the same gallantry of spirit which on a former occasion induced him to exert himself to save a part of the venerable abbey of Westminster from destruction, he hastened to the spot, with a view to assist the sufferers; and soon observed that the house of Mr. North was not far distant from that which was then on fire. He therefore immediately undertook to save his friend's library, which he knew to be very valuable. With the most strenuous activity he exerted himself for four hours, in the midst of rain and the playing of the fire engines, with such effect that, with the assistance of two or three persons whom he had selected from the crowd assembled on this occasion, he saved four parts out of five of the library; and before they could empty the fifth book-room, the house took fire. The books were immediately removed, not to Mr. Windham's house, but to the houses of the opposite neighbours, who took great care of them. In removing some heavy volumes he accidentally fell, and suffered a slight contusion on his hip; but it made so little impression on his mind, that, not being apt to complain of any distress, belonging to himself, in giving an account of the transaction the next day, he did not even mention this circumstance, nor for some months did he take notice of it to any friend. When he afterwards did mention it, it was in so slight a manner, that it hardly attracted any attention from those who loved him best. By this accident, however, an indolent insistent tumour was formed in the part affected. For several months it was attended with no pain whatsoever; yet even in that state he had medical advice, and some slight applications were employed, with no great effect. At length, about the beginning of May, the tumour began to increase, and in certain positions of the body, to give him some little pain; and on men-

tioning these circumstances to a friend, he strongly exhorted him to have the best surgical advice. Accordingly, on the next day, the 6th of May, Mr. Cline, who had been consulted about two months before, was again called in, to view the part affected; and he then pronounced the tumour to be of such a nature, that Mr. Windham's life might be endangered, if it was not cut out. In consequence of this decision, Mr. Windham acted with the utmost prudence, propriety, and fortitude. He first consulted his own physician, Dr. Blane, who coincided with Mr. Cline. He then resolved, before he submitted to the operation, to consult six eminent surgeons separately, besides Mr. Cline; Dr. B. having previously given all of them (except one who, it is believed, was consulted without his knowledge) an accurate account of his constitution and habit of body; and four out of the six thus consulted, were decidedly of the same opinion with Mr. Cline; that is, five were clearly for the operation, and two against it. Mr. Windham, having taken these precautions, acted as every wise man would have done, and resolved to submit to the operation. And so far was he from rashness or precipitation, which have been most untruly imputed to him, that after these opinions were obtained, Dr. Baile, whose great anatomical skill is universally acknowledged, was also consulted; and he too agreed in opinion with Dr. Blane; and the five surgeons already alluded to. Here therefore was no choice, nor any time for that preparation, which it has been idly supposed was rashly neglected, "from the quickness and vivacity of his decisions." With that manly fortitude which distinguished him through life, he now prepared to submit to the requisite operation; and after making a codicil to his will, he visited his friend and contemporary at Oxford, the Rev. Dr. Fisher, master of the charter-house; and as appears from one of his diaries, received the sacrament from his hands, Mr. Fisher being the only other communicant. He bore the operation with the most heroic fortitude; and even when the pain was most exquisite, exhibited a vivid proof of the strength of his mind, by a playful allusion to the language of the vulgar in similar situations. With the most kind and anxious tenderness he had taken care that Mrs. Windham, who was in the country at this time,

should not have the slightest suspicion of what was going on; nor was she apprised of the operation, till, on her arrival in town on the 18th of May, she was informed that it had been successfully performed on the preceding day. But, unhappily, very soon appearances were such as gave very little ground for hope. A morbid ichor appeared, attended with a general inflammation, and with two abscesses; and the wound never suppurated. A fever ensued, of course; but it was idle to suppose that this was the malady which proved fatal, it being merely symptomatic; and equally unfounded is the current opinion, that Mr. Windham's most valuable life was sacrificed to this operation; for the tumour itself was found to be of a schirrous nature, and fully justifies the decision that was made; and the state of his whole frame shows that his death was owing to a morbid habit, and not to the operation. Had it been deferred for a month longer; it still would have been necessary; it would have been performed at a less proper time, and have been attended, meanwhile, with the most distressful circumstances. Having never been guilty of excesses in his youth, and having all his life been extremely moderate both in eating and the use of wine, that his constitution should have been thus suddenly undermined, is most extraordinary. For several days previous to his death, he seemed to entertain little hope of life, submitting to Divine Providence with perfect calmness and resignation. On the night preceding his decease, on the attending surgeon, Mr. Lynn, placing him in the most favourable situation for sleep he said, "I thank you; this is the last trouble I shall give you:" he then fell into a doze or stupor, and the next morning (June 4) he expired with so little pain, that it was scarcely perceived when he drew his last breath. Great as his loss is to his country and to his friends, it is some consolation that he died in the full maturity of his fame, and has left behind him an imperishable reputation. In 1798 Mr. Windham married Cecilia, the third daughter of the late commodore Forrest, a lady whose virtues are above all praise, and whose attainments, joined with the most amiable manners and sweetest disposition, rendered her a suitable companion for one of the most distinguished characters of his time. With what happiness their

union was attended, may appear from his will, by which he has devised to Mrs. W. the whole of his estate for her life, amounting to above 6000*l.* a year, with remainder to captain Lukin, (the eldest son of the Rev. Dr. Lukin, dean of Wells, and Mr. Windham's half brother,) and the heirs male of his body. His remains were removed from his house in Pall-mall, June 6, for the family vault at Felbrigge, attended by his nephew, Robert Lukin, esq. and Edmund Byng, esq. nephew to Mrs. W.. The ceremony was conducted in the most private and unostentatious manner, agreeably to Mr. Windham's express desire.

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#### RHETORIC—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

##### LECTURE XII.

(Continued from page 30.)

With respect to an exemplification of the different kinds of public speaking, I know not that I can give it more effectually, within the remaining portion of time allotted for this lecture, than by reciting to you the addresses of Norval, Sempornius, and Mark Antony, together with the pathetic soliloquy of cardinal Wolsey; which will constitute a kind of scale of oratory, commencing with the simple recital of a shepherd's boy, and rising, through the animated and polished appeal of an accomplished Roman senator, and the insidious and inflammatory harangue of an ambitious and enraged partizan, to the most difficult, because most expressive, species of eloquence, *soliloquy*, as exhibited in the dignified, yet melancholy, monologue of a haughty and discarded favourite of a haughty and capricious monarch. He who can give to these addresses the proper accent, emphasis, tones, gesture, and expression, is qualified to recite with propriety, any species of composition,

governing himself, according to its nature, by the rules and observations which have been suggested in the preceding lectures.

I have chosen these pieces, because they are generally known, and have received universal approbation, for their peculiar energy of sentiment and of expression.

I will begin with the address of Norval to lord Randolph.

This contains nothing but the plain and unadorned narration of an unlettered youth, who, impelled by an ardent and invincible thirst for military glory, had deserted his father's tranquil and retired habitation, determined to relinquish the peaceful occupation of a shepherd, and

"To follow to the field some warlike lord."

The attitudes, therefore, the gesture, and tones of voice, must exhibit a corresponding simplicity, though at the same time, a considerable degree of native energy.

"My name is Norval," &c.

You will observe that at the expression "I had heard of battles," the spirit of the soldier must be evinced by a sudden animation of countenance and elevation of tone.

The address of Sempronius to the Roman Senate, should exhibit that gracefulness and majestic dignity, which the character of a Roman soldier, combined with that of an accomplished civilian, would naturally exhibit, when animated by a conviction of national insult, and an apprehension of national danger.

"My voice is still for war," &c.

The oration of Antony affords, perhaps, one of the most difficult specimens of recitation to be found in our language.

It is, in the first place, a highly finished effusion of eloquence, which, under the mask of simplicity, and a wish to preserve order and public tranquillity, most artfully conveys the most powerful persuasion to mutiny, revenge, and revolution. The vein of sarcasm and irony which pervades this wonderful speech, requires the most perfect versatility of countenance and tone, and, at the same time, the most dignified firmness of deport-

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ment, to convey in any degree, a correct expression of its real excellence.

The attitudes and action should be bold and commanding, the countenance alternately expressive of tenderness and rage, of love and of hatred, of patient acquiescence and of desperate revenge.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen," &c.

Of the soliloquy of cardinal Wolsey, and the subsequent dialogue with his secretary Cromwell, which should always accompany it in recitation, various are the beauties, both with respect to sentiment and diction. The morality is pure, the imagery vivid and appropriate. In them the instability of all earthly felicity and splendour, with the proper temper and resignation to bear their loss, are most pathetically and poetically described; particularly in the soliloquy, which is of all other species of recitation, the most difficult to execute well; for it is the language of a man talking to himself, supposed to be unseen and unheard, yet speaking in such a manner as to be heard by the whole audience, and that, without in any degree regarding them, or appearing to be conscious of their presence; but, with an eye keenly and steadily "bent upon vacancy," the same correctness of enunciation, and force of expression is to be given, as when the attention is wholly addressed to the audience.

"Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness!" &c.

It remains now, gentlemen, that I should exemplify the peculiar style of eloquence appropriate to the senate, the pulpit, and the bar. In doing this, I must necessarily be very brief; but shall endeavour to select such passages as will exhibit the most impressive sentiments and action which their several characters require. And first,

#### OF THE ELOQUENCE OF THE SENATE.

In Mr. Burke's speech before the house of commons, Feb. 21st, 1785, on the nabob of Arcot's debts, the following brilliant passage occurs:

"Among the victims to this magnificent plan of universal plunder, worthy of the heroic avarice of the projectors, you

have all heard (and he has made himself to be well remembered) of an Indian chief called Hyder Ali Khan. This man possessed the western, as the company under the name of the nabob of Arcot does the eastern, division of the Carnatic. It was among the leading measures, in the design of this cabal (according to their own emphatic language) to *extirpate* this Hyder Ali. They declared the nabob of Arcot to be his sovereign, and himself to be a rebel, and publicly invested their instrument with the sovereignty of the kingdom of Mysore. But their victim was not of the passive kind. They were soon obliged to conclude a treaty of peace and close alliance with this rebel, at the gates of Madras. Both before and since that treaty, every principle of policy pointed out this power as a natural alliance; and on his part, it was courted by every sort of amicable office. But the cabinet-council of English creditors would not suffer their nabob of Arcot to sign the treaty, nor even to give to a prince, at least his equal, the ordinary titles of respect and courtesy. From that time forward, a continued plot was carried on within the divan, black and white, of the nabob of Arcot, for the destruction of Hyder Ali. As to the outward members of the double, or rather treble government of Madras, which had signed the treaty, they were always prevented by some overruling influence (which they do not describe, but which cannot be misunderstood) from performing what justice and interest combined so evidently to enforce.

"When at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty, and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance; and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together, was no protection. He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatsoever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with

every enemy, and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation, into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic.—Then ensued a scene of wo, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of, were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered: others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function; fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers, and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity, in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest, fled to the walled cities. But escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

“The alms of the settlement, in this dreadful exigency, were certainly liberal; and all was done by charity that private charity could do: but it was a people in beggary; it was a nation which stretched out its hands for food. For months together these creatures of sufferance, whose very excess and luxury in their most plenteous days, had fallen short of the allowance of our austere fasts, silent, patient, resigned, without sedition or disturbance, almost without complaint, perished by a hundred a day in the streets of Madras; every day seventy at least laid their bodies in the streets, or on the glacis of Tanjore, and expired of famine in the granary of India. I was going to awake your justice towards this unhappy part of our fellow citizens, by bringing before you some of the circumstances of this plague of hunger. Of

all the calamities which beset and waylay the life of man, this comes the nearest to our heart, and is that wherein the proudest of us all feels himself to be nothing more than he is : but I find myself unable to manage it with decorum ; these details are of a species of horror so nauseous and disgusting ; they are so degrading to the sufferers and to the hearers ; they are so humiliating to human nature itself, that, on better thoughts, I find it more advisable to throw a pall over this hideous object, and to leave it to your general conceptions.

“For eighteen months, without intermission, this destruction raged from the gates of Madras to the gates of Tanjore ; and so completely did these masters in their art, Hyder Ali, and his more ferocious son, absolve themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies traversed, as they did the Carnatic for hundreds of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march, they did not see one man, not one woman, not one child, not one four-footed beast of any description whatever. One dead, uniform, silence reigned over the whole region. With the inconsiderable exceptions of the narrow vicinage of some few forts, I wish to be understood as speaking literally. I mean to produce to you more than three witnesses, above all exception, who will support this assertion in its full extent. That hurricane of war passed through every part of the central provinces of the Carnatic. Six or seven districts to the north and to the south (and these not wholly untouched) escaped the general ravage.

“The Carnatic is a country not much inferior in extent to England. Figure to yourself, Mr. Speaker, the land in whose representative chair you sit ; figure to yourself the form and fashion of your sweet and cheerful country from Thames to Trent, north and south, and from the Irish to the German sea and west, emptied and embowelled (may God avert the omen of our crimes !) by so accomplished a desolation. Extend your imagination a little further, and then suppose your ministers taking a survey of this scene of waste and desolation ; what would be your thoughts if you should be informed, that they were computing how much had been the amount of the excises, how much

the customs, how much the land and malt tax, in order that they should charge (take it in the most favourable light) for public service, upon the relics of the satiated vengeance of relentless enemies, the whole of what England had yielded in the most exuberant seasons of peace and abundance? What would you call it? To call it tyranny, sublimed into madness, would be too faint an image; yet this very madness is the principle upon which the ministers at your right hand have proceeded in their estimate of the revenues of the Carnatic, when they were providing not supply for the establishments of its protection, but rewards for the authors of its ruin."

Burke has been stiled, and justly so, the British Cicero. We also can justly boast of *our* Cicero, in the wise, the virtuous, the eloquent AMES, now, alas! slumbering in the grave! It would on this occasion, be an act of injustice to his memory, to my subject, to your taste, and to my own conscious pride as an American, were I not to offer you some specimen of his splendid talents, as an orator, a statesman, and a scholar. With this view, I will recite to you, a few paragraphs from a speech made by him in the house of the representatives of the United States, on the 28th of April, 1796, in support of a resolution to pass laws necessary to carry into effect, the treaty (then) lately concluded between the United States and the king of Great Britain.

"The consequences of refusing to make provision for the treaty are not all to be foreseen. By rejecting, vast interests are committed to the sport of the winds. Chance becomes the arbiter of events, and it is forbidden to human foresight to count their number, or measure their extent. Before we resolve to leap into this abyss, so dark and so profound, it becomes us to pause, and reflect upon such of the dangers as are obvious and inevitable. If this assembly should be wrought into a temper to defy these consequences, it is vain, it is deceptive to pretend that we can escape them. It is worse than weakness to say, that as to public faith our vote has already settled the question. Another tribunal than our own is already erected. The public opinion not

merely of our own country, but of the enlightened world, will pronounce a judgment that we cannot resist, that we dare not even affect to despise.

"On this theme, my emotions are unutterable: if I could find words for them, if my powers bore any proportion to my zeal, I would swell my voice to such a note of remonstrance, it should reach every loghouse beyond the mountains. I would say to the inhabitants, wake from your false security. Your cruel dangers, your more cruel apprehensions are soon to be renewed. The wounds, yet unhealed are to be torn open again. In the day time, your path through the woods will be ambushed.—The darkness of midnight will glitter with the blaze of your dwellings! You are a father—the blood of your sons shall fatten your corn-field!—You are a mother—the war whoop shall wake the sleep of the cradle!

"On this subject you need not suspect any deception on your feelings. It is a spectacle of horror which cannot be overdrawn. If you have nature in your hearts, they will speak a language, compared with which all I have said or can say, will be poor and frigid.

"Will it be whispered that the treaty has made me a new champion for the protection of the frontiers? It is known that my voice as well as vote have been uniformly given in conformity with the ideas I have expressed. Protection is the right of the frontiers; it is our duty to give it.

"By rejecting the posts, we light the savage fires, we bind the victims. This day we undertake to render an account to the widows and orphans whom our decision will make, to the wretches that will be roasted at the stake, to our country, and I do not deem it too serious to say, to conscience and to God. We are answerable—and if duty be any thing more than a word of imposture, if conscience be not a bugbear, we are preparing to make ourselves as wretched as our country.

"There is no mistake in this case, there can be none. Experience has already been the prophet of events, and the cries of our future victims have already reached us. The western inhabitants are not a silent and uncomplaining sacrifice. The

voice of humanity issues from the shade of their wilderness. It exclaims, that while one hand is held up to reject this treaty, the other grasps a tomahawk. It summons our imagination to the scenes that will open. It is no great effort of the imagination to conceive, that events so near are already begun. I fancy fancy that I listen to the yells of savage vengeance, and the shrieks of torture. Already they seem to sigh in the west wind—already they mingle with every echo from the mountains.

“Let us not hesitate then to agree to the appropriation to carry the treaty into faithful execution. Thus we shall save the faith of our nation, secure its peace, and diffuse the spirit of confidence and enterprize that will augment its prosperity. The progress of wealth and improvement is wonderful, and some will think, too rapid. The field for exertion is fruitful and vast; and, if peace and good government should be preserved, the acquisitions of our citizens are not so pleasing as the proofs of their industry, as the instruments of their future success. The rewards of exertion go to augment its power. Profit is every hour becoming capital. The vast crop of our neutrality is all seed wheat, and is sown again to swell, almost beyond calculation, the future harvest of prosperity. And in this progress what seems to be fiction is found to fall short of experience.

“I rose to speak under impressions that I would have resisted if I could. Those who see me will believe that the reduced state of my health has unfitted me, almost equally, for much exertion of body or mind. Unprepared for debate by careful reflection in my retirement, or by long attention here, I thought the resolution I had taken to sit silent was imposed by necessity, and would cost me no effort to maintain. With a mind thus vacant of ideas, and sinking, as I really am, under a sense of weakness, I imagined the very desire of speaking was extinguished by the persuasion that I had nothing to say. Yet when I come to the moment of deciding the vote, I start back with dread from the edge of the pit into which we are plunging. In my view, even the minutes I have spent in expostulation have their value, because they protract the crisis, and the short period in which alone we may resolve to escape it.”

The following extracts from a sermon of Dr. Blair, on the death of Christ, contains a remarkable variety of vivid imagery, expressed, in glowing language, and admirably adapted to exercise the talents of an animated speaker.

"The redemption of man is one of the most glorious works of the Almighty. If the hour of the creation of the world was great and illustrious; that hour, when, from the dark and formless mass, this fair system of nature arose at the Divine command; when *the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy*; no less illustrious is the hour of the restoration of the world; the hour when, from condemnation and misery, it emerged into happiness and peace. With less external majesty it was attended, but is, on that account, the more wonderful, that under an appearance so simple, such great events were covered.

"In the hour of Christ's death the long series of prophecies, visions, types, and figures, was accomplished. This was the centre in which they all meet: this the point towards which they had tended and verged, throughout the course of so many generations. You behold the Law and the Prophets standing, if we may speak so, at the foot of the cross, and doing homage. You behold Moses and Aaron bearing the ark of the covenant; David and Elijah presenting the oracle of testimony. You behold all the priests and sacrifices, all the rites and ordinances, all the types and symbols, assembled together to receive their consummation. With the death of Christ, the worship and ceremonies of the law would have remained a pompous, but unmeaning institution. In the hour when he was crucified, *the book with the seven seals* was opened. Every rite assumed its significancy; every prediction met its event; every symbol displayed its correspondance.

"This was the hour of the abolition of the law and the introduction of the Gospel; the hour of terminating the old, and of beginning the new dispensation of religious knowledge and worship throughout the earth. Viewed in this light, it forms the most august era which is to be found in the history of mankind. When Christ was suffering on the cross, we are informed by one of the Evangelists, that he said, *I thirst*; and that they filled a sponge with vinegar, and put it to his mouth. After he had tak-



ted the vinegar, knowing that all things were now accomplished, and the scriptures fulfilled, he said, *It is finished*\*; that is, This offered draught of vinegar was the last circumstance predicted by an ancient prophet†, that remained to be fulfilled. The vision and the prophecy are now sealed. The Mosaic dispensation is closed, and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost.

“It is finished.—When he uttered these words, he changed the state of the universe. At the moment the Law ceased, and the Gospel commenced. This was the ever-memorable point of time which separated the old and the new world from each other. On one side of the point of separation, you behold the Law, with its priests, its sacrifices, and its rites, retiring from sight. On the other side, you behold the Gospel, with its simple and venerable institutions, coming forward into view. Significantly was the veil of the temple rent in this hour; for the glory then departed from between the cherubims. The legal High Priest delivered up his Urim and Thummim, his breast-plate, his robes, and his incense; and Christ stood forth as the great High Priest of all succeeding generations. By that one sacrifice, which he now offered, he abolished sacrifices forever. Altars on which the fire had blazed for ages, were now to smoke no more. Victims were no more to bleed. Not with the blood of bulls and goats, but with his own blood, he now entered into the Holy Place, there to appear in the presence of God for us.

“This was the hour of association and union to all the worshippers of God. When Christ said *It is finished*, he threw down the wall of partition which had so long divided the gentile from the Jew. He gathered into one, all the faithful, out of every kindred and people. He proclaimed the hour to be come, when the knowledge of the true God should be no longer confined to one nation, nor his worship to one temple; but over all the earth, the worshippers of the Father should serve him in spirit and in truth. From that hour they who dwelt in the uttermost ends of the earth, strangers to the covenant of promise, began to be brought nigh. In that hour, the light of the Gospel dawned from afar on the British islands.

\* John, xiv. 28, 29, 30.

† Psalm, lxxiv, 21.

" This was the hour of Christ's triumph over all the powers of darkness; the hour in which he overthrew dominions and thrones, led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men. The contest which the kingdom of darkness had long maintained against the kingdom of light, was now brought to its crisis. The period was come, when the seed of the woman should bruise the head of the serpent. For many ages, the most gross superstition had filled the earth. The glory of the uncorruptible God was everywhere, except in the land of Judæa, changed into images made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and beasts, and creeping things. The world which the Almighty created for himself, seemed to have become a temple of idols. Even to vices and passions altars were raised; and, what was entitled Religion was in effect a discipline of impurity. In the midst of this universal darkness, Satan had erected his throne; and the learned and polished, as well as the savage nations, bowed down before him. But at the hour when Christ appeared on the cross, the signal of his defeat was given.—His kingdom suddenly departed from him; the reign of idolatry passed away—He was beheld to fall like lightning from Heaven. In that hour, the foundation of every Pagan temple shook—The statue of every false God tottered on its base—The Priest fled from his falling shrine—and the Heathen oracles became dumb forever.

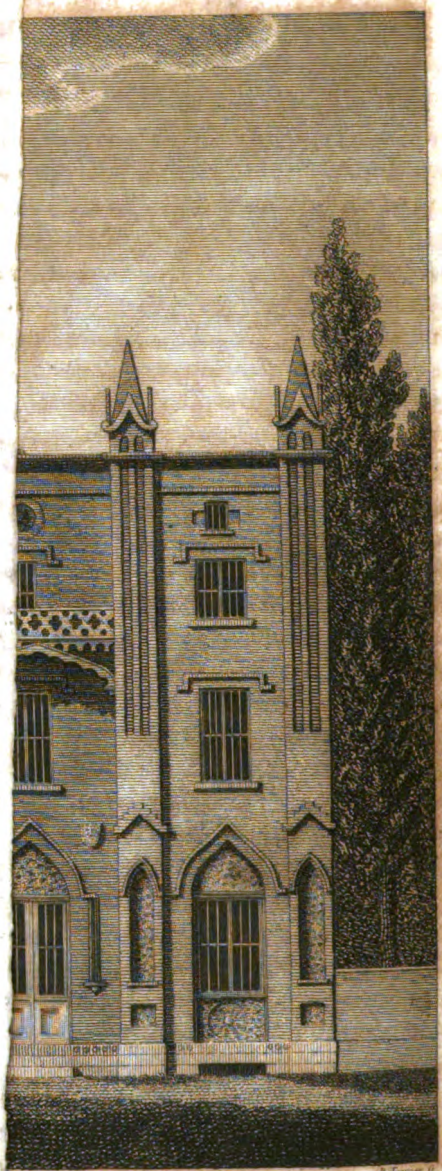
" This was the hour when our Lord erected that spiritual kingdom which is never to end. How vain are the counsels and designs of men! How shallow is the policy of the wicked! How short their triumphing! The enemies of Christ imagined, that in this hour they had successfully accomplished their plan for his destruction. They believed, that they had entirely scattered the small party of his followers, and had extinguished his name and his honour forever. In derision, they addressed him as a King. They clothed him with purple robes; they crowned him with a crown of thorns; they put a reed into his hand; and, with insulting mockery, bowed the knee before him. Blind and impious men! How little did they know, that the Almighty was at that moment setting him as a King on the hill of Sion; giving him the Heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession! How little did they know, that their badges of mock

royalty were at that moment converted into the signals of absolute dominion, and the instruments of irresistible power! The reed which they put into his hands became a rod of iron, with which he was to break in pieces his enemies: a sceptre, with which he was to rule the universe in righteousness. The cross, which they thought was to stigmatize him with infamy, became the ensign of his renown. Instead of being the reproach of his followers, it was to be their boast and their glory. The cross was to shine on palaces and churches, throughout the earth. It was to be assumed as the distinction of the most powerful monarchs, and to wave in the banner of victorious armies, when the memory of Herod and Pilate should be accursed; when Jerusalem should be reduced to ashes, and the Jews be vagabonds over all the world.

“ These were the triumphs which commenced at this hour. Our Lord saw them already in their birth; he saw of the travail of his soul, and was satisfied. He beheld the word of God going forth, conquering, and to conquer; subduing to the obedience of his laws, the subduers of the world; carrying light into the regions of darkness, and mildness into the habitations of cruelty. He beheld the gentiles waiting below the cross, to receive the Gospel. He beheld Ethiopia and the Isles stretching out their hands to God; the desert beginning to rejoice, and to blossom as the rose; and the knowledge of the Lord filling the earth, as the waters cover the sea. Well pleased, he said, It is finished. As a conqueror, he retired from the field, reviewing his triumphs: He bowed his head, and gave up the ghost.—From that hour, Christ was no longer a mortal man, but Head over all things to the Church; the glorious King of men and angels, of whose dominion there shall be no end. His triumphs shall perpetually increase. His name shall endure forever; it shall last as long as the sun; men shall be blessed in him, and all nations shall call him blessed.”

*(To be Continued.)*





MANSION.

## DORSEY'S GOTHIC MANSION—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE annexed engraving is a faithful representation of the Gothic Building erected in this city, in Chesnut street, between Eleventh and Twelfth streets. It has a front of sixty feet, and is twenty-six feet in depth, with a recess portico on the South, supported by Ox-eye consoles—is four stories high, including the attic or garret story. Above the balustrade, which extends the whole length of the centre or recessed front, is a large antique, principal window, which rises into the timpan of the triangular gable. The buttresses of the Eastern and Western corridors are ornamented with niches and Saracenic tablets. A gallery connects these in front, and passes by the great window. The walls of the porch, and the jams, and soffits of the entrances are enriched with antique quatre foil guilloches, shields, escutcheons and tablets, with appropriate bass-relief sculptures, in artificial stone, by the celebrated Mr. Coade. The building recedes one hundred feet from the line of the street, and is elevated on a terrace of 60 by 10 feet surface, ornamented with grass and borders of shrubbery. The steps, plinths and basement are of fine white granite.

This edifice, the whole exterior of which is a correct and chaste specimen of the Gothic order, was designed and erected by John Dorsey, Esquire, whose architectural taste has greatly ornamented his native city. The elevation of the central building of the Pennsylvania Hospital, the anatomical Theatre there (which in beauty and convenience is perhaps unrivalled), much of the ornamental part of the Schuylkill permanent Bridge, the Academy of the fine arts, &c. and many private buildings owe their beauty to the taste of this gentleman, which has been liberally exercised without reward on all these occasions. We understand that he is appointed one of the commissioners for erecting the intended public buildings at Harrisburg, and, if he is left unfettered by the unskillfulness of others, we may predict that they will not be surpassed by the public buildings of any of our sister states.

The property of the Gothic Mansion has been lately transferred to Godfrey Haga, Esquire, who, we understand, has leased it to Mrs. Rivardi, for the use of her Boarding School and Academy. For this purpose it is admirably adapted in point of situation; and, with the proposed additions to the North front, will afford accommodations which in elegance and commodiousness, will not be equalled by any similar establishment in the United States. It is to be hoped that the principal building will be preserved in its present state, as a model of beautiful and correct architecture, and an object of gratification and delight to the curious and liberal stranger.

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#### MEMOIRS OF HAYTI—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

##### LETTER XVII.

*The Cape, Island of Hayti, January, 1806.*

As stated in a former letter, I arrived, on the fourteenth of November last from Philadelphia after a short passage of eight days, at Port de Paix a commercial town situate on the northern side of the island, about fifteen leagues westward of the Cape. Our destination was for this port, but in consequence of espying a vessel which we supposed to be a French privateer, when within a few hours' sail of it, we bore away for Port de Paix to avoid her. A pilot met and conducted us into the harbour, where we anchored in safety under the guns of a fort. It being late in the afternoon, we were informed that the proper officer, would not visit us that evening, and that in consequence we were not at liberty to go on shore.

On the following morning we rose early and prepared for the visit of the commandant of the place, who arrived at eight o'clock, attended by the interpreter and the captain of the port.

We saluted them as they came on board, with a respectful bow, and received in return from the commandant a fraternal embrace. Catabaux, for that was his name, is a negro black and hugely ugly, and like most of his countrymen furnished with a pair of delicate lips. His manners were rough and awkward, though he attempted the gentleman, and his conversation coarse. He wore a sort of military dress with a cocked hat, and strutted about with a degree of consequence. After he had concluded his business, which was to obtain the name, destination, and cargo of our vessel, we invited him to take breakfast. Such an invitation in this island is seldom declined by officers of middling or inferior rank, for their pay and income is so extremely moderate, that they are enabled to live but upon a very small scale. None but the chiefs, who have command of the revenue and property of the government, or who have been so fortunate as to have secured a title to some of the confiscated lands, can afford the expences of luxurious and splendid living, or to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* which their ancient masters possessed in so eminent a degree. Our hungry guests were by no means particular as to the quality or variety of the viands placed before them. The biscuit, cheese and ham stood no chance in their presence, and a bottle of strong *eau-de-vie*, which gave an exhilarating zest to the meal, was considerably reduced by the time they rose from table. This worthy commandant can neither read nor write, and the business of his office is transacted by a white clerk, who signs even his name.

As soon as permitted the captain and myself went on shore, and as is requisite, paid a visit to the commanding general. We found *Guillaume* at his door in dishabille, giving orders to a subaltern officer, who stood cap in hand, bowing at the conclusion of every sentence the general uttered. He received us politely, and after we were seated on his piazza, refreshed us with a glass of claret and water, a mode of displaying hospitality which is established by universal custom throughout the island. This officer is black, of about thirty years of age, and has acquired some renown as a military character. His manners were reserved, and his air rather intended to inspire a stranger with



ideas of his importance, a method of enforcing respect, practised by most of the distinguished personages of the country.

We spent the remainder of the day in viewing the town, and visiting our countrymen, of whom we found two or three established in trade. Port de Paix has once been a neat pretty town of apparently three or four hundred houses, but conflagrations have reduced it to a pile of ruins, and it now exhibits much the same appearance, as so forcibly attracted my attention when I first visited the Cape. It has a small and tolerably good road for shipping, and is well defended by fortifications, but its local situation in the vicinity of extensive marshes, renders it exceedingly unhealthy. Vessels here have in frequent instances lost the whole of their crews, and there is scarcely an example of one making any considerable delay in the port, without having experienced sickness on board. The water of the town is not potable, but a stream called *Les Trois Rivières*, which discharges itself into the sea within the distance of a mile or two of it, furnishes an abundant and wholesome supply to the inhabitants, to whom it is conveyed by beasts of burden. In addition to these disadvantages, the town from its particular site, is favoured with but a very small portion of that delightful sea-breeze, which adds so much to the salubrity of the places under its influence. You may perhaps be surprized that a spot so miserably circumstanced, should ever have been selected for a town, and that that town should have arisen to so much commercial importance as Port de Paix once held. This shall be accounted for. The situation is in the immediate neighbourhood of the fertile parishes of St. Louis, Moustique and Jean Rabel, which produced in former times an abundance of the finest coffee raised in the island, and still continues so to do, though in a reduced quantity. The coffee of this quarter, particularly that of Moustique, is distinguishable by the smallness and rotundity of its grains, from the generality produced in other parts, and bears a great resemblance to the Mocha. The harbour of Port de Paix, being protected from the violence of the easterly winds by a point of land, and from that of the northern by the island of Tortugas which is directly in front of it, at the distance of about three leagues, (advantages enjoyed

by no other anchorage in that vicinity) afforded the most eligible seat for the establishment of a mart, to which the produce of that part of the island could be transported for sale, and from which it might be exported.

At the present day its population is reduced to a very diminutive number, and its demand for foreign commodities proportionably small. Its inhabitants are miserably poor, and perhaps the facility of getting houses to live in for the mere pains and expense of repairing them, may be the only inducement for many to reside there. These circumstances together with its proximity to the Cape render it impracticable to dispose of an entire cargo, without much delay and hazard from sickness, and it is therefore seldom frequented by foreign vessels. The principal part of the coffee produced in its vicinity is transported to the Cape in boats, but the government sometimes issues orders upon that quarter for large parcels, in payment of its national debts, in which cases vessels sail there to receive it.

On the morning of the sixteenth we set sail and pursued our course for the Cape. As there was considerable danger even in this short distance of being captured by the French, we thought it prudent to take a native pilot, who being acquainted with all the small harbours on the coast, might be able to assist us in escaping should we be pursued by an enemy. A head wind and an adverse current prevented us from performing our passage with expedition, for it was not until the night of the seventeenth that we arrived off Picolet. That fort has so complete a command of the entrance of the harbour, that we did not think it prudent to venture too near it in the dark, but preferred to lie off and on, until the morning. This we did, and at eleven o'clock of the eighteenth anchored before the town. We were immediately visited by the interpreter and the lieutenant of the port, who conveyed us to the shore in their boat which carried a flag and six *gens d'armes*.

Without a moment's delay, not even sufficient to exchange salutations with our countrymen who were assembled on the wharf in expectation of letters and news from home, we were hurried by the interpreter to the offices of the captain of the port and commandant of the place, where the report of our vessel

was respectively entered. Thence we proceeded to the house of the general in chief, Christophe, who received us with civility, and made several inquiries relative to the existing state of affairs in Europe and the prospects of peace, subjects extremely interesting to the chiefs of Hayti. Upon this occasion I made before the general a little *faux pas*, the particulars of which I will relate, to give you a specimen of the politeness of a Haytian gentleman. Having been in the island once before, I knew the value of newspapers to the Americans, and was also perfectly aware of the difficulty of getting them again, after they had once been in possession of the officers of the government. On these accounts I had determined upon denying that I had any, and what my pockets would not contain, I snugly concealed in the crown of my hat, previously to leaving the vessel. When his excellency asked me if I had any, I replied in the negative, under the persuasion, that in so harmless a case as this, the *end* would excuse if not justify the *means*. No sooner had we left the room, than the interpreter to my astonishment said to me, "When you told the general that you had no newspapers, why did you let him see into the inside of your hat?" I was no less surprized at the discovery, than chagrined at the unguarded action by which it was produced; but although I was not positively convinced that the general had perceived the papers, I was sure the interpreter had, and as I felt myself indebted to his urbanity in not exposing my hat, I could not refuse to lend them to him upon his promise to return them, which he strictly adhered to.

There are now resident at this place of our countrymen about twelve or fifteen, and a few English and Irish gentlemen, who are ranked in the class of *American merchants*, we being at this day the only people carrying on the commerce of the island. Our society is pretty much confined to ourselves, for except by special invitations to festivals or balls, there is very little social intercourse supported between the natives and the Americans. This arises principally from the disposition of both to associate with those of their own colour and language, and partly from the pride of the former, who do not by any means feel disposed to be intimate and familiar with the whites. I speak of the nabobs of the country, who being the present

lords of the soil, assume all the pompous dignity and consequence of noblemen. Those of a middling class among the citizens are much inclined to be civil, and such of the Americans as are desirous of cultivating their acquaintance, find no difficulty in so doing. But what is lost in attention from the warriors, *statesmen*, and other grand dignitaries of the empire, is amply compensated by the kind reception which is every where met with from the *fair sex*, by our gallant countrymen, who are lovers of beauty under whatever coloured veil it may appear.

A description of the persons and characters of the women, constitutes a very important branch of the duty of the traveller, who undertakes to write an account of any particular nation; and I should consider myself as falling very far short in my respect for the ladies, were I to pass unnoticed the gay and sprightly damsels who make so conspicuous a figure in the *beau-monde* of Hayti, or who display their charms with such fascinating lustre at the imperial court of *Jacques the First*. I anticipate the smile which will be excited, as you picture to yourself a *sable* belle decorated in all the splendor and taste of fashion, tripping down the mazy dance, and rivalling even the very Graces, in a display of her accomplished movements and graceful attitudes. But pardon the interruption, I mean not to embellish my narrative with such fancy coloured descriptions, as your imagination may invent, but to delineate the Haytian ladies in their true *colours*, that you may yourself form a judgment of their merits. You, as well as others must know, that the inhabitants of the United States have been accustomed to see people of colour in no other capacity than that of slaves, servants, or labourers, without education and consequently incapacitated for any stations in life but those of the most humble nature. This being the case, they have very naturally imbibed certain prejudices, which have become so habitual as to be with difficulty removed. They are accustomed to consider all those who are possessed of even a single drop of African blood in their veins, as belonging to the class of negroes, and the only idea they are disposed to form of people of colour, is founded upon what they have been in the constant habit of wit-

nessing. Thus it is extremely difficult for an American to believe, that there can be in this island, mulatto men who have been brought up by their white fathers, with all the care and attention, which parents usually bestow upon their legitimate offspring, who have been educated at colleges in France, and who are accomplished classical scholars. Yet the fact is so, and perhaps when this information is premised, it may not appear so extraordinary, that among the Haytian women also, many should be found who are adapted for a different sphere of life, from those of our own country.

During the existence of the ancient system of colonial government, which was terminated by the French revolution, when peace and tranquillity held their united empire within the bosom of this then happy island, Hispaniola possessed in a profuse degree, all that wealth and luxury, which the fertility of its soil was calculated to produce, and the inclinations of its inhabitants predisposed to enjoy. Hospitality then extended her downy wings over the splendid mansion of every opulent planter, and with joyful welcome invited the sun-oppressed and weary traveller, to partake of the festive board of her generous patron. But unfortunately it not unfrequently happened, that tokens of domestic kindness, and of zeal for the accommodation of the guest, were not confined to the social pleasures of the table, or the unbounded varieties with which it was loaded. A looseness of morals had by degrees been introduced, which corrupting the virtue of a chaste hospitality, transformed her sacred rights into the lewd practices of a brothel. The master too was not ashamed to indulge in a similar illicit and disgraceful commerce with his *own* female slaves, and hence was produced a race of people, whose approximation in colour to the white, advanced with every new generation, until in the year 1789, a population equal to *four fifths* of that of the whites, was extended over the island. As the colonies became gradually more and more accustomed to the sight of persons of a mixed blood, it was in the same proportion deemed less discreditable in a white father to rear and educate his coloured child. But a deep-rooted prejudice against people of colour as regarded their claims to any degree of rank, so completely governed the European as well

as the Creole white, that a woman of the latter complexion would never associate with one of the former, neither was a coloured man permitted to hold any office under the government or practise any liberal profession, although many of them were men of education, and proprietors of great estates. Had not this bitter prejudice been carried to such an unlimited extent, it is highly probable, that the unhappy revolution which has caused so much banishment and bloodshed, would never have terminated as it has, for the mulattoes would have had no cause for revolt, and without their talents and counsel it could never have been successfully conducted. But to return from my digression.

The women of Hayti, like those of all other communities, are composed of various classes, according to their stations in life. I shall consider them under the three general heads, to which I think they may with propriety be reduced. The highest class, or *first circle*, comprizes the ladies, and daughters of the chief officers military and civil, the maids of honour attendant upon the empress, and her daughters the *princesses*, and a few women of *degree*, who are perhaps related to, or very intimate with, some of the families of distinction. Of this rank, there are some of all colours, from the lightest shade, to the purest black. In the second or middling class, may be included the wives and daughters of merchants, subaltern military officers, mechanics, and the great body of shopkeepers, mantuamakers, and milliners. The division of labour is here so justly apportioned, that all the easy light work, such as that of retailing dry goods, belongs exclusively to the women. By this means they are enabled to support themselves respectably, and to be highly useful to their country, for in consequence of their industry, more men are left to devote their services to the various military and agricultural employments, for which they are required. Of this class, there are likewise some of all colours. The lowest class, composed of servants, plantation wenches, washers of clothes, &c. are nearly all black. You will seldom see one of a lighter shade than the *mulatresse*, and of that colour but very few.

That particular portion of them which is the most likely to attract the attention of strangers, is composed of those who belong to the three, lightest shades of colour called *quinterone*,

*quarterone* and *mistive*. The great body of these women are handsome, and many of them beautiful. The short curly wool of the negro is lost in their fine long flowing tresses of hair, and there is scarcely any thing in their appearance which indicates the least consanguinity to the black. The colour of many so far from appearing to be produced by the mixed nature of their blood, resembles entirely the effect of the sun and climate, and there are not a few of a much lighter complexion than some American *brunettes*. Their persons, particularly those of the *young* women, are generally slender, and well proportioned, their features delicate, and their deportment lofty. Their mental acquirements are generally limited, though many of them have excellent educations. But in some accomplishments they are by no means deficient. They sing with elegance and melody, play on the guitar with judgment, and dance with gracefulness. Of these fashionable amusements they are extravagantly fond, but of others again they are entirely negligent. I have never seen, for instance, a Haytian lady seated at a gambling table, with a pack of cards in her hand, exhibiting a countenance expressive of such interest as if her whole happiness was involved in the issue of the game. Their leisure time is employed in pursuits of industry, and as they excel in all the nice branches of needlework and embroidering, they are enabled to procure a maintenance. Their language, which is the refined Creole, (for even this simple tongue has its various dialects and styles) is extremely fascinating, and with the soft and melodious accents with which it is artfully uttered, is well adapted to the science of making love, and is often successfully displayed.

The Haytian lady is excessively fond of dress, and in her *costume* exhibits a great deal of taste and neatness. Jewels, trinkets and rings of considerable value and splendour form a considerable part of her wealth, but the article which is more highly esteemed than all the rest of her wardrobe together, is a fine *Madrass handkerchief* for her head. So great is the predilection for this article, that if a Haytian lady was in want of one, and at the same time of an *under-garment*, and had only money enough to purchase one, she would buy the former. A single *Madrass handkerchief*, of a singular and beautiful pattern,

has been known to sell for *sixty-four* dollars, to such extent has vanity and extravagance been carried.

The Haytian ladies are haughty, proud and disdainful, artful, high-spirited, of jealous dispositions, and very apt to tear caps, scratch, and pull hair, if any dispute arises between them upon affairs of love. Pugilistic encounters are therefore not uncommon. In their social intercourse however with each other and with strangers, they are polite, ceremonious, and complimentary. They pay great attention to their health by the frequent use of the bath, and are always clean in their dress. Their teeth are of the purest white, to preserve which they continually rub them with a kind of soap-stick, and the constant use of the most fragrant perfumes, completely subjugates all native odours.

Marriages are not frequent. I recollect of hearing of but one, the ceremony of which was performed in church, and it created a sensation of envy and jealousy throughout the whole town. The bride was a young *mulatresse* of character and respectable connexions; the women considered it as a public declaration made by *mademoiselle*, that she was resolved not to conform to the established custom, as setting a higher value upon her reputation, and that of consequence, she considered her claim to chastity as superior to theirs. But although the connubial ceremony is usually omitted, states of concubinage, preceded by regular courtships, are adopted in their stead, which oftentimes continue during the life of one of the parties. In this state fidelity is as much revered as though enjoined by the solemn contract of a priest or magistrate, and it is under this system of domestic establishment that many of the officers and their ladies live. The emperor is married, and has several daughters, as is also the general in chief, who has a family of young children growing up. It is worthy of remark, that it is extremely rare, that a woman of colour resides with a man of a darker shade than herself. The husbands are generally of a lighter cast than their wives, though instances are not wanting of women nearly white, being married to, or what is equivalent to it, residing with men perfectly black. This, however, I presume only occurs in instances where *great men* have been con-



cerned, and where the female has sacrificed her feelings to her ambition.

The women all assume the appearance of chastity. Those who are of a respectable class, and above the temptations to which poverty might expose them, really are so, and the number of those is exceedingly small, who are so degraded as to be classed with the common women of our country. They are very much attached to the whites, insomuch, that did the subject rest with them, they would most heartily unite in the restoration of the colony to its former proprietors. This observation will hold good of nearly all the women, even those who are black, excepting indeed the ladies of officers and men in distinguished stations, whose ranks would be affected by such an event. From their having been spectators of so much revolutionary horror and carnage, the Haytian women have acquired a degree of courage and heroism which is by no means common to the female sex. But yet this masculine temper of mind is in no way indicated by any harshness of manners, for the same softness which should everywhere characterize the female, is fully preserved in their deportment.

Although I have drawn lines of distinction by which the women are classed into different grades, yet I should observe, that the intercourse between those of the two highest is upon so familiar a footing, that they appear to be upon an equality. Their stations in life, alone mark the difference, and I have not observed that the ladies of great men, often assume much consequence upon the superiority of their ranks, in their conduct to inferiors.

Having thus given you as particular an account of the *fair sex* of Hayti, as my present acquaintance with them, enables me to do, I shall leave you for a while that you may endeavour to reconcile my account with the ideas you had formed of them, when under the influence of prejudice.

R.

TRANSLATED FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## THE FALSE PRINCE OF MODENA.

*(Continued from page 77.)*

It must be acknowledged too that there were some surprising things about him. In the midst of the most absurd, childish gambols, his actions preserved a sort of dignity. Never, whether with women, whom he was extravagantly fond of, or in the unpleasant situations he afterwards found himself in, did he for an instant lay aside the character of boldness and pride which he at first assumed. He always showed himself disinterested, liberal without profusion, living on the purses of others as he would have done on his own, without seeking to amass for the future, without throwing away his money like a man who has but a short time to enjoy it. His education, which was far from finished, appeared to have been commenced with attention and even with a degree of refinement. He had confused ideas on the subject of the different sciences, and spoke, though not well, French, Italian, and German; he had some acquaintance with the Latin language, but it was very slight. He wrote too very ill, but drew tolerably, and rode very well on horseback. His mind yet unformed had vivacity and correctness; and if we except the ridiculous fables and vague discourses with which he was obliged to support his pretensions, he always answered the serious things which were said to him with great sense, dignity and precision.\* As to the goodness of his head and the firmness of his character, he gave daily proofs of both by the manner in which he managed his household, composed of people picked up by chance, and who detested each

\* Soon after his arrival at Martinique, before he left the Cul-de-sac Marin, he was amusing himself in a court-yard with chasing a guinea-hen, which was shut up there for his amusement; when the curé of the parish made his appearance in order to harangue him, and at the same time to ask of him some assistance for his church, "What good can I do to it," asked the youth. "It is tumbling down, my lord, and ought to be rebuilt." "I am not powerful enough," said he, "to build on the territory of the king of France." "My lord, we only ask you to lay the first stone." "Mr. parson," replied the prince, "when I lay the first stone, I also lay the last," and he returned to chasing the guinea-hen.

other. Without entering into their quarrels and their jealousies, he obliged them to live with decency towards each other; he forced them to respect him, notwithstanding the familiarity in which they lived with him, and the pranks they were witnesses of, every hour in the day; and this respect which he had inspired them with, was retained by them to the last moment. There are people destined, in a manner, by nature, to play a part which fortune has not confided to them. The incredulous in the island, supposing that any such remained, might have asked themselves, if this is not a prince, what the deuce is he? and indeed the question would have been one very difficult to answer.

The most inexplicable thing perhaps in all this, was the serenity and tranquillity he enjoyed. He never betrayed a moment of uneasiness. Far from dreading the arrival of the numerous strangers whom peace attracted to the island, he earnestly sought their acquaintance. The arrival of a new face was a festival for him; and among all these strangers, it was his chance that not one of them was able to give the lie to his pretensions. One gentleman had indeed seen the true prince at Venice, but it was some time before. He had met him at a shop where this prince had unmasked himself, after having broken, by way of amusement, about thirty thousand livres worth of looking-glasses, which he had afterwards paid for. The person, who had been guilty of such a piece of extravagance, might very well have committed that of coming to Martinique; and a man's having played foolish pranks, was no proof of his not being the prince of Modena.

Des Rivières was not yet returned, and the rainy season was approaching. The prince began to be apprehensive about his health; people began to think that he cost rather too much money. He determined to take his departure; no objection was made to his doing so. After seven months' residence in Martinique, he embarked for France, in the merchant ship *the Raphaël*, of Bordeaux, taking with him all his servants, besides a chaplain, and Garnier, king's physician in the colony. On going on board, he hoisted the admiral's flag; the fort saluted him—he is off.

A fortnight afterwards arrives Des Rivières. At Paris, people had laughed at him and his prince of Modena. He was come

back with orders to have his highness tried; but they were six months giving him these orders; and the people of Martinique, who could not believe that what had appeared a matter of so much importance to them, could be treated so lightly at Paris, said that the intention had been to give the prince time to leave the island, in order to avoid the necessity of confining his visit to it, which was probably a mere youthful frolic. The marquis de Caylus, who did not choose to have been frightened for nothing, pretended too that there was something under all this; in the mean time, to show that his fright was over, he arrested Nadau and the principal adherents of the prince. But the latter had ordered them, when he went away, to suffer with patience, for his sake, whatever disagreeable occurrences might take place, which he had promised to recompense them for; they therefore bore their misfortune very patiently, and their calmness was not without its effect upon the rest of the colony. Besides, there were many obscure things in the account Des Rivières brought back. He had seen the dutchess of Penthièvre, who had asked him, "Is he like me?" "As like as two drops of water, madam," answered Des Rivières. "It is a pity," resumed the dutchess, "for he will be hanged." But Des Rivières declared that when she said this, she did not look as if she spoke seriously.

It is true likewise that the messenger sent by Liewain was come back; that he had heard at the duke de Penthièvre's, and among his servants, Liewain called a madman, and his prince the lowest of blackguards; but he added, that when he was going away, he was called back by a footman who was sent to him by the dutchess; that this lady had asked him many questions, with an air of interest; and the same footman had told him, when showing him out, that for some days past there had been much weeping at the hotel of Penthièvre. Whether all this were true or not, it was not the less probable in the eyes of the inhabitants of the colony. At the same time, Liewain had received an answer from the duke, who pitied him for having allowed himself to be imposed upon; but who, (in consideration that his conduct had proceeded from zeal for the family, and that his credulity was excusable, seeing that of the persons at the head of the colony,) consented to share the loss\* with him, continued him in his

\* What Liewain had given amounted to about 50,000 crowns.

agency, and assured him of his protection. The duke's kindness appeared an additional proof; it must be added, moreover, that the minister, who cared little who was the adventurer that had played the part of the prince of Modena, had written word that the pretended prince was no other than a deserter from the *tartars*\* of the company of Noailles. People's minds, at first overcome by so terrible a catastrophe, had quickly recovered themselves. A tartar! said they; a man who has evidently received a good education, of a noble and delicate complexion, with fine blue eyes, beautiful light hair, remarkable freshness, a skin like a woman's, hands, if possible, whiter still; this a tartar! a soldier's servant! nonsense; it cannot be a tartar, therefore it is a prince; and the minister does not know what he says, or rather does not choose to say what he knows.

All this time the ship Raphael was sailing with the prince towards Europe, where adventures of a new kind, and more extraordinary, perhaps, than those he had experienced at Martinique, awaited him. We give the recital of them, drawn up from the report sent by Dr. Garnier, who, as we have before mentioned, had accompanied his highness.

—quæque ipse miserrima vidi  
Et quorum pars magna fui.

Such was the lamentable text of Garnier, who at the moment he was writing, though a martyr to his belief, was only rendered the more firm in the opinion he had embraced, by his sufferings.

Nothing remarkable had occurred during the passage. The prince had shown himself, as usual, firm and authoritative even, when he chose to be so; always master over the others, though not always so over himself. He had inspired the whole of his little troop with respect, beginning with his chaplain, the Dominican O'Kelly, a kind of grenadier missionary, whom he had obliged, it was said, to be sober enough to get drunk but once a-day, and so modest as not to forswear his religion whenever he opened his mouth. In the intervals of sea-sickness, from which he suffered much, he played at cards with his confidants; and when he

\* *Tartar* was the name given, in the king of France's household troops, to the servants who waited on the soldiers of those corps.

had exhausted their purses, he would throw his own on the table, oblige them to share it among them, and they would begin the game again.

He appeared ardently desirous of arriving in Europe, and above all to be able to leave the ship, his sea-sickness tormenting him violently; so that on making the coast of Spain, he desired to be put on shore, saying that he would pursue his journey by land. It has been pretended that his intention was to avoid the French territory; but what advantage could it be of to him to go to Spain? It would have been so much more simple to have been put on shore at Antigua, as they sailed by that island! There, once in the British dominions, having nothing to fear or disguise, he might have enjoyed in peace the fruits of his industry, which it would have been easy for him to have rendered much more considerable than they were. He did not adopt this plan; why? what were his motives, his hopes? nobody knows.

See him now landed, under a salute of cannon, at Faro, a town of Portugal; he is announced as a prince, and no suspicion is entertained of his being an impostor. He demands a courier, that he may send him to the duke of Modena's charge d'affairs at Madrid; he also asks for the means of being conveyed with his suite to Seville, where he intends to wait for his messenger's return; all are at his orders. He sets out for Seville, as tranquil and as gay as he had ever been, occupying himself with nothing but paying his court to all the pretty women he sees, and making love to them so much like a great lord, that one night he wanted to force, with a pistol in his hand, a husband to give his wife up to him. If things did not take place exactly as he wished, they had at least none of the serious consequences which might have happened, and he reached Seville safe and sound, preceded by a great reputation for gallantry.

All the women were behind the blinds of their windows to see him pass; all the people of rank in the city came to pay him their respects; they gave him entertainments; he returned them, and on occasion showed himself magnificent and gracious; in a word he turned the heads of the Sevillans, especially the women, as he had done those of the inhabitants, male and female, of Martinique. During the day, he was almost always in company; at

night it was not so easy to know what had become of him; and however little mysterious his gallantries were, he sometimes disappeared so completely, that the marquis d'Eragny, who began to entertain some suspicions, was apprehensive more than once, that he had made his escape. As for him, without any apparent uneasiness but what was occasioned by the delay of the courier he had sent to the minister of Modena, he seemed to wait with impatience for his return.

At last, one day when he had requested the intendant to give him a dinner at his country-house with some ladies, he arrives with his suite at the rendezvous, where he finds neither the intendant nor the ladies, which surprises and displeases him much. He sees the preparations for dinner, but nobody to receive him. After a while, the intendant makes his appearance with a packet of letters in his hand, and accompanied by the court-alcayde, with some of his officers. "My lord," says he to the prince, "his majesty orders you to be under arrest, until he shall have determined on what shall be done with you. I shall conduct you to the little fort you see yonder; it is there the king desires you to remain."

The prince expresses great surprise, but answers the intendant without embarrassment; "I am born a sovereign as well as he; he has no right to command me, but he is master here; I consent to the arrest which he puts me under."

He is conducted to a small tower, where were stationed a lieutenant and a few invalid soldiers; he is left without being locked up, and is requested to name those of his suite whom he wishes to have about his person. He desires Rhodéz, his physician, and his chaplain, to be sent to him. He then examines his new lodging, which he is by no means satisfied with; he declares that there is no staying in it; that it would kill him. The lieutenant observes to him that he is on his parole. "I promised," answered he, "to stay in a place that should be inhabitable." "I have no orders," replied the officer, "to use force against your highness." While this is passing, O'Kelly makes his appearance, the prince sends him privately to the convent of Dominicans, with a message requesting to have a bed in their house, and stating that he will there wait for the king's orders. The monks consent to receive him; he leaves the tower, quietly, through the

door, which had been left open, and the lieutenant, who really had received no orders, dares not oppose his departure.

Once in the Dominican convent, it was no easy matter to get him out.\* It became necessary to open a negociation with the provincial of the order, and with the archbishop of Seville; the nuncio's authority was brought into play. At last the Dominicans agreed to wave their privileges, and to allow the prisoner to be seized in their house, provided this could be effected without bloodshed.†

The officer charged with the execution of this duty, enters the prince's chamber, his hat in one hand, his sword in the other, and says to him, "surrender, sir, by his majesty's order." But the young man in an instant arms himself, and springs into a corner of the apartment, protesting that he will put to death the first person who offers to touch him. He is surrounded with bayonets; he opposes these with his sword, and at the same time deals about him such violent blows with it, that the prescribed condition became impracticable. The guard retire; in the meantime the populace assembles at the door; the affair is quickly known throughout the city. The government is censured both for what it has done, and what it has not done; the women, especially, are indignant at the violence committed against the stranger. What a shame to treat thus a young man, so handsome, so noble, so generous, so brave! he is a prince beyond all manner of doubt, and such a prince as there are very few who resemble him; it is scandalous to ill use him so!

The agents of the government, who were made sensible by this fermentation of people's minds, of the necessity of quickly terminating the business, renewed their negociations with the Dominicans. The latter, at last, consent to deliver up their guest themselves; but the thing was difficult to execute. He never stirred but with a brace of pistols at his girdle; when sleeping they were placed under his pillow; at table they were on each side of his plate; and for greater surety, he always ate alone, in his own

\* The convents in Spain are privileged; those who take refuge in them cannot be forced away.

† These details, which Garnier could not be acquainted with, are taken from a letter written by a Dominican of Seville, to father Serre, a Dominican of Martinique.



room, with his face fronting the door. However, a plan was fixed upon. They had appointed to wait on him a young lay brother; gay, vigorous, and active, whose services were well received, and whose good humour diverted him much. One day this man, who always stood behind his chair during meals, had been telling him a story which was probably very droll; the prince held his sides for laughter. The young monk seized his opportunity, laid hold of both his arms from behind, and at the same moment stamped on the floor with all his might. Immediately the alguazils, who were concealed close by, made their appearance. The poor prince is carried off, and thrown into the darkest dungeon of the most infamous prison in the city, *el cataboer de los Pulos*; chains are fastened round his waist, his legs, and his hands; they load him to such a degree with fetters, that to use the expressions of Dr. Garnier, "he resembled a bundle of pieces of iron; they must have been greatly afraid of him."

In this situation they bring before him the marquis d'Eragny, Garnier, and Rhodéz, who had been probably arrested when he had left the fort. "See," they were told, "if this be a prince, and ask him from what motive he has deceived you." His spirit did not appear in the least cast down; he expressed astonishment at the violence with which he was treated, was grieved that his friends should suffer such humiliation on his account; but he promises them they should have justice; he expected it of Europe, of God, of his sword. "Never," exclaims the enthusiastic Garnier, in his account of this interview, "never did he appear more like a prince, more superior to the rest of mankind, than under the pressure of the unworthy fetters with which he was loaded."

Four and twenty hours afterwards, he is conducted to the council-hall, in order to undergo an examination. "You have no right to ask me questions," said he to his judges; "my name is sufficient to inform you, that being born your master, I owe no account of my conduct but to God. I am called Hercules Rinaldo d'Este, son of the reigning prince, and of Charlotte Aglaé," &c.

He was asked, "Have you not endeavoured to withdraw the island of Martinique from its allegiance to the king of France?"

"I have no answer to make to a question so totally without foundation."

Here ended the interrogatories; the judges retire, and the scene changes once more. Instead of leading the prince back to his dungeon, he is established in the council-chamber, the only lodgeable room in the prison, which is fitted up commodiously for his use. For the enormous heap of chains, sufficient to bear down an elephant, is substituted a polished iron ring, round his ankle, of about three ounces weight. He is supplied with paper and ink for his amusement, (for he was not allowed to send letters to any body,) and also with books, and drawing pencils. They place a special guard in the prison on his account, commanded by a captain and a lieutenant of infantry, and these officers are established permanently near his person, and are searched with the greatest severity whenever they leave his apartment: In the meantime, the people of his suite are interrogated respecting the pretended project of exciting the colony to insurrection; they answer by shrugging up their shoulders, and immediately, without further process, without re-examination, or confrontation, the principal personage is condemned to the galleys, or hard labour in Africa, and his followers are banished the territory of Spain. The details of the sentence were stated to Garnier in his prison by the clerk of the court, a Frenchman by birth, and whom the former had inspired with a friendship for him. The clerk, when telling what had passed, added, "all this is very extraordinary; I cannot understand it."\*

\* On Garnier's inquiring of this clerk, what could have given rise to the idea of exciting a revolt in the colony, he informed him that it originated with the French court, where the pretended prince was accused of such a project. We have already stated that the marquis of Caylus, by way of excusing his weakness and folly, had declared his apprehension, that the colony would revolt; but the French minister despised this accusation; and the pretended actors in this pretended insurrection of the prince's adherents, who had been arrested by the marquis's orders, were liberated very soon afterwards, without any trial. Nadau alone was ordered to France, to give the account of his conduct; but M. de Caylus dying about this time, nobody took any interest in the prosecution of Nadau, the family of Penthièvre took no part against him; so that he got well out of the scrape, and returned to Martinique, probably less persuaded of the story, than he had been on setting out, but still supporting the same opinion. As for Dr. Garnier, he retained the same sentiments to the last. The marquis d'Eragny, who had gone to France, was rather less firm in the faith. The others have been lost sight of.

Before the sentence could be carried into execution, the prince, who remained in prison, had found means to open a correspondence with his friends. He informed them that his table was well served, that he was well treated, in short that he wanted nothing except wine and snuff which were refused him. He had won the hearts of the officers who guarded him. These gentlemen carried away his notes rolled up between their fingers, and as they were not searched, when they came in, they brought back in their pockets the wine and snuff, which were furnished them by Garnier, Ferol and d'Eragny, who were also in prison but less closely watched.

It was now time to set off for Cadiz, where the convicts destined to the king's works at Ceuta, in Africa were assembled. A coach with six mules appeared at the door of the prison, the whole garrison of Seville was under arms. The prince came down, dressed in a handsome scarlet coat, his head well powdered, leaning on the arm of the captain who guarded him, and supporting with a rose colored ribbon, the little fetter which embarrassed him when walking. He was helped into the carriage by the captain and the lieutenant, and these officers followed him into it. They set off escorted by the little troop to whom the guard of the prince was entrusted, and were driven through Seville between two rows of infantry who lined the streets.\*

On the prisoner's arrival at Cadiz, he was conducted to the fort de la Carragna, which commands the harbour. The commandant of the fort was informed that he should be answerable

\* It has been said that an insurrection in his favor was apprehended. It is most certain that people's imaginations were singularly excited on the occasion, there were bets laid in Spain to the amount of sixty thousand dollars, on the question whether it was or was not the prince of Modena. The court forbade any wagers to be made; and this appeared the most extraordinary circumstance of all. The betters went in quest of the true prince; they were a long time without finding him. He was at that time neither at Modena, nor at Reggio, nor at Massa Carrara. It was said he was at Venice; but four public notaries certified that he had not appeared there. One would have thought that he hid himself on purpose to keep up the uncertainty, and to give the usurper of his name, time to lay aside in Africa, the title he had assumed in America and brought with him to Europe.

for him; but the order mentioned at the same time that he was to be treated *con maniera*, with attention and respect. This officer was a Frenchman, named Devan, who had risen to his present rank by his merit: *when I make myself answerable for a man, body for body*, answered in French, this old soldier, after reading the order, *I know but one maniera of treating him, which is to put irons on his hands and feet*. Then the intendant, who had also received orders, caused the prince to be transferred to the ordinary prison, where an apartment was handsomely fitted up for his accommodation. He excited an extreme curiosity in all the inhabitants of Cadiz; but nobody was allowed to see him. The intendant wished to make an exception in favour of his own sons; the prince refused to receive their visit, and even caused them to be dismissed in a humiliating manner.

When the time arrived for the convicts to set out for Ceuta, he was put on board of a separate vessel from the other galley slaves. Just as they were setting sail, a secretary of the intendant made his appearance; he brought with him what remained of the proceeds of the sale of his equipage, out of which had been deducted the amount of the expenses incurred for and against him. The sum was from seven to eight hundred rials.\* "Ah! Ah!" said he, "the intendant chooses to make me his almoner!" then, raising his voice, "sailors, the intendant is very generous, here is some money which he makes you a present of." He distributes the money among them in presence of the secretary, and away they sail.

Nadau, on his return to Martinique, received a present of a gun and a pair of pistols of Barcelona manufacture and of exquisite workmanship. This present was accompanied by a letter from the prince, in which, after some excuses for the trouble he had caused this officer, he informed him that he was at Ceuta in the Cordelier convent, where he was kindly treated and enjoyed sufficient liberty. He pretended to have been visited by Aly-Obaba, brother to the emperor of Morocco, who had offered him forty thousand men and artillery in proportion, to attack the Spaniards, but being restrained by motives of honour and religion, he had refused the proffered service. The interview had however gone off very well. Aly-Obaba had given

\* About 200 livres.

him a rich pelisse, and he had returned this present by giving him two Lyons waistcoats, which he had just received. He concluded with informing Nadau that he had had a letter from Louison, a mulatto, one of the two valets-de-chambre, who followed him to Europe; that the poor fellow had complained to him that he was out of employment, and attacked with a disorder which required an expensive treatment, he had therefore caused him to be put under the care of a skilful surgeon at Cadiz, whom he had paid for the purpose, and had at the same time forwarded to Louison, money sufficient to get back to Martinique. He in this manner, by actions, as well as by words, supported the character he had assumed, and this is assuredly not the least remarkable part of his history.

Liewain received also a letter, but it contained only civilities. He condoled with him on the losses he had suffered on his account, and gave him hopes that he should indemnify him for them, at some time or other. These letters were both the first and last from him. It appears that tired of his confinement, however commodious it had been rendered, the young man found means one day to make his escape. A merchant ship anchored about this time in the road of Gibraltar. The captain who was an Englishman, went ashore and told the commanding officer that he had on board his vessel the person so famous throughout the country by the name of the prince of Modena, and that he asked leave to come on shore. "Let him take care how he does so," answered the commandant; I would treat him *con maniera*, in the English style, and he should be imprisoned immediately."\* The captain took his word for it; he set sail

\* The above conversation took place in the presence of a French officer of engineers in the service of the East India company. The commandant added some circumstances relative to the manner in which the pretended prince had lived at Ceuta. He was served in plate by the monks, and treated with great respect. As he was passionately fond of riding on horseback, and the enclosures of the convent did not afford a sufficiently large field for this exercise, he had caused a wall which separated a couple of orchards to be taken down, and here he used to hunt deer, wild or tame, which were procured for the purpose. It was thought the monks tired of their guest, had favoured his escape.

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again, and with him disappeared for ever this extraordinary individual, leaving no other trace of his existence behind him; but the remembrance of an enigma which is probably inexplicable.

Note by the editors of the Archives Literaires, from which the above is translated.

The account we have here laid before our readers appears to us to unite the interest of a novel with the precision of history. It is extracted from an authentic Memoir, sent some years ago to one of the ministers of Louis the 15th; who gave a copy to one of our associates. We have done no more than abridge the Memoir, and amend its style, which is very incorrect, but no alteration whatever in the facts has been admitted. We have even thought proper to preserve some trifling details, the unimportance of which attests, in our opinion, the fidelity of the narrative.

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#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

##### A COMPARISON BETWEEN HOMER AND THE SACRED WRITINGS.

THERE is, as has often been remarked, a chastity, sublimity, and eloquence, in the sacred writings, beyond the ability of uninspired mortals to rival. Although this proposition has often been broadly asserted, it may not be uninteresting to examine it somewhat in detail, and to establish it by incontrovertible examples. And first, when we introduce the example of that tremendous Being whom we worship, let it not be thought that we cite such awful instances to amuse the literary indolence of our readers; that we mean to festoon his holy altar with the flowers of criticism, as a worthy substitute for that homage of the heart, which he enjoins as the test of our fealty and allegiance. Longinus, who felt a reverence for Homer little short of idolatry, and who, in his Treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful, made his writings the standard of illustration, with all the contempt of his nation for the Jews, prostrated his prejudices, and paid his literary adoration to that Divinity, who spoke the fountain of light into existence. The mind of this great critic was probably at that time torn by two conflicting sensations, his contempt for the Jews, and his reverence for the writings of Moses.

Literature was his predominant passion, and of course triumphed in the struggle. Let then the example of this illustrious heathen warn Christians of their duty. Let them believe that a book that could arrest the approbation of Longinus, is at least worthy of being read. Thousands and thousands professing Christianity, have dwelt with rapture on the passages of Homer, which this critic has cited with approbation, while they feel no pleasure in his commendation of the book on which their temporal and eternal happiness is dependent. May it not be a paradox in the ears of future ages to be told that the Scriptures were revered by an *heathen* and despised by a *Christian*? It is much to be lamented that the system of ancient mythology, which swayed the mind of Longinus, prevented him from taking a large and expanded view of a question so important. He could not break the fetters of his idolatry, and contrast the puny Jove of Homer with that mighty Deity, who is the object of our adoration. Homer, as before remarked, was confessedly the idol of Longinus, and he has deigned to cast an eye of approbation on the writings of Moses. Let us then compare the presence which the Sovereign of the universe makes in the two volumes. Homer thus describes the flight of Jupiter to mount Ida, to survey the battle between the Trojans and the Greeks:

“He call'd his coursers, and his chariot took,  
The steadfast firmament beneath them shook:  
Rapt by the etherial steeds, the chariot roll'd,  
Brass were their hoofs, their curling manes of gold:  
Of Heav'n's undrossy gold the god's array,  
Refulgent, flash'd intolerable day.  
High on the throne he shines; his coursers fly  
Between th' extended earth and starry sky.  
But when to Ida's topmost height he came,  
(Fair nurse of fountains and of savage game);  
There from his radiant car the sacred sire  
Of men and gods releas'd the steeds of fire.  
Blue ambient mists the immortal steeds embrac'd;  
High on the cloudy point his seat he plac'd;  
Thence his broad eye the subject world surveys,  
The town and tents and navigable seas.”

Here, the chariot of the heathen deity appears peculiarly

grand—the firmament is made to tremble under the coursers' feet; but the god himself seems subordinate; he is indeed represented as "shining on his throne;" but this part of the description is so general, and the other so minute, that our eyes turn involuntarily to the contemplation of his chariot. To this we may oppose with success the following passage from the Psalms: "He bowed the heavens, and came down, and darkness was under his feet. And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly, yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind. He made darkness his secret place, his pavilion round about was dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies. At the brightness that was before him his thick clouds past, hailstones and coals of fire." Here we behold a picture, not portrayed with the serenity of Homer's pencil. All is tumultuous, awful, grand and majestic. Here is strikingly displayed the amazing difference between fancy and inspiration. Homer enters the presence of his Deity with a familiarity untempered with awe, and conscious of the elevation of his subject—he leisurely meditates, he heightens, he embellishes. On the other hand the Psalmist, full of divine horror at the spectacle, pours forth his description with all the tumult of prophetic fear, and appears to tremble and recoil while he speaks. The heavens are shaken by the presence of the Deity, the mighty winds the vehicles of his movements; but when we venture to prolong our gaze, and to ascertain the appearance of an object so terrific, the Psalmist, sinking beneath the weight of inspiration, exclaims, "darkness was his secret place, his pavilion round about was darkness and thick clouds of the skies." This has been the custom with the most celebrated masters of the pencil to veil with benevolent darkness what they felt themselves incompetent to execute, and to leave to the agitated imagination of the spectator to supply the deficiency of their pencils. How poor does Homer's *Ida* appear, when contrasted with *Sinai*; those two mountains, which were made the respective residences of the heathen and Christian Deities? "And it came to pass on the third day in the morning, that there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount (*Sinai*), and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud, so that all the people that was in the camp trembled." "And all the people saw the thunders and the



lightnings; and heard the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking, and when the people saw it, they removed and stood afar off." Here we observe the same magnificent harbingers as David did announcing the approach of the Deity, and the same terrific darkness involving his presence. Longinus cites the following passage from Homer as an instance of the sublime, and soars into raptures in his comments. The inferior divinities, by Jove's permission, mingle in the Grecian and Trojan contests.

" But when the powers descending swell'd the fight,  
Then Tumult rose; fierce Rage and pale Affright  
Varied each face; then Discord sounds alarms,  
Earth echoes, and the nations rush to arms.  
Now through the trembling shores Minerva calls,  
And now she thunders from the Grecian walls.  
Mars, hovering o'er his Troy, his terror shrouds  
In gloomy tempests and a night of clouds;  
Now through each Trojan heart he fury pours,  
With voice divine from Ilion's topmost towers;  
Now shoots to Simois from her beauteous hill—  
The mountain shook, the rapid stream stood still.  
Above, the Sire of gods his thunder rolls,  
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles.  
Beneath, stern Neptune shakes the solid ground,  
The forests wave, the mountains nod around:  
Through all their summits tremble Ida's woods,  
And from their sources boil her hundred floods.  
Troy's turrets totter on the rocking plain,  
And the tost navies beat the heaving main.  
Deep in the dismal regions of the dead,  
Th' infernal monarch rear'd his horrid head,  
Leapt from the throne, lest Neptune's arm should lay  
His dark dominions open to the day,  
And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes,  
Abhor'd by men, and dreadful even to gods.  
Such war th' immortals wage, such horrors rend  
The world's vast concave when the gods contend."

There is not probably a passage in all Homer, that condenses more sublimity than the present one. We may be allowed to remark, that as all the heathen deities were agents, it behoved the

poet to give full reins to his fancy, to meet the majesty of his subject. Whatever an uninspired imagination could do, has accordingly been done. The great objects of nature are grouped together with a happy facility, and we feel a sublime composure while we dwell upon the spectacle. Our minds are exhilarated and delighted; but there is a vacancy left. We admire the stretch and extent of the poet's imagination, and are pleased with such exquisite architecture, composed of such frail and frangible materials. Amidst all this bustle and tumult there is an agent wanting, of sufficient dignity to excite it, and when the real one appears, we wonder why he was ushered in with such preparatory dread. The very Deity, who is the cause of all this disturbance, when he participates in the battle, will act the part of a common soldier or a prophet, as the case may require. We naturally then compare his introduction with his agency, and ascribe exclusively to the poet what he intended should belong to the Deity. The reader may determine from the different impressions made on his own mind, when we produce the passage we oppose, on which side his judgment inclines. John, one of the disciples of our Saviour, is designated a poor and unlearned man, as a fisherman, and who will not therefore be supposed to have recourse to the meretricious ornaments of fancy to emblazon his narrative. His purpose, above all things, was not to write a poem commemorative of the capture of a town, or the death of a hero, but honestly to tell what he saw and what he suffered. It was not his object to swell a fact beyond its proper dimensions by the aid of fancy, but to find words of sufficient dignity to express the grandeur of the fact. Let us now see how this poor fisherman dares to contend with Homer himself for the palm of sublimity. "And I saw a great white throne, and him who sat thereon, and earth and heaven *fled away from his presence, and no place was found for them.*" All comment on this noble passage is needless; the imagination totters under a load too ponderous to sustain, and acknowledges the presence of a Deity by such unavailing efforts. We wish to notice one further peculiarity, one marked, discriminating feature between the two portraits of the Deity, presented to us in the pages of Homer and of divine inspiration, viz. in the former the august personage, when speaking,

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describes not only the task to be done, but the means by which he prepares to attempt its execution. Jove, with all his power and prerogative, is made to speak with all the precision of a mechanic. Homer seems fearful of making his Deity act without means, although he allows him omnipotence; thus it is an omnipotence in words only. The Christian Deity, on the other hand, conscious of the plenitude of his power, scorns such tame auxiliaries. The Jupiter of Homer often trifles with his omnipotence, and dissipates his splendor; in confirmation of which remark, we will cite the following passage, where he imparts consolation to Achilles's horses:

“ Unhappy coursers, of immortal strain,  
Exempt from pain, and deathless now in vain,  
Did we your race on mortal man bestow,  
Only, alas! to share in mortal wo?  
For ah! what is there of inferior birth,  
That breathes or creeps upon the dust of earth;  
What wretched creature of what wretched kind,  
Than man more weak, calamitous or blind?  
A miserable race! but cease to mourn:  
For not by you shall Priam's son be borne  
High on the splendid car: one glorious prize  
He rashly boasts, the rest our will denies;  
Ourself will swiftness to your nerves impart,  
Ourself with rising spirits fill your heart.  
Automedon your rapid flight shall bear  
Safe to the navy through the storm of war.  
For yet 'tis giv'n to Troy to ravage o'er  
The field, and spread her slaughter to the shore;  
The Sun shall see her conquer, till his fall  
With sacred darkness shades the face of all.”

The horses, it appears by the sequel, derived much consolation from this learned and elaborate comment on the destiny of mortals. The poet, however, takes care to inform us that the consolation did not flow from the discourse itself, moral as it undoubtedly was, but from the special intervention of Jupiter.

“ He said: and breathing on the immortal horse  
Excessive spirit, urg'd them to the course.  
From their high manes they shake the dust, and bear  
The kindling chariot through the parted war.”

And it is not unworthy of observation, that the character of Homer's Jupiter does not stand single and preeminent, but is confounded with that of subordinate divinities. He asks counsel of the other gods; and not unfrequently resigns his own opinion to theirs. When he finally resolves, the other powers testify a reluctant acquiescence, and their homage is paid not to that divinity, but to the thunderbolt he bears. In truth, this seems his only symbol of sovereignty which the minor divinities acknowledge. On the one side we observe external reverence, and, as is the case with all inferior tyrants, covert treachery and fraud. On the other side we discover wavering and indecisive resolutions, enforced by the preeminence of thunder alone. Whenever Jove promulgates his edict, he anticipates opposition, and the lightning glares in almost every word that issues from his lips. We can but set in opposition to this the first chapter of Genesis throughout. Longinus contents himself with the admiration of one particular passage, whereas the whole bears an uniformity of stamp. The Deity said "let there be light, and there was light;" but he also said, "*let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear, and it was so.*" He said "*let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself upon the earth; and it was so.*" "And God said, *let there be lights in the firmament of the heavens to divide the day from the night, and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and for years,*" "*and it was so.*" "And God said *let the earth bring forth the living creatures after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth, after his kind, and it was so.*"

But Moses in this very chapter has, in one or two instances, deemed this general and comprehensive form of expression too definite and precise. After having given us to understand that the word of the Deity is creative, as manifested by former examples, he thought it mere surplusage to recapitulate the idea. He says "let us make man in our image after our likeness, and let him have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing, that creepeth on the earth. So God created

*man in his own image," &c.* Here is true omnipotence, an omnipotence, not idly boasted of in words, and then abandoned in actions; for we are made to understand that the word is the action itself. Moses does not say that man was created as the Deity had ordained by the word of his mouth; but assumes that fact for granted, and simply says—"So God created man in his own image." There is the same self-conviction of omnipotence in every word that the Christian Deity utters. When the Israelites were pressed by the Egyptians behind, and opposed by the Red Sea in front, they cried to heaven for protection, and the reply to Moses was "Wherefore criest thou to me? speak to the children of Israel, that they go forward." The Red Sea formed no obstacle to Almighty Power, and the Deity does not condescend to inform Moses in what manner omnipotence was to be exerted. Our Saviour, at the tomb of Lazarus, maintains the same bold and confident language, and without explaining the mode of his agency, exclaims, "*Lazarus, come forth.*" Here, then, the broad distinction is drawn between the Deity of the heathen and the Deity of the Christian theology. Homer, with all the efforts of his muse, could not lift his imagination to the height of such transcendent agency. He could not conceive of workmanship destitute of labour; or, to speak more perspicuously, that the *word* of the Deity should perform what he commanded should be done.

There are many passages in holy writ, that require some nicety of examination, before their intrinsic beauties can be discerned—such, for instance, as the present, "light is *sown* for the righteous, and joy for the upright in heart." This clearly imparts that the joys of the just are to be placed beyond the present sphere of existence; the joy is "*sown*," and the harvest is to be reaped *hereafter*. This is not, however, the whole scope of the passage: how beautifully, and yet how succinctly expressed is the plenitude of that joy betokened by a *harvest*, and how small and insignificant a grain in comparison is our present felicity, denoted by the *seed*! The incapacity of language to express the extent of Divine attributes is manifested by the reply of our Saviour to the Jews, as grammatically incorrect as the sentiment conveyed is rigidly just. "Then said the Jews unto him, thou

art not yet fifty years old, and hast thou seen Abraham? Jesus said unto them, verily, verily, before Abraham was *I am*." The human character of Christ is by the words "*I am*," sunk in his omnipotence, and an ever-existing Deity is immediately revealed, to whom a "thousand years are as one day," who measures time not by the past or future, but to whom both the past and future are absorbed in the present. Longinus, in proceeding to enumerate the beauties of Homer, cites the following passage:

"Meantime, the monarch of the watry main  
 Observ'd the thunderer, nor observ'd in vain.  
 In Samothracia, on a mountain's brow,  
 Whose waving woods o'erhung the deeps below,  
 He sat; and round him cast his azure eyes,  
 Where Ida's misty tops confus'dly rise;  
 There, from the chrystal chambers of the main  
 Emerg'd, he sat, and mourn'd his Argives slain,  
 At Jove inflam'd, with grief and fury stung,  
 Prone down the rocky steep he rush'd along;  
 Fierce as he past, the lofty mountains nod,  
 The forests quake, Earth trembled as he trod,  
 And felt the footstep of the immortal god.  
 From realm to realm three tow'ring strides he took,  
 And at the fourth the distant *Ægæ* shook.  
 Far in a bay a shining palace stands,  
 Eternal frame! not rais'd with mortal hands:  
 This having reach'd, his brass-hoof'd steeds he reins,  
 Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes:  
 Refulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,  
 Immortal arms of adamant and gold.  
 He mounts the car, the golden scourge applies,  
 He sits superior, and the chariot flies;  
 His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep.  
 Th' enormous monsters, rolling o'er the deep,  
 Gambol around him on the watry way,  
 And heavy whales in awkward measures play.  
 The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,  
 Exults, and owns the monarch of the main;  
 The parting waves before his coursers fly,  
 The wondering waters leave his axle dry."—

In this resplendent passage we have collected in a mass the sublimity and grandeur of Homer's imagination. The island of

*Ægæ* sinking beneath incumbent Divinity, the bold personification of the waves, that leave the axle of the chariot dry, from homage to their sovereign; the monsters of the ocean, that attend him in his passage—all combine to usher in the presence of the god with appropriate magnificence and grandeur. We will just remark that the horses of Neptune, whose “hoofs are of brass, and whose manes are of gold,” bear in this instance a strong resemblance to the steeds that conveyed Jupiter to mount *Ida*, in the passage above quoted; for of both Homer has said “*brass* were their hoofs, their curling manes were *gold*.” Does this fill the mind with such majesty as the vision of Saint John in the island of *Patmos*? “And I saw a mighty angel come down from heaven, clothed with a cloud, and a rainbow was upon his head, and his face was as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire! And he set his right foot upon the sea, and his left upon the earth, and cried with a loud voice, as when a lion roareth, and when he had cried seven thunders uttered their voices. And the angel, that I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth, lifted up his hand to heaven, and swore by Him that liveth forever and ever, who created heaven and the things that are therein, and the earth and the things that are therein, and the sea, and the things that are therein, that time should be no longer.” We will not dim the splendor of this passage by a single comment.

From the following expression of Saint Paul, he appears to have been conversant with the Grecian poets. In his exhortation to the Athenians, he says, “as certain of *your own poets* have said, in God we live, and move, and have our being,” the language of Homer. The apostle, it is well known, designates the Christian warfare in the following manner. “Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all to stand. Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness, and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye will be enabled to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked; and take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God.” Now it is far from being improbable that the apostle had his eye upon the celestial armour of

Achilles in the above mentioned passage. What Homer designs as the sport of his fancy is thus applied to purposes far more noble, and appropriated to spiritual use. The apostle seems thus to have pointed the fable of the Grecian bard, and to have disciplined his fancy to the comfort of the Christians. Many poets have attempted versions of the poetical passages of the Bible; but although this may be necessary for the purposes of social worship, it does beyond doubt impair the simplicity and majesty of the dialect. The Scriptures then speak a language not their own, which is but too often prone to captivate the taste of those, who can see no charms in beauty when disarrayed of ornament. This taste resembles that of the silly fop, who is reported to have cast an eye of cold regard on the sparkling eyes and ruddy cheeks of a beautiful nymph, and to have fallen in love with her necklace.

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THE SALAD, NO. II.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

BY CORNELIUS CROTCHET.

*Ætas parentum, pejor avis tulit,*

*Nos nequiores.*

*Hor.*

Our fathers have been worse than theirs

And we than ours.

*Roscommon.*

SENECA, in his seventeenth epistle, severely arraigns those, who impeach nature and fortune, for their unequal dispensations toward mankind, as if it was not in the power of every one, to make or mar his own peculiar happiness. It is virtue, as the elegant moralist continues, and not an illustrious ancestry, that confers the true nobility. What is all the power of wealth, the pomp of office, or the pride of heraldry abstracted from other good? Such factitious advantages, may surely, for a while purchase the applause of the venal, extort adulation from servile imbecility, or impose upon credulous ambition; but how short is the period of their duration, and what a multitude of vexatious embarrassments mingle the spirit of bitterness, with the luxury of their enjoyment! On the contrary, virtue imparts blessings that endure forever. It is derived from the Divinity himself; and he, who possessess it, unsullied, may claim some affinity,



with the fountain of all honour and glory.. Before its lustre, the pageantry of diadems and stars and garters fade away, and are lost in oblivious shade. Philosophy looks not for pedigree. Socrates was the son of a stone-cutter and a midwife; Aristides owes his fame, not to a splendid lineage, but to his spotless character, and Zeno was presented with a golden chaplet and entrusted with the keys of the Athenian citadel, solely from the consideration of his superior integrity and justice.

My ancestor, Cadwallader Crotchet (a brief memoir of whose life I promised in this paper) could plume himself little on his descent. His father was originally a poor haberdasher of English extraction, residing in Wales; his mother was a native of the north country. It is somewhat singular, that the first and only pledge of their love, came into the world, on the twenty-second day of July 1706, the very epoch, at which the treaty of Union was signed. All hailed this coincidence as an omen, propitious to their prosperity and advancement. Certain it is, that the wares soon after sold more briskly and at a higher price. Success stimulates avarice, and every accession of fortune excites a stronger disposition to scheme and speculate. The parents of my grandfather began to think they had remained too long supine, and contented with a condition much below mediocrity. They determined to fix their eye upon a better prospect. After framing a variety of projects, which were regularly discussed by the fire side, every night, before supper, they at last determined to embark for America. Agreeably to this resolution, all the household goods and chattels, together with the entire stock in trade were sold to the best bidder, and in the succeeding spring, the family performed their destined voyage

They settled in the ancient dominion of Virginia and assumed the profession of husbandry. Unmingled felicity has been long since, banished from the world; but when it was the portion of primeval purity, its presence was only manifested in the walks and bowers of Eden. The largest effusion of its spirit, permitted to be still enjoyed, is found in its old retreats. The rustic life presents more blandishments than any other lot of man. If it be humble and homely, it is also honest and unsophisticated. If it be full of toil, it is likewise free from hazard. The cultiva-

tor of the soil, can be under no obligation, save to the great God of nature; and a dependence on Him is the sweetest liberty.

The new emigrants felt all those blessings, securely realized; and in the course of a short period, acquired a very easy competence. In the meantime my grandfather, increased in years, and discovered a sprightliness of genius, a docility of mind and benevolence of heart, seldom united in the same character. Every day added to his stock of knowledge, and matured virtue into habit. At length having attained his nineteenth year, and completed his classical studies, upon a bed of justice solemnly held, it was decided, that he should be sent to the college of William and Mary. A particular fund arising from the tolls of a small mill on the farm, and from the sweet-potato patches under his mother's jurisdiction were appropriated to defray the expenses. After a long closet lecture on economy and diligence, he was despatched to seek the benefits of *Alma mater*.

As soon as he had reached the favourite seat of the Muses, and matriculated, he applied himself to science with an ardour, which neither the voluptuousness of youthful fancy could abate, nor the fascination of the circean bowl betray. Nothing transported him more than to converse with Wisdom, in her most secret recesses, or wander among her delicious parterres. His retired manners, and studious mode of life soon engendered ill nature amidst his idle classmates; for the contrast imposed a scandal on them. The ladies of the city, too, exclaimed against that cold and austere philosophy, which it was not in the power of their charms to dissolve away. Thus my poor grandfather was made a butt for the coarse ribaldry of paltry jesters.—Ridicule is infinitely worse than defamation. Its shafts may be effectually cast by imbecility itself. They are so baited, that the slightest touch infuses the most dangerous poison. The heart of this unoffending victim, filled with sensibility of the liveliest kind, was wrought up to agony. The only solace he experienced was in the communication of his feelings to a fellow student, with whom the most intimate intercourse had been cherished—Aristotle, according to Diogenes Laertius, being asked "What is friendship?"

answered, "one soul in two bodies." Such was the friendship, which subsisted between the young collegians.

They consulted together, and it was determined, that my grandfather, should, for a while, mingle with the world, in order to dissipate the cloud of prejudice, which was rising against him. His disposition was naturally social, and he accordingly devoted a portion of time to the indulgence of it. There was something singular in the sudden change from a state of scholastic apathy, to one of merriment and *gaite de cœur*; but it produced a happy effect. For he, who had been previously subject to the dislike of his own sex, and the neglect of the other, was now caressed by both. One circumstance was however seriously lamented—his heart had firmly withstood the sieges of Beauty, and seemed too firm a fortress to be reduced either by sap or open breach. He was then thought entirely incapable of the tender passion, and it was predicted, if he ever experienced it, that like the brother of Charles II, he would marry some deformed and hideous Sedley, by way of *penance* for the misprision; or like old Pygmalion be punished with the love of a cold and lifeless statue. How often erroneous are our judgments of each other!

My grandfather after his metamorphosis sometimes gratified his humour in playing off all the hairbrained eccentricities of the place. Among other crinkum-crankums, was the following. An election, for burgesses to the general assembly, was going forward; and a large number of freeholders had rode from the country to exercise the right of suffrage. Their horses, ready caparisoned in all their habiliments, stood tied to the same rack in the court-yard. A number of good-humoured wags, passing by, it was suggested, that each man should select a steed, for the purpose of proving his mettle in a race. The hero of my story being one of the knot, thought himself highly fortunate in his choice, for he mounted a courser, that bounded and curvetted in the air, and scarcely seemed to touch the ground. He was in a short time very far beyond his companions, and checked the rein. It was however to no purpose. The horse was conscious of being near home, and impatient to be nearer still. He dashed forward with the rapidity of lightning, and having arrived at his

owner's gate, with a strenuous leap cleared the impediment; but left my ancestor senseless on the earth.

It was a fine evening in spring. The farmer's family had collected in a cool and shady lodge, at a small distance from their cottage, to enjoy its freshness and tranquillity. They observed the accident, and with fearful steps hastened to the spot where it occurred. Nothing could exceed their astonishment, when they beheld a beautiful youth, extended before them—his sandy locks were distained with blood—his eyes half-closed had lost their lustre and were fixed on vacancy; and the expression of his countenance seemed to indicate, that his pilgrimage was drawing to a close. *They were filled with compassion. They bound up his wounds, pouring in wine and oil, and carried him to their house, and took care of him.* It was not until toward night fall, that my grandfather recovered from the delirium; and beheld at his bed-side a female (the only child of his host) who sat like a ministering angel, watching every movement, and ready to apply any anodyne. She possessed features of the nicest proportion; and the purple light of youth, playing over them, imparted all that interest, which grace and intelligence could bestow. Her form was perfect harmony. Such charms might have awakened sensibility, even in the heart of a phlegmatic dervise. What effect must they have produced upon him, to whom they were at that time devoted?

The husbandman having walked home, visited his sick guest, and cordially forgave him, for the inconvenience which he had been subjected to. My grandfather felt serious contrition, although he was innocent of any intentional offence. He was most kindly and hospitably attended, until he was able to resume his academical duties, when he departed from the cottage, with blessings on its friendly inmates.

The welcome of his former associates, on his return, seemed a dull formality. He again banished himself from their communion, and like a wild enthusiast, pensively wandered in unfrequented paths to indulge the feelings of his bosom. He often visited his new rustic acquaintances; and became entirely enamoured of the lovely daughter.

A season of festivity was now arrived, when all the gay, and fashionable of the neighbourhood, assembled at the metropolis, to enjoy pleasure or to court admiration. Among the rest the dulcinea of my grandfather appeared; and immediately became the theme of praise and the object of passion. He attended all parties and openly avowed himself her devotee. To illustrate the desperate thralldom, in which he was confined, I shall relate an anecdote, that I have heard him tell a hundred times. The whole city were preparing for a splendid ball; at which he, likewise desired to be present, and to display himself, with all possible advantage. It was a standing maxim with him, that practice and discipline, are the father and mother of success. He therefore imagined, that the best plan would be, to subject himself to a rehearsal of his part in the entertainment. Accordingly he retired to a double row of elms, near the university; and by a strange prosopopœia fancied them to represent so many fair damsels, and gallant carpet knights. The goodliest tree was selected; on it, he engraved 'the adored name,' and approaching it, with an air of the most elegant refinement, he hoped, that miss Euriphilè was in good health and spirits. Then presenting her with an enormous bouquet, made up of pinks, roses, marygolds, narcissus and thyme, he hoped she would be pleased to accept of them. In imagination she seemed to smile benignantly upon him; and he again hoped to have the *supreme happiness* of her company in a minuet. Whereupon she consenting the dance is commenced, and he goes on, slipping and bowing—skipping and bowing, sliding, sliding and bowing—and bowing sliding and siding, until it is finished, when finally he hopes to have the agreeable office of procuring her some kind of refreshment. The whole winds up by his pulling out of his pocket a flame-coloured taffeta fan, with which he politely ventillates the favoured elm. All this ludicrous scene was observed by a young sophomore, who concealed himself in a neighbouring thicket-hedge, and afterwards excited much laughter against the amorous swain engaged in it. But he confessed the joke by a quotation from Terence.

In amore hæc insunt omnia.

which he *liberally* translated in the words of old Pollonius "This is the very ecstasy of Love," or he averted it, by telling a story on the bishop of Cloyne.

When Berkely, bishop of Cloyne, was at Trinity college in Dublin, curiosity induced him to visit the scene of a criminal execution. Returning home, he desired to know his feelings, experienced by an unfortunate malefactor, during this unpleasant ceremony; and determined to prove them by actual experiment. His companion, *Contarine*, equally inquisitive with himself, kindly provided the proper apparatus, and skilfully tucked up the right reverend inquirer to the ceiling of his own room. The chair being removed which was under his feet, he immediately lost the use of his *seven* senses; and this plausible investigation was well nigh being frustrated, by the complete stoppage of the philosopher's windpipe, for when the cord was severed, he fell down apparently lifeless—It was a great while, before the application of *sal volatile*, and a thousand chymical essences could bring him to his reason. *Contarine* was by compact, to make a second trial; but observing the result of the first, declared, he was thoroughly satisfied, and politely excused himself from the obligation.

My grandfather's sentiments were fortunately reciprocated; and the death of his parents, which happened soon after, leaving him sole owner of their estate, the season of bitter tears and filial sorrow was succeeded by the fruition of the choicest matrimonial felicity. He lived to behold a numerous circle of children, and children's children, collected around his fireside; and I have seen the old man, in the midst of this little merry group, shake his gray hair's with ecstasy, and more happy than the grandest emperor of the earth.

Young, under the sway of his habitual melancholy, persuaded himself "that fools are ever on the laughing side;" had this charitable gownsman, ever shaken hands with my venerable progenitor, the line would never have been written. *He* always maintained the sweetest temperament, and you might see smiles playing about his lip, which told you, in as plain English, as smiles could speak, that his heart had not the weight of a feather pressing

upon it. Notwithstanding he was a firm friend to religion, and by his example did more service to it than one half of the saints and martyrs and enthusiasts that crowd the calendar. He regularly attended divine worship; and like the pious Dr. Campbell, never passed a church, without pulling off his hat.

A taste for literature never forsook him, and in his hours of leisure he generally speculated on some original topic. I remember one theory which was his constant hobby-horse—it seems to have been suggested by mons. Buffon's reasoning, in regard to the formation of the West India islands, and the probable state of the gulf of Mexico, in the beginning of the continent. After a regular system of ratiocination, he solemnly determined, that all the country below Montreal, would in the course of a short time, be inundated, by some stupendous convulsion of nature to the north, during which, the contents of the lakes would be entirely discharged. This *young deluge* was to extend to Virginia, agreeably to the common principles of hydraulics; and by way of preventing any damage, which might possibly accrue to his lands, he actually drew around them a strong dike, two cubits and a half high; being by precise arithmetical calculation, half a cubit higher than the waters were to rise. Searching the other day among the pigeon-holes of his book-case I found a dusty, musty manuscript, in the old gentleman's handwriting; it includes his opinions and prophesies on a large variety of subjects, and I shall diversify the Salad with some of its contents.

Here let me arrest my volant goose-quill, begging a thousand pardons of my courteous reader, for having detained him so long, and perhaps so uselessly.

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MY RIDICULE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

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*Suavis est, et VEREMENTER SAEPE UTILIS jocus et facetiae.*

CICERO.

ON fine days, about the noon tide hour, I generally sally out, and, to recreate my mind, wearied with morning study, I instantly plunge into the most populous parts of the city, and gaze most pleasurably and steadfastly at the numerous charmers I meet. My interesting countrywomen are not less distinguished for the taste and elegance of their dress, than for the loveliness of their persons, and the decorum of their behaviour. Hence, as I have some passion for dress myself, I frequently surprise my attention in the very act of staring at Spanish cloaks, brilliant shawls, and spotless muslin, almost as eagerly, as at tight ancles, and sparkling eyes. Any graceful novelty, which the ingenuity of the ladies introduces in their attire, always attracts my regard; and while epicures are looking at rounds of beef, and botanists at a tulip, or a daisy, I can speculate for an hour on a gorgeous bonnet, or a jaunty beaver.

Many moons ago, in Fashion's calendar of capricious vicissitudes, I have frequently made a full stop in High street to watch a fair one, crossing my path, with her *ridicule*, gracefully dependant from her arm, or swinging most provokingly at her side. The gay colours of this bewitching article have seemed to me not much less glorious than the tints of a vernal rainbow. Sometimes my eyes have been refreshed by all the softness of emerald green, and sometimes dazzled, with imperial purple, the yellow of the topaz, and the radiant flame of the ruby. In short, I have been so much in rapture with this same *ridicule*, that I determined, tother day, to be not unprovided myself. I accordingly entered into an investigation of the character of my purse, and after the severest scrutiny, finding, to my astonishment that this bankrupt was actually worth one dollar, in company with my hundred cents, I marched most undauntedly into the first shop I found open, and very valiantly exchanged them for a small shred of the greenest silk, which could be procured. This, by my counsel, and the aid of the little French milliner, was quickly metamorphosed into the shape of a small satchel, which snugly repo-



sited in a side pocket of my sable surtout, I intend as my portable repository for all fugitive papers, that have any relation to the topics of *ridicule*.

All my remote, rustic, and unlearned readers must be apprised that the fashionable ridicule, which forms part of the drape of the fair, is, in fact, a sort of pouch, intended as a graceful substitute for the awkward pocket of the petticoat, which has so frequently marred the personal symmetry of our aunts and our grandmothers. I am credibly informed, on the authority of certain gallants, who are admitted to a nearer intimacy with the nymphs and graces, than my bashfulness can aspire to, that this sort of ridicule is nothing but a mere receptacle for thread, ribbon, needles and tassel; and contains no *literary* papers, but such *billets doux* and assignation cards, as the genius of a Philadelphia Lovelace may happily dictate. But *my* ridicule is quite another affair. I carry it constantly with me, in no despair of filling it with a mass of more solid materials. Any inquisitive loungeur, who may watch me narrowly in the streets, or at the theatre, will perceive that the *inside* pocket of my thread bare coat, on the left side of my person, and in the immediate vicinity of my heart is remarkably prominent, conspicuous and distended. All this is in consequence of the swollen state of my spleeny ridicule. In fact, my ridicule, like the *leathern coat* of the persecuted stag in Shakspear's forest, is stretched full, almost to bursting. The contents shall soon be visible; I shall exultingly harangue at the display,

" And, if I'm not a *roaring boy*,  
Let Gresham College judge it;

Come then, archest Humour, with a *roguish twinkle* in thine eye, come solemn Irony, concealing thy face of ridicule with a vizor mask, nor leave my darling Pascal, my Swift and my Gibbon lagging far behind; come Banter, with thy *quips and cranks*; come, *Laughter, holding both thy sides*; come, Sarcasm, with thy bale of bitter wormwood; come, Sncer, with thy turned up nose, turned and cocked up, much higher, than the coquet nose of gypsy Roxalana; come Parody, with monkey mischievousness, turning tapestry the wrong side out. Come, Waggishness and Jest, in full

communion with that holy friar, the pious Rabelais; and lastly come, Contempt, looking down from thy proud pedestal on the fantastic follies of mankind; aid me with all your magic powers, while I chastise the absurdities of the age. Supply me with all your nettles, loan me all your whips; and let me in my scourging mood, spare nothing but the sanctity of religion, the purity of morals, the honour of the fair, the majesty of genius, and the dignity of literature.

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MY BROWN STUDIES—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Just when our drawing rooms begin to blaze  
 With lights, by clear reflexion multiplied  
 From many a mirror, in which he of Gath,  
 Goliath, might have seen his giant bulk  
 Whole without stooping, towering crest and all,  
*My pleasures too begin.* But me, perhaps,  
 The glowing hearth may satisfy awhile  
 With faint illumination, that uplifts  
 The shadows to the cicling, there by fits  
 Dancing uncouthly to the quivering flame.  
*Not undelightful is an hour to me*  
*So spent in parlour twilight:* Such a gloom  
 Suits well the thoughtful, or unthinking mind,  
 The mind contemplative, with some new theme  
 Pregnant, or indisposed alike to all.  
 Laugh ye, who boast your more mercurial powers,  
 That never felt a stupor, know no pause  
 Nor need one; I am conscious and confess,  
 Fearless, a soul that does not always think.  
 Me oft has fancy, ludicrous and wild,  
 Sooth'd with a waking dream of houses, towers,  
 Trees, churches, and strange visages, express'd

In the red cinders, while with poring eye  
 I gaz'd, myself creating what I saw.  
 Nor less amus'd have I quiescent watch'd  
 The sooty films, that play upon the bars  
 Pendulous, and foreboding in the view  
 Of Superstition, prophesying still,  
 Though still deceived, some stranger's near approach.  
 'Tis thus the understanding takes repose  
 In indolent vacuity of thought,  
 And sleeps and is refreshed. Meanwhile the face  
 Conceals the mood lethargic with a mask  
 Of deep deliberation, as the man  
 Were task'd to his full strength, absorbed and lost.  
 Thus oft, reclin'd at ease, I lose an hour  
 At evening, till at length the freezing blast  
 That sweeps the bolted shutter, summons home  
 The recollected powers; and snapping short  
 The glassy threads, with which the fancy weaves  
 Her brittle toys, restores me to myself.

COWPER'S Task.

By one of those casual associations, formed sometimes in childhood, sometimes in youth, and sometimes in maturer years; one of those associations which would puzzle all the wisdom of the Egyptians to analyze, my passion for solitude increases, as the day declines, and I am always peculiarly pensive at the twilight hour. In merry spring time, when the weather is soft and inviting, in the dusky hours of ardent midsummer, and invariably during my autumnal vespers, I go out, like the contemplative Patriarch, *to meditate in the field at even tide*. But in the dolefulness of December, the inclemency of January, and the boisterousness of March, I sequester myself in the deepest shades of study, and emphatically *love the life remote*. By the legacy of a remote relation, there has lately been bequeathed me a very curious couch or *sofa*, which, I am credibly informed, was manufactured by a poetical upholsterer, exactly after the model of that, on which the immortal Cowper reclined. At the head of this vehicle of repose, I have contrived, by the aid of a sharp penknife, and the keener acuteness of the *little French*

*milliner* to cut a sort of pouch or pocket, just sufficient to contain *two* cigars. These while I smoke, with a sort of sacred solemnity and diplomatic deliberation inspire a train sometimes of merry but oftener of mournful reflections, which constitute the evening's reverie. During the tranquil hour, at which I indulge myself with the most delicious cates of intellectual luxury, I am sometimes at peace with myself, and the world. The rude asperity, the foul injustice, and the turbulent clamour of the multitude are forgotten. Complacency has her ample reign. *Vacuna*, goddess of leisure, hovers o'er my happy head,

Glowing visions gild my soul  
And life's an endless treasure.

At other, and less genial moments, when my head throbs with anguish, or my heart with anxiety, when "the bleak affliction of the peevish East" assails every nerve, or the black demon of Misanthropy whispers the most injurious suggestions at the expense of *poor human nature*, I am then like BURTON's melancholy man, and not even the placid power of tranquilizing tobacco can restore me to repose. *In an hour so rude*, I strive to summon, at a call, all the valiant troops of mind. I court all the consolation of philosophy; and by intense thought, or ardent application struggle to mitigate, though I may not banish the ills of life.

I have long been of opinion that a simple and honest record of my emotions and habits, at those hours when the majority of mortals are in a state of lethargy, might be useful to some and agreeable to others.

Now wintry night falls. In fleecy flakes, the silent snow descends, and clings to my casement. The hoarse wind moans through the sullen street, the \* *knell of parting day is tolling*; the † *laboured ox, in his loose traces, from the furrow comes*, and the drudging drayman urges his toil no more. Now, whatever sound of gentle or rude is without, all is solitude and silence within. My study is my kingdom in the profoundest peace. Seated on my throne of tranquillity, I involve myself in my Spanish mantle, and suffer vagrant thought to run to and fro,

\* Gray.

† Milton.

as the wanderer will. I throw the reins on the neck of Fancy, and permit that horse aerial to scamper at pleasure over a boundless expanse. With what budget this same steed will return, after this rhapsodical commencement of the *animal's* journey must be referred to the scrutiny of those who may take the trouble to peruse our next speculation.

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#### AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

I HAVE always been of opinion that modern Englishmen are too partial to many of the Scottish writers. These have their value; but to prefer the style of lord Kames to that of lord Bolingbroke, the phrase of Campbell to the phrase of Harris, the periods of Thomson to the periods of Pope, is a most outrageous and absurd preference. Our opinion is strongly supported, by one who was not only a Scotchman himself, and a very judicious critic, but a more successful emulator than any of his countrymen, of Addison's luckiest expression. I allude to Dr. Beattie, who in a familiar letter, thus refutes a standard opinion, at least on one side of the Tweed. His conclusion is perfectly modest, as it respects Caledonia, and perfectly just as it respects the genius of South Britain.

"We, who live in Scotland, are obliged to study English from books like a dead language. Accordingly when we write, we write it like a dead language, which we understand, but cannot speak; avoiding, perhaps, all ungrammatical expressions, and even the barbarisms of our country, but at the same time without communicating that neatness, ease and softness of phrase, which appears so conspicuously in ADDISON, lord LYTTLETON, and other elegant English authors. Our style is stately and unwieldy, and clogs the tongue in pronunciation, and smells of the lamp. We are slaves to the language we write, and are continually afraid of committing *gross* blunders; and, when an easy, familiar, idiomatical phrase occurs, dare not adopt it, if we recollect no authority, for fear of Scotticisms. In a word, we handle English, as a person who cannot fence, handles a sword; continually afraid

of hurting ourselves with it, or letting it fall, or making some awkward motion that shall betray our ignorance. An English author is the master, not the slave of his language, and wields it gracefully because he wields it with ease, and with full assurance that he has the command of it. In order to get over this difficulty, which I fear is in some respects insuperable after all, I have been continually poring upon Addison, the best parts of Swift, lord Lyttelton, &c. *The ear is of great service in these matters*; and I am convinced the greater part of Scottish authors hurt their style by admiring and imitating one another. At Edinburgh, it is said by your critical people, that *Hume, Robertson, &c. write English better than the English themselves*, THAN WHICH, in my judgment, THERE CANNOT BE A GREATER ABSURDITY. I would as soon believe that Thuanus wrote better Latin than Cicero or Caesar, and that Buchanan was a more elegant poet than Virgil or Horace. In my rhetorical lectures, and whenever I have occasion to speak on this subject to those who pay any regard to my opinion, I always maintain a contrary doctrine, and advise those to study English authors, who would acquire a good English style."

I have an aversion both for the levity and licentiousness of the *harlot* Muses, who were worshipped by their lewd adorers, amid that profligacy, which immediately succeeded to the puritanism of Cromwell. Yet it must be confessed that the gentlemen and the courtiers, *in good king Charles's jovial days*, were thoroughly versed in the character of the female sex; and had the wits of that age imparted to us their knowledge, in the language of philosophy, instead of the idiom of the *bagnio*, our acquaintance with human nature would be more intimate. WALLER, for example, though bred among the corruption of the court, yet perfectly pure of its taint, is at once a chaste and faithful delineator of the female heart. Indeed, though it is reported he was not a very successful gallant, he appears in all his verses, to describe the nature of woman, with all the precision of a La Bruyere. Perhaps there never was found, since the commencement of the reign of poetry, so perfect a parallel between soft and shining beauty, as that which the genius of our poet has run between

Amoret and Sacharissa. But I am still more edified with a few brief verses, where *the whole truth* is revealed, and certainly without a particle of flattery.

Anger, in hasty words, or blows,  
Itself discharges on our foes ;  
And sorrow too finds some relief,  
In tears, which wait upon our grief :  
So every passion, but fond love,  
Unto its own redress does move ;  
But that alone the wretch inclines,  
To what prevents his own designs ;  
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,  
Disordered, tremble, fawn and creep ;  
Postures, which render him despis'd,  
Where he endeavours to be priz'd ;  
For Women, *born to be controll'd,*  
*Stoop to the forward and the bold ;*  
Affect the haughty and the proud,  
The gay, the frolick, and the loud ;  
Who first the generous steed oppress,  
Not *kneeling*, did salute *the beast* ;  
But, with high courage, life and force,  
Approaching, tam'd the unruly horse.

The allusion in the closing lines is rather too coarse for the refinement of the present age ; and taste might object to the politeness of the expression. But, it is more than suspected, that the poet's theory is correct ; and they who have had the nearest opportunities of analyzing that very complex substance, a fine lady's bosom, will inevitably agree with Mr. WALLER.

In Currie's edition of the works of BURNS, volumes which, whether we regard the philosophical biographer, the original poet and the ill-fated man equally merit our regard, is a very humorous and descriptive ballad, which for fidelity of description, archness of humour, and a certain graphical manner, deserves the attention of the good natured reader.

DUNCAN GRAY cam here to woo,

Ha, ha, *the wooing o't,*

Ane blythe yule night, *when we were fu,*

Ha, ha, &c.

Maggie tost her head fu high,

Look'd asklent, and unco skeigh,

Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh,

Ha, ha.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd,

Ha, ha, &c.

Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,

Ha, ha.

Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,

Grat his een baith bleert and blin,

*Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn,*

Ha, ha.

Time and chance are but a tide,

Slighted love is sair to bide,

Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,

For a haughty hizzie die?

*She may gae to—France for me!*

Ha, ha.

How it comes, let doctors tell,

Ha, ha.

Meg grew sick, as he grew hale,

Ha, ha.

Something in her bosom wrings,

For relief, a sigh she brings;

*And O, her een they spak sic things!*

Duncan was a lad o' grace,

Ha, ha, &c.

Maggie's was a piteous case,

Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan could na be her death,

Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath,

*Now they're crouse and canty baith,*

Ha, ha, *the wooing o't.*



Burns mentions with the warmest approbation, the following beautiful fragment from Witherspoon's collection of Scotch songs.

*AIR—Hughie Graham.*

O gin my love, were yon red rose,  
That grows upon the castle wa'  
And I mysel' a drap o' dew,  
Into her bonnie breast to fa'.

Oh, there beyond expression blest,  
I'd feast on beauty a' the night,  
Seal'd on her silk saft faulds to lie,  
Till fley'd awa by Phœbus' light.

The following stanza is highly characteristic of its Ayrshire author.

When Death's dark stream I ferry o'er,  
A time that surely shall come ;  
In Heaven itself, I'll ask no more,  
Than just A HIGHLAND WELCOME.

We remember to have heard a *blithsome brother of the can*, a bonnie boy frae the Highlands sing, with all the merriment of a *grig*, the following song by BURNS.

Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed,  
The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie,  
Willie was a wabster gude,  
Could stown a cluc, wi' ony bodie,  
He had a wife was dour and din,  
O Tinkler Madgie was her mither.

*Sic a wife as Willie had,  
I wadna gie a button for her.*

She has an 'ec, she has but ane,  
The cat has twa, the very colour ;  
Five rusty teeth forbye a stump,  
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller.

A whiskin beard about her mou,  
Her nose and chin they threaten ither.

*Sic a wife, &c.*

She's bow hough'd, she's hein shinn'd,  
Ae limpin leg, a hand breed shorter,  
She's twisted right, she's twisted left;  
To balance fair in ilka quarter :  
She has a hump upon her breast,  
The twin o' that upon her shouther.

*Sic a wife, &c.*

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,  
An' wi' her loof, her face a washin ;  
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,  
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion :  
Her wailie neeves, like midden creels,  
Her face wad fyle the Logan water.

*Sic a wife as Willie had,*

*I wadna gie a button for her.*

—

Burns somewhere asks his friend, Mr. Thompson, if he knows a certain blackguard Irish song, and then adds, very justly, that the air is charming, and that he has often regretted the want of decent verses. In this exigency he undertakes to write new verses to the old tune. These are not only pure from every taint, but are memorable for their sweet simplicity.

Sae flaxen were her ringlets,  
Her eye brows of a darker hue,  
Bewitchingly o'er-arching,  
Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue.  
Her smiling sae wyling,  
Wad make a wretch forget his wo ;  
What pleasure, what treasure,  
Unto these rosey lips to grow :

Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,  
When first her bonnie face I saw,  
And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,  
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion,  
Her pretty ancle is a spy,  
Betraying fair proportion,  
Wad make a saint forget the sky.  
Sae warming, sae charming,  
Her faultless form, and gracefu' air ;  
Ilk feature---auld nature,  
Declar'd that she could do nae mair :  
Her's are the willing chains o' love,  
By conquering Beauty's sovereign law,  
And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,  
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,  
And gaudy show at sunny noon,  
Gie me the lonely valley,  
The dewy eve and rising moon.  
Fair beaming and streaming,  
Her silver light the boughs amang,  
While falling, recalling,  
The amorous thrush concludes his sang,  
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove,  
By wimpling burn, and leafy shaw,  
And hear my vows o' truth and love,  
And say thou lo'es me best of a'

—  
SHENSTONE, who plumed himself as a song writer, has nothing comparable to the following.

Here is the glen, and here the bower,  
All underneath the birchen shade ;  
The village bell has told the hour,  
O what can stay my lovely maid ?

'Tis not Maria's whispering call,  
'Tis but the balmy breathing gale,  
Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,  
The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear,  
So calls the woodlark in the grove,  
His little faithful mate to cheer,  
At once 'tis music, and 'tis love.

And art thou come, and art thou true,  
O welcome dear to love and me,  
And let us all our vows renew,  
Along the flowery banks of Cree.

—  
Of the real condition of a sufferer's mind, we cannot form a correct judgment from an erect and smiling air. CRABBE has finely expressed this opinion:

'Tis not for us to tell,  
Though the *head* droops not, that the *heart* is well.

AN IDEA IN THE NIGHT—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

—Vigiles lucernas,  
Perfer in lucem.

HORACE.

In my desultory rambles throughout the streets and lanes, the alleys and courts of this charming city, I do not proceed with the plodding pace of a plowman, gazing on the ground. Neither do I indulge myself in such fits of abstraction as totally to prevent the attentive survey of surrounding objects. I stare at signs, with all a clown's curiosity; and at the windows of a print shop, with the eagerness of an amateur. Instead of mu-

sing, as is my habit in my study and bedchamber, I have, in the language of Deborah Primrose, *all my eyes about me when I am abroad*. Nothing escapes my regard, from Dolly the chambermaid, twirling her mop, to orator Bubble, haranguing the million. I pay the fees most willingly to the master of a puppet show, and generally make one at a party of dancing bears. I seldom pass Peale's museum without giving his curiosities a call. Wertmuller's Danæ I chastely contemplate in all her glory, and even those sons of fictitious harmony, who so ingeniously contrive to grind music for our gratification, frequently beguile me of the last piece of silver in my purse. With all this humour, which seems to partake with the character of an idler, a man of pleasure, or a man of the world, rather than with that of a man of letters, I am still studious and contemplative. The process of Thought, is like the furnace of Alchymy. It is in the most intense blaze. My mental mill like suspected and injured Desdemona, *turns and turns and still goes on*. In the public streets, I collect many of my materials for private meditation. I catch a hint from a hawker and derive a theme from the theatres. The rapid rotation of the Circus does not, I hope, make me giddy, but wise. I derive sometimes my light from the drowsy watchman's lantern, and a glance at a jeweller's brilliant shelves reminds me full often of Arabian magnificence, the glittering of a fairy palace, and John Bunyan's Vanity Fair.

Ten midsummer's ago, when I wandered from the country to the town, I remember that one day my attention was arrested by a caricature conceived by the Hogarthian humour of Gilray. This ludicrous print was suspended under the sign of my perfumer; and was appropriately entitled "*an idea in the night*." A care worn author, in his nocturnal habiliments, night gown and slippers, and night cap awry, has summoned his reluctant and sleepy servant from *the land of Drowsyhead*, that an idea in the *night* may not be lost in the *morning*. After my mirth had subsided at the expense of this vigilant retainer of the muses, and his yawning boy, who seemed to wish all muses and all authors, at the devil, I could not, for my life, refrain from reflecting upon the utility of this practice of recording by the aid of the faithful pen, whatever of witty or wise, whatever of the shining, or the solid

may occur to fancy, and judgment, during the darkling hours. I thought of the example of Erasmus, I thought of the practice of Pope. Ever since this period, it has been my constant habit whenever, in the phrase of Dr. Johnson, I find myself *wakefully disturbed*, to rise with alacrity from the sleepless bed, to trim the lamp of midnight, and take up the thread of speculation. My favourite friend, Bob, the rover, who thoroughly understands my humour, has given me a genuine CLASSICAL LAMP, which he assures me, upon the veracity of a tourist, he actually dug out of the ruins of the last earthquake at Messina. I believe Bob so implicitly that even if the dog lies, I would not be robbed of the delusion to be the first magistrate of my country. The lamp, which I illumine by his bounty, is certainly a most brilliant one; and when in a sort of rapture, I survey its steady splendours, I cannot help thinking that, perhaps by the assistance of its blessed light, some Roman student has explored the imperishable page of Tully, or scanned a Seneca's morals, and that it has lighted up many a scene in Terence and brightened the wit of Martial.

Having of late furnished myself with divers jars of the purest oil, having burnished my lamp to a glitter not inferior to Mambrino's helmet, having, moreover, been careful with the pious author of Tristram Shandy, to see that *a sufficient wick be standing out*, I propose, at least once a month, to communicate to the public, *Ideas in the night*, which, though rapidly conceived may not be willingly forgotten.

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**ORIGINAL POETRY—FOR THE POET FOLIO.**

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**A COMPLIMENT TO TIME.**

THE Christmas wreath so late in bloom,  
Has faded with the closing year:  
But Time, soon lights the season's gloom,  
And flow'rs with sunshine, reappear.

What, though twelve months have glided by,  
And in their flight have stol'n a bliss;  
Shall we, o'er fleeting raptures sigh?  
And lose our cake and annual kiss—

Shall we not hail, with lib'ral cheer,  
Old father Time? whose high command,  
Once more renews the dawning year—  
Its witching sports, and greetings bland.

Though grave and gray: on him attend,  
Young blooming Joys and rosy Hours.  
Inspir'd by him, the Muses blend  
Their wreath, with Fancy's sweetest flow'rs.

Oft when a feeling thrills the breast,  
Whose sadness sooths—whose gloom we prize:  
He bids unholy passions rest,  
And Mem'ry's fairy forms arise.

Then, many a scene of pleasures flown,  
The smile of friends—Affection's tear:  
And many a transport do we own;  
Which once illum'd Life's social sphere.

More constant than the solar ray  
The hobbling wight is still at hand,  
To gild with smiles our pilgrim way,  
And guide us to a happier land.

When transports fire—or raptures glide  
Tumultuous, through each throbbing vein—

He checks the wild, impetuous tide,  
And Passion yields to Reason's reign.

Does Sorrow aim its barbed dart?  
Distraction pierce, or Anguish burn?  
Time steals the sting—He soothes the smart:  
And radiant hours of peace return.

Do fatal Love or treach'rous Hate,  
The preludes to despair and death,  
Envenom'd on their victims wait,  
And chide the faint and ling'ring breath.

Oft Time, with vet'ran honours crown'd  
Despoils the traitors of their prey:  
Extracts the poison from the wound,  
And Hope resumes its cheering ray.

When Languors pale, and chilling Spleen  
Through Pleasure Thespian temples crept;  
When Famine tragediz'd each scene,  
And queens, in sober sadness, wept.

Did he not bring to feast the age,  
A first rate Cook, across the main,  
Make tragic dishes "all the rage,"  
And Thalia sport her whims again.

No more the Comic Muse, in tears,  
Augments her sister's sullen gloom—  
Sir Archy on the stage appears—  
And laurels twine round Macklin's tomb.

When thron'd in his triumphal car,  
To Fame's proud temple Shakspeare flies,  
And Glory, like a brilliant star,  
Summons her fav'rite to the skies,

Like him immortal—Time precedes,  
His dazzling and sublime career:  
Again the royal Duncan bleeds!  
And Virtue weeps o'er Hamlet's bier.



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Again, from Guilt's pale phantoms flies—  
Relentless Richard, bath'd in blood;  
The sport of witchcraft, Macbeth dies:  
By Fate, but not by Fear subdued.

When Genius sports in masquerade,  
Assuming Myra's graceful form,  
When Wit imparts its sparkling aid,  
And Taste unites its polish'd charm—

Still Time, the glowing thought refines,  
Bustling provides the quill—and then,  
Improves the style, extends the lines,  
And with his hatchet nibs the pen.

In vain, her rivals vent their spleen,  
For partial to his fav'rite maid,  
Each hour, an added grace is seen,  
A virtue proved, or charm displayed—

Are friends assembled in the bow'r,  
With rosy goblets for their guide?  
Do joys convivial crown the hour,  
Or o'er the banquet, Bliss preside?

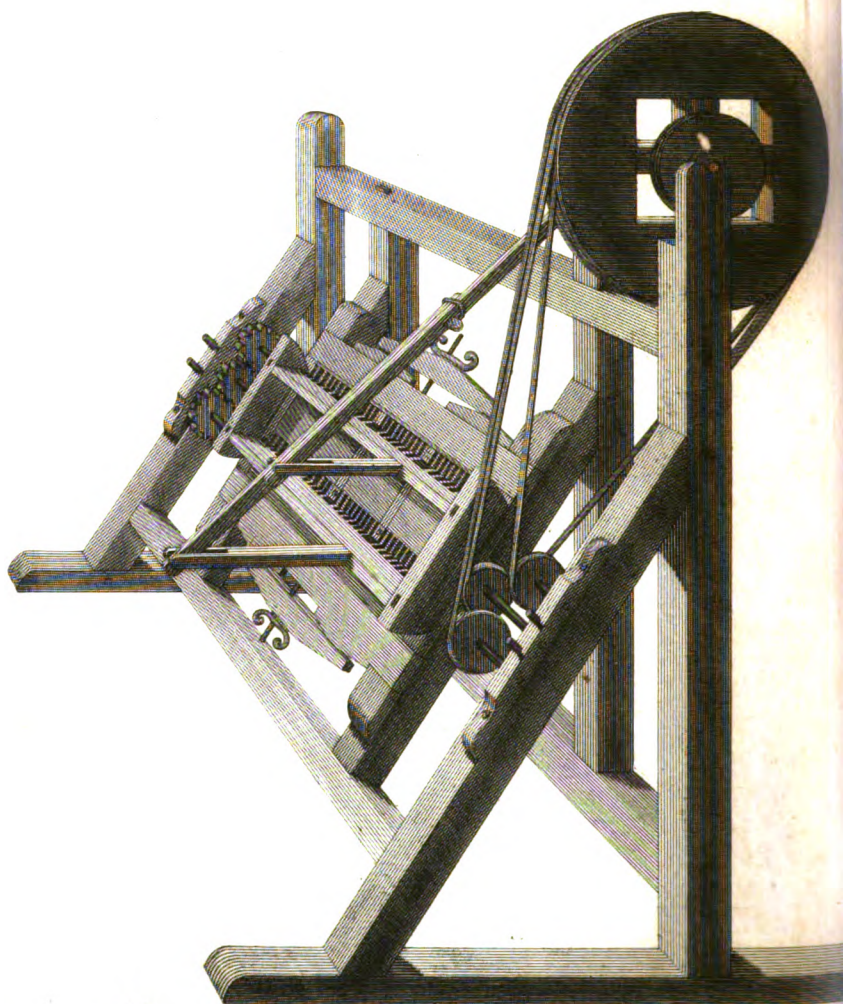
Time, through the circle glides, unseen,  
Though Rapture oft, his crutch doth steal,  
When Beauty, with bewitching mien,  
And tell-tale Love their spells reveal.

E.

*Newyork.*



COTTON GIN,  
*Invented by Joseph Eve<sup>d</sup>*  
*of Pennsylvania.*



# THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY JOSEPH DENNIE, ESQ.

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Various; that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulged.

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COWPER.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## DESCRIPTION OF A COTTON GIN,

*Invented by Joseph Eve, of Pennsylvania.*

In this machine the seeds are disengaged from the cotton by rollers of wood or metal, which draw the cotton through perpendicular apertures too small to admit the seeds—these rollers are fluted and turn reverse-wise. There are three sets of metal combs placed before the rollers (two only of which are represented in the drawing) that feed the machine and disengage any extraneous matter; the middle set move up and down and pass between the teeth of the others. These combs are set in motion by means of a crank, and traverse on pivots, or in a slide. The rollers are impelled by bands running over pulleys on one side of the machine, and by pinions on the other, by bands, or by wheels and pinions on both sides.

The middle bar, or transverse piece that supports the boxes in which the rollers turn, has dovetail pieces in front, and tenons behind to confine the boxes. On these the sliding pieces, in which

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the counter set of boxes are fixed that confine the rollers, are made to move, so as to adjust the rollers; or, the sliding pieces may be made to slide on dovetails and tenons fixed in the moving bars of the machine.

There are brushes fixed behind the rollers through the whole length of the feeding spaces that prevent the cotton from wrapping round them or jamming; this may also be effected by cushions made of cloth.

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### FOR THE PORT FOLIO—THE SALAD, NO. III.

BY CHRISTOPHER CROTCHET.

*Democritus risu pulmonem, agitare solebat. Juv.*

Democritus could feed his mirth, and shake  
His sides and shoulders, till he felt them ache. *Dryden.*

CICERO elegantly observes, Were man permitted to ascend into Heaven, where he might behold the sublime order of the world, and the glories of the firmament, that they would afford only wonder, unmingled with interest and barren of entertainment, unless there was some individual, to whom he could impart the sentiment inspired by such a spectacle. Friendship certainly endears every rank and condition of life. Should our lot be prosperous, how much does it enhance the dispensation; and when Adversity knocks at our door, and gains admission, its offering is sweeter than frankincense—more grateful than the smoke of myrrh and cassia. If any scheme is to be planned, or any plan to be practised, our speculation is more lively and acute, our execution more cheerful and effectual, when we enjoy adequate co-operation. Sympathy imparts a new zest to the transport of success, and mingles additional sweetness in every source of consolation, under a failure.

Impressed with the value of genuine fellowship, and being of a disposition to cultivate it, I very early sought an object, in

whom confidence might be reposed without the hazard of abuse; and where the affections might be exchanged without a scruple. The enthusiasm of youthful minds frequently betrays them; and I was not exempt from the fatality. It is with some concern, that I recollect the long catalogue of sycophants and parasites, on whom I successively lavished my regard, and dissipated my favours. At last however the search was crowned with a prosperous issue, and I discovered a friend, whose destinies seem to be cast under the same propitious stars that rule my own.

On a fine spring evening, at the commencement of the present century, I was induced to ramble out of town, and pleasingly lost myself in a contiguous wood. Nature wore an aspect of the sweetest tranquillity, and breathed a calm over my mind, that disposed me to love every man as a brother. I at length reached a bank, romantically embosomed, and overspread with wild violets and creeping box; above them the yellow jessamine luxuriantly flourished, and exhaled the richest redolence. A stranger who seemed about the middle age, was sitting near the spot, and engaged himself in administering berries and water to a little red-breast, he held in his left hand. A collection of plants, freshly plucked, were scattered on the ground. I was presently observed, and saluted with a smile of the sweetest affability. "I have found" said the stranger, as I walked up to him, "I have found an innocent outcast, whom the cruelty of man has wounded, past all surgery. I was amusing myself in picking up some shrubs, and classing them, after their order, when a curious purple flower attracted my eye. I stooped to gather it—It was a snow-drop, whose petals were stained with blood. At a short distance, this red-breast languished, and appeared to crave the offices of charity. But all the charity in the world is not worth a jot to the poor devil." He stopped speaking—and a tear which stood in the corner of his eye, stole down to his chin, and dropped upon its head. The bird faintly shook its plumage, and in a few moments was cold and stiff. This scene spoke more feelingly to my heart, than a thousand letters of recommendation from any president or potentate on earth could have done. We retraced our steps in company,

and since that period, have been walking over the same paths, hand in hand together; nor shall we separate, until we arrive at the last stage of our wayfaring.

Notwithstanding the sad and sober brow with which he makes his début on the stage, Lyttleton Honeysuckle is one of the merriest philosophers that I ever knew. It is his pride to be distinguished for *gaité de cœur*; and Fortune has seldom found him at spiteful odds with her, although the jilting dutchess has played upon him many a deceitful juggle. Like Zoroaster and the king of the Bactryans, he was born laughing, and like sir Thomas More, he is determined to die in the same good humour. Brisk animal spirits are better than all the drugs of pharmacy, and a light heart will do incalculably more than Æsculapius or Hippocrates himself. The alchymists were long and vainly puzzled to discover the *grand elixir*, whereby life was to be preserved immortally. Honeysuckle does not pretend to know more upon the subject than they, but he has actually made arrangements to live as old as the most venerable of the Patriarchs. His pulse have never been touched by one of the faculty, since he came to years of discretion, and it is more than probable, that they will remain forever inviolate. Ninon de L'Enclos, we are informed, enjoyed spirits, and consequently health to a very advanced age, and her only physician (except once or twice the accoucheur) was a little yellow lap-dog. He attended his mistress to all places of entertainment, and at table was placed in a basket near her plate. Whatever viands *Raton* rejected, she likewise refused, and as he was the very opposite of Apicius or his own countryman Darteneuf, the lovely courtezan made Temperance her companion, and was wedded to Cheerfulness.

Almost all the deaths that fill up the obituary, are either immediately or indirectly occasioned by spleen and choler, according to my friend's doctrine. Whatever therefore may engender those disagreeable qualities, should be carefully avoided. On this account smoking houses and scolding wives are particularly inveighed against. He accounts it most marvellous that Socrates should have lived to be poisoned, when he had a help-

mate, endowed with a tongue, more insalubrious than any baneful mineral under the stars; and Rumford is considered as the first philanthropist of the age, for his new-constructed chimneys.

Lyttleton may now be placed in the rank of old bachelors. He has remained single however, not from any dislike to the holy state of matrimony, or from a predilection towards celibacy. No—he is passionately devoted to the fair sex, and could he serve them by the journey, would joyfully bind up his loins in sackcloth, and walk barefoot to Palestine. Indeed I never knew a heart more sensible to the touch of beauty and virtue. When young, the shafts of Love came thick about him, and proved the boy of Ida, a brave toxophilite. I have heard him confess, that at one period, he was enchained to no less than a *leash* of damsels; which was precisely the predicament of poor Tasso. They were indebted to nature, for every charm of person, and to education for all the graces of the understanding. Yet like the Roman triumvirate, this coalition was soon dissolved, and he yielded the undivided supremacy, to the merriest and wittiest of his conquerors. She maintained her dominion for a great while, by a constant vein of mirth and gladness, and it is supposed would, in turn, have been willing to surrender her liberty. But he never had the boldness and forehead to make any acknowledgment of his passion. She was afterwards trucked away by her parents, to a wealthy Virginian grandee, and our amorous devotee bade a short good-night to his sallies of pleasantry and merriment. During this brain-sick interval, he laboriously finished two stanzas of “mincing poetry,” which, indeed, have all the gloom of the *Penseroso* about them. Before, he had never wandered within fifty leagues of Parnassus.

A FRAGMENT.

—*Dulce est desipere in loco.* Hor. Od. 12.

Farewell vain hopes, that tissue Pleasure's maze,  
With sunny vistas, and hesperian ways;  
Those charms, which polished Ruin e'er displays,  
In serpent guile,  
No more shall lure me, with their golden rays  
And treacherous smile.



The Paphian bowers, that bloom to Fancy's eye,  
 Where smiling Ariels, all their arts apply,  
 Where Eros prompts the enamour'd youth to die  
     With jealous love,  
 Are as a summer's noon-tide sky,  
     And fleeting prove.

\* \* \* \* \*

The author intended to have written an ode somewhat after the model of "The Lament;" but his spirits rallying, he threw the incomplete effusion into his escrutoire, and has not been in a proper mood one moment since to conclude it.

The worst consequence of laughter, is that a broad grin, or even a smile, nay a little dimple will produce more hostility than good will; and plunge one into a hedge of thorns and brambles, when he had in prospect, a path variegated with amaranths and primroses. Honeysuckle found this event too true, and has frequently vowed to be as grave and sobersided as any judge on his wool-sack; yet the thing was impossible. He was once challenged, and compelled to take the field, on account of an affair of my godmother Tabitha's. Miss Tabitha Tweedle, being possessed of ten pieces of gold, which were carefully repositied in an old woolen sock at the bottom of her trunk, and moreover holding a pretty large packet of the ancient continental currency, which was carefully put away in her oak chest of drawers, attracted the devotions of Romeo Augustus Ferdinand Peter Bull, esquire. This gentleman was the very rose of chivalry in those times; and wore the most heavenly, sorrel-coloured, bag-tailed wig throughout Christendom. My venerable aunt had a heart of the finest frame, and the most lively sensibilities. It surrendered at discretion. They plighted their troth, and were to have been married, on the very day that York-Town was delivered up to our brave defenders. Previous to the happy morn, however, a party of soldiers pillaged her of the ten pieces of gold in the woolen sock, and a gluttonous horde of rats, breakfasted upon the continentals. Good Heaven! what a series of mischiefs followed. She flew for condolence to her affianced lord, and he had the hardihood to turn up his nose, and dissolve the treaty. Honeysuckle hearing of the incident, passed an innocent gibe upon the gallant, gay Lothario, which Malice whis-

pered in his ear and wrought up into a crime, that demanded blood. Bull, of course, insisted upon reparation; and all the protestations of the harmless jester served more to irritate, than pacify. *A fool, if he saith he will have a crab, he will not take an apple.* My friend although he was principled against duelling (which was very customary among the haut ton), and had as niggardly an opinion of fashionable honour, as honest jack Falstaff himself, yet after having failed in overtures, he resolved for once, to follow the bleating of Jeroboam's calf in Dan and Bethel.

The combatants met. Bull was boiling over with wrath, whilst Honeysuckle remained as cool as a cucumber in midsummer, or as Julius Cæsar at the battle of Pharsalia. Every preliminary arranged, the signal was given for battle, when the challenger discharged his pistol; but giving it too much elevation, the ball lodged in the hollow of a sycamore tree, about four feet above the head of his antagonist. A screech-owl, which had been a tenant of the aforesaid hollow, from time immemorial, was at that period performing incubation. Alarmed and wounded, she attempted to fly; her strength however, was too much exhausted, and she came in a diagonal line, plump against the face of the redoubtable Bull. Never until that moment, did his mind misgive him. He imagined that he was pinked in the diaphragm, and that the king of terrors was at hand, to take advantage of the breach. Under the pressure of this thought, he sunk pale as ashes, and lifeless as marble, upon the earth. Honeysuckle, (who, by the by, had not touched his trigger) ran quickly up to him, and after rubbing his temples for a good while, restored him from the lethargy of fear.

Thus much I have thought necessary to give of Lyttelton Honeysuckle, who will frequently hereafter appear in The Salad.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO—THE FINE ARTS.

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MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE just finished reading in your valuable miscellany the excellent discourse delivered by Mr. Hopkinson before the Academy of Fine Arts, and most heartily do I subscribe to his sentiments with regard to the importance of such institutions to our rising country, and the necessity of affording them every aid and encouragement. I hope his appeal to the patronage and liberality of his fellow citizens will not prove to have been unavailing, and that in a reasonable time such support will be derived to the infant establishment in your city, as to do away the fears of its friends for its ultimate success. I congratulate them and the United States at large on the circumstance of its foundation, as an event which promises more than any other to promote the advancement of our country in the road to good taste, and to wipe away the undeserved stain affixed by conceited and ignorant foreigners upon our national character. The indignation displayed by Mr. Hopkinson at the unfounded as well as ungenerous aspersions of the European *pedant*, and fastidious *dilettanti*, and his just vindication of American talent and taste, entitle him to the thanks of his countrymen.

We labour however under some disadvantages with respect to the means of cultivating the fine arts, which do not exist in the older countries of Europe, where superior wealth and greater opportunity have, in the progress of time, collected and preserved monuments in every branch of art, which serve as models for imitation or comparison from age to age, and consequently contribute in a considerable degree to the formation of the general taste. The first essays of the early Italian painters were rude and ungraceful; and it was only by dint of imitating the correct design found in the remains of Roman and Grecian sculpture, that a just taste was formed. It was in this way that Raphael first corrected the dry and stiff manner which he had caught from his master Perrugino, and afterwards, by studying the works of Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo, still fur-

ther improved his style, till having acquired all the knowledge that human skill could give, he relied on his own genius and invention for the rest, and at once carried his art to perfection. The history of painting and sculpture abounds with similar proofs of the observation, that good models will do more than any thing else towards the improvement of the public taste and the advancement of the young student. With this view of the subject, I should apprehend that, till your Academy shall be furnished with excellent paintings as it is now with casts from the best specimens of sculpture, the progress made by the students in colouring and composition (both essential to perfection) will not be so rapid as the friends of the Academy could desire.

The obstacle to this progress appears to me however not insurmountable, and the deficiency in paintings may be supplied without taxing the funds of the institution, provided its *real* friends will take a little pains to promote a plan for the purpose, both by their influence and example. The plan I would recommend is feasible; and though it might not immediately supply the young artist with the *finest* work of the *best* master, yet it will go far towards advancing the object in view. If you will give me leave I will suggest a few hints on the subject, which better digested and improved by some of your academicians may lead to the end proposed.

From the circumstance of there not being in our country those immense fortunes which in Europe enter into competition for the possession of valuable works of art, we might almost despair of seeing them in our private houses, admitting the taste to select and the desire to possess them to exist—On the contrary, when valuable paintings, at least considered such here, are offered for sale, the competition is not on the side of the purchasers, but on that of the sellers to find a purchaser; and I believe it will be admitted by those who have had any opportunity of remarking it, that of all the *good*, not to say fine, paintings thrown into this country by the French Revolution, few remain in it, and scarcely one that *was sold* brought its real value; it might to be sure be called its value *here*, because no more could be obtained for it: but, in many instances, charity alone

prompted the purchase. There have been at times good pictures for sale, but they seldom changed their owner if his circumstances allowed him to hold them at what might be deemed their value—How else can you account for Mr. Trumbull being obliged to carry with him his very fine collection (not to speak of his own works, which it would have been patriotic to have kept in the country)? some of these pictures would have been considered as desirable acquisitions to any cabinet or gallery in Europe.

If our means then will not allow us at this time to procure the chef d'œuvres of art, we must content ourselves with good copies, and good originals within the reach of an American purse. This will be facilitated by checking the too prevailing desire to have a *collection*, a *cabinet*, or a *gallery*—It would be a mark of good taste and sounder judgment if an *amateur* sacrificed a whole collection to obtain one picture of superior merit, it would be permanently useful as a model for imitation, and appreciate in value in the hands of its owner—Were each of your young gentlemen who visit Europe actuated by a sincere desire to serve the institution, they would soon accomplish the object, by making the sacrifice of some of the expensive and unprofitable baubles, which every one thinks it necessary to return home with, and apply the same money to the purchase of the *best picture or statue* (and only *one*) they could obtain, they would render a service to their country and add to the pleasure of themselves and friends through life. Suppose every young traveller to do this (and there are few who have not the means of doing it), what an advantage and an ornament to your city would it be! In almost every house there would be *at least one* good picture worth a travelling American's attention, and once a year the whole of these, or a selection from them should be deposited in the gallery of the Academy for exhibition and imitation, where they should remain at least one month. The copies which would be made, would soon find purchasers, and thereby doubly benefit the young student, by improving him in his art, and furnishing the means to prosecute his studies. And were the *opulent* of your city to appropriate, each, as large a sum as he could conveniently afford, and commit it to the charge of some young

friend visiting Europe, or to his correspondent there, to be applied in the same manner, under the direction of some artist or *connoisseur*, whose judgment could be relied on, as many pictures would in a few years be collected, of undoubted merit and genuine execution, as would form an exhibition important enough to attract visitors from the remotest parts of the continent, whither also the good copies would be carried. I need not enlarge on the advantages that in a pecuniary point of view would result to the Academy as well as to the city:—They are sufficiently obvious. I also take it for granted that our countryman, Mr. West, would make no small exertion, if properly applied to, to direct the purchasers to proper objects, were pictures to be bought in England. But I would prefer procuring the works of the best Italian masters, from Italy itself, where it can be done without difficulty, and at half the expense. Money laid out in this way, would be more valuably invested than in a profusion of plate and expensive jewelery, which never appreciate in value; whereas pictures are not only the handsomest ornament of a house, however splendidly it may be furnished in other respects, but descend with increasing value to remote generations.

Should it be objected that in public exhibitions of an Academy of Arts, new pictures only are allowed—I will grant that this is the case in old countries, and for obvious reasons—There does not exist the necessity of exhibiting pictures of the old masters, as collections of them are found everywhere, to which access can readily be had for a mere trifle. This may be the case here in process of time, particularly if my plan of introducing good pictures into the country should take effect, and then these will only be seen in the annual exhibitions of original works which will no doubt mark the rapid progress of our artists, and lay the foundation of the *American School*. It is flattering to look forward to such a state of improvement, when in the same manner as we now exchange the natural productions of our various climate, for those of other countries, and to our national advantage, we may hope to see the *balance of our com-*

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*merce in works of art, form no insignificant auxiliary in increasing our balance of trade.*

A LOVER OF THE FINE ARTS.

*Baltimore, Dec. 14, 1810.*

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—ORLANDO, A POEM.

MR. EDITOR,

AMERICA has long, and very justly, been accused of negligence, in cultivating and fostering the genius of our country. Our poets, our painters, and other retainers of the fine arts, seek for patronage in a foreign country. Why is this?—The following reason has been alleged in excuse: That men, who are busy in making their fortunes, have not time to attend to the polite arts; but that as opulence increases, society becomes more polished. Such an argument cannot now be maintained, as the country has amassed immense wealth, and many private citizens are in possession of princely riches. May we not, therefore, have reason to hope that such citizens, by their liberality and generosity, will prove they are worthy of living in a land of liberty; that they will not suffer American genius to pine in obscurity for want of patronage.

The following poem, which I wish to introduce to your notice, was written by a young friend of mine, a resident of Trenton (N. J.) who has not yet attained his seventeenth year. His age is not mentioned to excuse any faults it may contain, (though after such a precedent as the great Addison has set, it might be done without a blush) but that it may be treated with more friendship, and less severity. Pope's Pastorals, written at about the same age, although they contain little to recommend them, but a brilliancy of versification, were received by critics with the highest approbation. Had Chatterton's Works been composed at a more advanced period of life, I doubt whether they would have been received, with half the regard, or treated with half the respect. The present poem is far superior to the Pastorals, but perhaps inferior to Chatterton. The author was about committing his work to the flames, when luckily I rescued it, and obtained permission to insert it in your valuable Miscellany, on condition of keeping his name secret.

It is my opinion that if this poem was received with due encouragement, that at some future period of life he would produce works, which would do honour to himself and his country. I hope no unfeeling critic will attack this juvenile production; but the pen of a friend he demands, who will point out faults and beauties alike, that the former may be corrected, and from the latter the merit of the poem know

The scene is laid in the south of France, which all travellers have described as a very beautiful country; and the author has with accuracy preserved the characteristic features of the country.

From the first canto the reader cannot judge of the plan; suffice it then to say that the basis of the poem is a simple tale, and if encouraged, the author intends completing it in three Cantos, when in all probability he will disclose his name. The form of the stanza, is, I believe, original; though the idea of it is derived from Spenser.

The versification is sometimes brilliant and vigorous, mostly correct, and few faulty lines, which on account of his never having reviewed it, have escaped. Of that great poetical beauty the consonance of the sound to the sense, he has many elegant examples, take the following, of a torrent,

Hoarse dashing down, the 'whelming torrent pours,

and afterwards its spiral course through the rocks,

Then winding through the steep, the current roughly roars.

The following very spirited line is, I believe, original in poetry:

And the wild chamois bounding up the steep.

as is also the representation of the vintage.

In description some very beautiful and sublime passages could be produced, as those of morning and eve, which are very well contrasted; and stanzas thirteen, fourteen, and twenty-fifth, and others. In short, Mr. Editor, if you think this noble genius of sixteen, worthy of encouragement you will publish it in your next number; which should you do, I am persuaded my friend will continue the work.

Yours, &c.

M.

## ORLANDO—A POEM.

### CANTO I.

#### 1.

SOME men there are, cold as the winter's snow,  
 Whose souls were never touched by poet's strain,  
 Rapt in the sacred dream, from earth below,  
 And ride aloft on heaven's azure main;  
 Or laid supine, upon a flowery bed,  
 Along the banks of some clear gravelly brook,  
 Think oft he hears the water nymph's soft tread,  
 Who has to gain his love, her native stream forsook.



## 2.

Let them enjoy, through life, their lifeless calm,  
I cannot envy their ignoble lot,  
No feeling friend, helps out the dreary span,  
And soon as laid in grave, they are forgot.  
For them no child sheds oft the pearly tear,  
Or Sorrow pales her once full blooming cheek,  
And when inhumed, each village hind forbears,  
To gather wild flowers oft, their new made mounds to deck.

## 3.

From youthful lines like these, let such refrain,  
And may the work, neglected, lay unread;  
But you, enamour'd, of the poet's strain,  
Who love his scenes of beauty, and of dread,  
For you I write; come, read this early lay,  
Yet come not armed for critic's fierce assault;  
But scan with friendship, what I here display;  
A youth has wrote these lines, and youth is full of fault.

## 4.

Upon those banks, where Garonne's silver stream,  
Progresses on, with irremitting way,  
Once dwelt the present hero of my theme,  
And there he passed his early life away;  
A youth he was, ORLANDO was his name;  
Not deeply skilled in human lore was he;  
But yet some little science might he claim,  
And he was ably skill'd in heavenly minstrelsy.

## 5.

His antiquated father, once had been  
A minstrel, of the old Provençal line,  
And who, before him, lords and knights had seen,  
Melt at the pleasing sadness of his strain.  
Or when he chose to sound a nobler lyre,  
And sing the deeds heroic chiefs had done;  
Quick every bosom thrills with warlike fire,  
And emulates the fame which they had ably won.

6.

But now, Orlando was his only care,  
 (And oft he thought he was a noble youth,)  
 Of glittering vice he taught him to beware,  
 And fix'd the seeds of virtue and of truth.  
 I ween Orlando was no vulgar boy,  
 And Fancy's fairest garb was o'er him hung,  
 For him were scenes of visionary joy,  
 And to those visions sweet, his wild harp often rung.

7.

To him was every charm of nature sweet,  
 Whether it was beautiful, or was sublime,  
 At early day, he rose the sun to greet,  
 Or sung his native songs, in simple rhyme;  
 Or wandering on the Garonne's verdant side,  
 With limes embower'd, or weeping-willows hung,  
*Whose pendent branches, drank the rippling tide,*  
 Or fitting on whose boughs, the feather'd minstrels sung.

8.

Here oft reclined, beneath the arching vines,  
 That formed o'erhead, a high luxuriant bower,  
 He read some native poet's amorous lines,  
 Or twin'd around his harp, full many a flower,  
 That grew in rich profusion every where;  
 Then sudden strike as will'd his fancy wild  
 His decorated harp, with many an air,  
 That through his answering bosom sweetly thrill'd.

9.

Now is he silent. Hark! the echoes round,  
 Reverb'rate softly through the distant hills,  
 And distance gave them, far, a sweeter sound,  
 Join'd to the babbling of the crystal rills.  
 A melancholy moraliser oft was he,  
 On the green swelling bank his head reclin'd,  
 While the fair streamlet murmur'd far away,  
 Such were the feelings of his youthful mind;

## 10.

"See yonder leaf, upon the dimpled stream,  
 Borne by its lucid tide, afar away,  
 And such, alas! is Life's quick fading dream,  
 Man the possessor of a cloudy day;  
 Ah! soon he feels Misfortune's iron hand  
 Tear him away, from his uncertain tree,  
 Borne down the horrid wave, by Death's fierce band,  
 And quickly borne away from earthly misery.

## 11.

"But why, (he sudden cried) should man repine,  
 Why should anticipation chill the present hour,  
 Is not fair Hope's all-cheering power thine,  
 To grant her aid, when darkening tempests lower?  
 Is not to thee, the angel Fancy given,  
 Wherewith to soar beyond this grovelling earth,  
 To mount the whirlwind, ride aloft to heaven,  
 Or even in this world, give joy immortal birth?"

## 12.

Such thoughts as these soon cheer'd his vigorous mind;  
 Before young Fancy, Melancholy flew,  
 Then his light soul no earthly bounds confin'd,  
 Quick from his eyes terrestrial scenes withdrew.  
 But soon, alas! the pleasing frenzy's o'er,  
 Yet still remains his soaring heart sublimed;  
 Nature's mild views are pleasing now no more,  
 And soon he leaves his seat, sublimer scenes to find.

## 13.

Then would he gain some spot of nature wild,  
*Where rugged cliffs, in awful grandeur rise,*  
 Where rocks on rocks, in savage splendour smil'd,  
 Or frowning, rear'd their summits in the skies.  
 Through yonder rift that yawning earthquakes made  
*Hoarse dashing down, the 'whelming torrent pours,*  
 Now on the base in foaming white array'd,  
*Then winding through the steep, the current roughly, roars*

## 14.

Or gain some dell, where Alpine heights arise,  
Where nought was heard to break the silence deep,  
Save the bold eagle soaring in the skies,  
Save the wild chamois bounding up the steep;  
Or hoary goats upon the mountain's brow;  
Here some reclin'd, abroad there others stray'd,  
A moving speck on the eternal snow,  
While all around them clouds, and shadowy billows play'd.

## 15.

Dear was to him, the hour of early morn,  
When every flower puts on its bloom anew,  
Each shrub, with sweet fresh blossoms is adorned,  
And every lime-tree glitters with the dew.  
Adown the dale, the smoking streamlets glide,  
With ruddy tints the misty mountain glows,  
Hark, from the trees that grow on every side  
How sweet upon his ear the birds' wild music flows.

## 16.

The milk-maid carols forth her simple lay,  
The brisk young peasant whistles o'er his plough,  
The shepherd drives his snowy flock away,  
Or tunes his lute beneath some shady bough.  
Oft would he now some eminence ascend,  
Where the old Pyrenees majestic rise,  
While all around him loveliest views extend,  
Expanding far and wide before his admiring eyes.

## 17.

The silver stream, that trickles by his feet,  
*Then dashing, foaming o'er the rocks does run,*  
*Through laughing meads, it now meanders sweet,*  
Now lost in shade, now shining in the sun.  
By trees embower'd adown in yonder glade,  
Reflected in the stream the village lays,  
And just beyond, the school with whitened pale,  
That oft in early youth, had seen his sportive plays.

## 18.

Then farther on, o'er many an orchard green,  
And yellow field, and many a verdant mead,  
There where the forest's darkening shade is seen,  
The warlike castle lifts its towering head,  
Its turrets frowning o'er the forest brown;  
Unhurt, as yet by Time's destroying hand,  
Which oft within its massy walls has known  
Its owner's noble tread, a prince of high renown.

## 19.

Then distant far, the scene extended wide,  
Here cities rising from the vernal plain,  
There villages, some rural stream beside;  
Here rivers wandering to the azure main,  
With sails expanded on their bosom clear;  
Old castles stood, on many a cliff sublime,  
Old abbey's walls, in distant view appear,  
And numerous low chateaus, embosom'd round with lime.

## 20.

Sweet was the morn, and pleasant was the hour,  
And not a cloud obscured the cheerful sun,  
Orlando's mind soon felt its balmy power,  
From contemplation mild he thus begun:  
"Cold is the heart, cold as the mountain snow,  
That cannot Nature's loveliest scenes enjoy,  
While all around him, softest flowrets blow,  
Can grovelling earthly views his wand'ring mind employ.

## 21.

"Dearer to me is the lov'd hour of morn;  
Than kingly titles, or than kingly power,  
Than all the honours of a golden crown,  
The glittering pageants of the heartless hour:  
The sheep-bell tinkling in the distant fold,  
The lowing herds, in yonder greensward vale,  
The shepherd's pipe, who seated, I behold,  
Near yonder water-fall, that murmurs through the glade."

22.

Oft did he wander at the dewy eve,  
When Sol's red beams were sinking in the west,  
And hastening home, the ploughman then does leave  
His brightened share, to seek for home and rest,  
*With weary step, the shepherd trudges on,*  
*The school-boys frolic o'er the village green,*  
The rural lass, before her shady home,  
Sings forth her cheerful lay, and whirls her spinning-wheel.

23.

The chattering swallows circle through the air,  
And dusky twilight holds the eastern skies,  
The western mountains ruddy summits bear;  
Soft o'er the woods the silver moon does rise,  
And sweetly sleeps upon the bank around,  
Her mellow light reclines on tree and bower;  
The lofty trees give not a rustling sound,  
But all is silent now, just like the midnight hour.

24.

Then would he wander to some haunted spot,  
Where fabled ghosts, by peasants oft were seen,  
A place renown'd for many a murderous plot,  
Where many a traveller's blood had stain'd the green.  
Here would he sit and quickly here would hie,  
Formed by his airy mind, "from airy nought,"  
A thousand flitting forms, of blackest die,  
With crimes so dark and deep as terrified e'en thought.

25.

When black and dismal, loud the night wind pour'd,  
Electric light'nings flash'd across the sky,  
Through the dark heavens, the conscious thunder roar'd,  
And screaming sea-gulls, raised their horrid cry.  
Then would he see, upon the murky air,  
The lurid witches on the light'ning side;  
Each blast of wind a thousand fiends did bear,  
And dismal shriek'd the ghosts that flitted by their side.

## 26.

When sweet the moon-light on the green bank lay,  
    (He view'd) disporting on the crystal dew,  
The blithsome fairies at their nightly play,  
    As through the mazy dance they swiftly flew.  
When loud and chill the wintry winds did roar,  
    With fellow school-mates seated all around,  
Hear'd tales of old traditionary lore,  
    While yet his infant mind did tremble at the sound.

## 27.

When ruby gold bedew'd the western heaven,  
    He travell'd oft, near ocean's waves to be;  
The snowy sails, before the light breeze driven,  
    *On the blue bosom of the sparkling sea;*  
*Sweet was the dash of waves the shore along,*  
    *The dipping oars were heard adown the tide,*  
The rustic fisher sung his simple song,  
    While the soft lute did sound from distant vessel's side.

## 28.

The vintage season blithe to him was dear,  
    When all the country shone with fruit around,  
And the bright products of the plenteous year,  
    Blush'd on each vine, with ruby honours crown'd.  
Laden with baskets now the rustics come,  
    Quick from the curling vines the grapes are borne,  
With their rich spoil the labourers hasten home,  
    And press the ruddy juice, against the winter storm.

## 29.

But evening comes, and now the work is o'er,  
    Sinks in the Atlantic wave, the cheerful sun,  
And every peasant at his cottage door,  
    Joys that the autumnal toil at length is done.  
Soon as the crescent moon, from orient skies,  
    Rises, in silver majesty serene,  
From their low cottage seats they all arise,  
    And joining in a band, they gain the village green.

## 30.

Soft plays the moonlight on the checker'd grass,  
The dulcet lute, and tabor gently sound;  
Each simple rustic takes his blushing lass,  
And meets the dancers standing all around.  
The merry piper plays the favourite tune,  
With nimble feet they tread the dewy green,  
Quick fly the couple till their turn is done,  
Then other rural maids and smiling lads are seen.

## 31.

Their ancient parents, on the oaken seat,  
Scan all their actions with a heartfelt joy,  
Muse on the time, when they were quite as fleet,  
And when such pleasures did their hearts employ;  
Tell the lov'd actions of their early days,  
(Sweet tales of memory ever, ever dear,)  
Point to the spot the scene of youthful plays,  
While on their aged cheeks oft glitter'd many a tear.

## 32.

Aye would Orlando join the sportive dance,  
Or watch the gladness sparkling in their eyes,  
As they tripped down with all the naïvé of France,  
Dressed in their habits neat, of various dyes.  
Such scenes as these, he thought could touch the heart,  
Raise gladness e'en on Melancholy's brow;  
For all their charms kind Nature did impart,  
And lovely is the grace that does from Nature flow.

## 33.

But man is oft deceived by tinsel's glare,  
And thinks that happiness in riches dwell,  
Deceiv'd by Grandeur's proud and haughty air,  
Her swelling titles on his ear sound well.  
Why foolish man repining at thy lot,  
Does Discontent not dwell in gaudy dress!  
Then let aspiring dreams be all forgot,  
For know, to be content is thy true happiness.



## 34.

But few there are upon this ball of earth,  
That know Contentment's pure and perfect state,  
Fain all would be nobility by birth,  
Or by ambitious actions would be great.  
Some would again the part of Cæsar act,  
And stain with blood the fertile fields of Gaul,  
With smiling eye view cities burn'd and sack'd,  
While prostrate o'er the land the murder'd millions fall.

## 35.

Horrid ambition, that can raise a throne,  
From sanguine heaps of fellow mortals slain,  
Rather by doing good, oh! gain a crown,  
Then thou art worthy honours, let them rain.  
To ameliorate the suff'rings of mankind,  
From aged Sorrow's eye to wipe the tear,  
To raise the weary and afflicted mind,  
Are acts that well deserve a noble praise to bear.

## 36.

Such as great Howard, in the latter days,  
In heavenly charity has dared to do;  
Be thou humane, and follow all his ways,  
Pursue a path, 'tis worthy to pursue.  
May oft as rises pale the evening star,  
The village maids around his tomb repair,  
Shed on the green turf oft the paly tear,  
Spread flowers o'er his sod, the sweetest of the year.

## 37.

Here pause my youthful lyre, here pause awhile,  
Let all thy quiv'ring strings be lain aside,  
Should fair Columbia now but deign to smile,  
Their youthful poet's hopes are gratified.  
Forgive, my country, oh! forgive my choice,  
Of foreign theme, for this my first essay;  
Should I dare rouse again poetic voice,  
Then will I sing of thee, and all my tribute pay.

## RHETORIC—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## LECTURE XII.

*(Concluded from page 124.)*

THE following animated and alarming representation from Massillon's sermon "On the Death of a Sinner," exhibits a specimen of impassioned eloquence, wonderfully adapted to display the talents of an accomplished pulpit orator, in giving energy to expression, by the solemnity of his tones, the agitation of his countenance, and the pathos communicated by the judicious use of emphatic pauses.

In the former part of this admirable discourse, the good bishop of Clermont most forcibly represents the futility of sensual enjoyments, and the high and sacred responsibility of the christian character: and then presents to the contemplation of his audience, the death bed of a merely nominal christian, who had finished his course, and passed his period of probation, "unsanctified by penitence and prayer"—and "without God in the world."

"Behold what the *expiring* sinner experiences in the recollection of his past life: sins which pass in dreadful array before him—the errors of childhood—the dissipations of youth—the vices and disorders of a more advanced period; perhaps, the shameful excesses of a licentious old age. Ah! brethren, while we riot in the enjoyment of health, we perceive but the surface of our conscience: we recal only a vague and confused remembrance of our past life: we contemplate only the passions which enchain us, not the crimes which they compel us to commit: an entire life spent in habits of iniquity appears then only as a single sin.—But on the bed of death, the darkness which enveloped the conscience of the sinner is dissipated. The more he searches his heart, the deeper and more numerous are the stains which he discovers in it: the lower he descends into that black abyss, the more hideous are the monsters of horror which present themselves to his sight; he is lost in the chaos, and bewildered with terror and amazement! To enlighten and purify that heart, an entire new life would be necessary—But, alas! Time flies with

rapid wing—and but a few moments now remain to precipitate a confession of errors and of crimes which require the expiation of a holy and a christian life, but which can now but a few moments precede the awful judgment of a just and omnipotent God. Alas! we often complain, during life, of a treacherous memory; so that the minister of God is under the necessity of remedying our inattention, and of assisting us to know and to judge of ourselves. But in that last hour, the expiring sinner shall require no assistance to recal the remembrance of his sins: the justice of God which during health had delivered him up to all the profundity of spiritual darkness, will then awaken and enlighten him, with the thunderings and lightnings of his wrath.

“Every thing around his bed of death awakens the remembrance of some error or some crime: servants whom he has scandalized by his example—children whom he has cruelly neglected—a wife whom he has rendered miserable by unkindness and infidelity—ministers of the church whom he has despised—riches which he has abused—the luxury in which he has revelled, and for which the poor and his creditors have suffered—the pride and magnificence of his buildings which have been reared by the inheritance of the widow and the orphan, or perhaps by a public calamity—every thing, in a word, ‘the heavens and the earth’ says Job ‘shall reveal his iniquity and rise up against him;’ shall recal to him the frightful history of his passions and his crimes. His eyes seek some resting place; but in vain: they can find nothing to dwell upon, but the dreary representations of death—yet even these the remembrance of the past, and the view of the present, though they awaken agonies inexpressible, might be supported by the expiring sinner, could he confine his attention to these: though wretched, he would not be so completely overwhelmed with misery as he is by the thoughts of futurity, which convulse him with horror and despair, that futurity, that incomprehensible region of darkness which he now approaches, conscience his only companion: that futurity, that unknown land, from which no traveller has ever returned, where he knows not whom he shall find, nor what awaits him: that futurity, that fathomless abyss, in the contemplation of which his mind is lost and bewildered, and into which he must now plunge, ignorant

of his destiny: that futurity, that tomb, that residence of horror; where he must now lie down amongst the ashes and the mouldering carcasses of his ancestors: that futurity, that incomprehensible eternity, the view of which in prospect he cannot support: that futurity; in a word, that dreadful judgment seat of God, before which he must now appear, to render an account of a life, every moment almost of which has been blackened by sins. Alas! while he only looked forward to this terrible futurity, at a distance, he made an infamous boast of not dreading it: he boldly braved its terrors: he continually demanded with a tone of blasphemy and derision, "who is returned from it?" he ridiculed the vulgar apprehensions, and piqued himself upon his superior intelligence and undaunted courage. But, from the moment that the hand of God is upon him; from the moment that death approaches near to him—that the gates of eternity unfold to receive him, and that he touches upon that awful futurity, against which while at a distance he seemed so strongly fortified—ah! then, he becomes weak, trembling, dissolved in tears, raising his suppliant hands to heaven; or, gloomy, silent, agitated, revolving in his mind the most dreadful thoughts, and alternately expecting consolation or relief from tears and lamentations, from frenzy and despair.

"Yes, my brethren, this inconsiderate, unhappy mortal, who had uniformly lulled himself in his excesses; uniformly flattered himself that one pious moment alone was necessary, one sentiment of compunction before death, to appease the anger of a justly incensed, yet merciful God, despairs now of his clemency: in vain is he told of his eternal mercies; for he feels how utterly unworthy he is of them. In vain the appointed minister of religion endeavours to sooth his terrors, by opening to him the bosom of divine love, and announcing the promises of pardon—these assurances cannot console him, because he well knows that the charity of the church, which never despairs of salvation for her children, cannot avert the awful judgment of a just and omnipotent God. In vain does the holy preacher descant upon forgiveness and grace; a secret and terrifying voice resounds from the bottom of his heart, and tells him that there is no salvation for the impious; and that he should have no confidence in consolations which are dictated by compassion rather than by

truth: in vain is he exhorted to apply to those last remedies which the church offers to the dying: he regards them as desperate expedients which are useless, when hope has expired: and which are bestowed more for the consolation of the living, than from any prospect of benefit to those who are departing. Servants of Jesus Christ are called in to support him in his last moments; while all which he is enabled to do is to envy their happy lot, and to writhe under the hopeless misery of his own. His friends and relations are assembled round his bed to receive his last sighs; but he averts from them his eyes, because they serve but to renew the remembrance of his sins. Death at last arrests him; and the spiritual pastor endeavours to cherish and to animate by prayer and soothing exhortation the expiring spark of life. 'Depart, christian soul!' says he: he says not to him, 'Prince, Grandee of the world, depart!' though during his life the public monuments might have been insufficient to emblazon the number and pride of his titles. In this last moment, he receives *that* title alone which he had obtained by baptism, the only one which he had disregarded; though the only one, of all the pompous train, which can accompany him into eternity. 'Depart, christian soul!' alas! he has lived as though the body formed his only being and treasure. He had endeavoured to persuade himself that his soul was but animated matter: that man is but a composition of flesh and blood, and that his existence perishes with his body. He now, however, is convinced that his body indeed is clay, and about to return to its kindred dust; but that his soul is immortal: that image of the Divinity—that sublime and intelligent principle which is capable of knowing, adoring, and loving its Almighty Creator, and which must now quit its earthly mansion, and appear before his awful tribunal to receive a retribution, 'according to the deeds done in the body.' 'Depart, christian soul! you who have considered the earth as your abiding country, when it was but a place of pilgrimage and probation, through which you were appointed to pass in your way to the mansions of eternity. The church desires to announce glad tidings to you, in announcing the expiration of your trial, the dissolution of your earthly prison, your emancipation from the fetters of clay; but alas! it can only thereby confirm your terrors and increase your wo.'

“Depart, then, christian soul! once marked with the seal of salvation which you have effaced; redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ, whom you have trampled under foot; purified by the grace of regeneration, which you have a thousand times stained; enlightened by the beams of the gospel which you have uniformly rejected; loaded with all the tender mercies of heaven, which you have always unworthily profaned.’ ‘Depart christian soul! go, and carry before Jesus Christ that august title, which should have been the illustrious signet of your salvation, but which now constitutes the seal of your condemnation.’

“The expiring sinner, then finding in the remembrance of the past, naught but agonizing regret—in all which takes place around him, naught but images which afflict him—in the thoughts of futurity, naught but horrors which appal him—can look nowhere for relief or consolation—not to created beings, for he must now leave them—not to the world, for it now vanishes from before him—not to his fellow mortals, for they cannot possibly protect him from the arrest of death—not to an infinitely just God whom he has rendered an avowed enemy, and from whom he has therefore nought but vengeance to expect: a thousand horrors occupy his thoughts—he writhes in agony, vainly endeavouring to elude the grasp of death, or to escape if possible from himself. The frenzy of his soul is awfully depicted in his agitated countenance. His exclamations, rendered unintelligible by interrupting sobs, may be equally the dictates of repentance and despair—the convulsions which agitate his frame must be attributed not merely to the natural pangs of dissolution, but to the struggles of the soul, against the approaching interview with its judge. He sighs! he groans! but whether through contrition for his past crimes, or despair of the mercy of heaven, cannot be ascertained. At length his eyes fix, his features change, his countenance becomes disfigured, his livid lips convulsively separate, his whole frame quivers, and his distracted soul is torn reluctantly from the body—hurried into the presence of Almighty God,—and stands trembling and alone at the foot of his awful tribunal.

“Thus, my brethren, do those expire who disregard and disobey their Creator during life—and thus shall you yourselves die, if your crimes thus accompany you to the bed of death.

"Every thing will assume a new aspect; but your consciousness of identity shall remain unchangeable—you shall die—and you shall die as you have lived, polluted, deformed, and degraded by sin. O! brethren, avoid this misery—live the life of the righteous; and your death, like theirs, will be peaceful, consolatory, and triumphant."

*Massillon, Serm. 10.*

The exemplification of Forensic Eloquence, to which I solicit your attention, is a part of Mr. Erskine's speech, on the trial of Thomas Williams, for the publication of Paine's "Age of Reason," before lord Kenyon and a special jury, July 24th, 1797.

"This publication appears to me to be as mischievous and cruel in its probable effects, as it is manifestly illegal in its principles; because it strikes at the best, sometimes, alas! the only refuge, and consolation amidst the distresses and afflictions of the world. The poor and humble, whom it affects to pity, may be stabbed to the heart by it. They have more occasion for firm hopes beyond the grave, than those who have greater comforts to render life delightful. I can conceive a distressed, but virtuous man, surrounded by children, looking up to him for bread, when he has none to give them, sinking under the last day's labour, and unequal to the next, yet still looking up with confidence to the hour when all tears shall be wiped from the eyes of affliction, bearing the burden laid upon him by a mysterious Providence which he adores, and looking forward with exultation to the *revealed* promises of his Creator, when he shall be greater than the greatest, and happier than the happiest of mankind. What a change in such a mind might be wrought by such a merciless publication? Gentlemen, whether these remarks are the overcharged declamations of an accusing counsel, or the just reflections of a man anxious for the public freedom, which is best secured by the morals of a nation, will be best settled by an appeal to the passages in the work, that are selected by the indictment for your consideration and judgment. You are at liberty to connect them with every context and sequel, and to bestow upon them the mildest interpretation.\*

\* Here Mr. Erskine read and commented upon several of the selected passages.

“Gentlemen, it would be useless and disgusting to enumerate the other passages within the scope of the indictment. How any man can rationally vindicate the publication of such a book, in a country where the Christian Religion is the very foundation of the law of the land, I am totally at a loss to conceive, and have no wish to discuss. How is a tribunal, whose whole jurisdiction is founded upon the solemn belief and practice of what is denied as falsehood, and reprobated as impiety, to deal with such an anomalous defence? Upon what principle is it even offered to the court, whose authority is contemned and mocked at? If the religion, proposed to be called in question, is not previously adopted in belief, and solemnly acted upon, what authority has the court to pass any judgment at all of acquittal or condemnation? Why am I now, or upon any other occasion, to submit to your lordship’s authority? Why am I now, or at any time, to address twelve of my equals, as I am now addressing you, with reverence and submission? Under what sanction are the witnesses to give their evidence, without which there can be no trial? Under what obligations can I call upon you, the jury, representing your country, to administer justice? Surely upon no other than that you are sworn to administer it under the oaths you have taken. The whole judicial fabric, from the king’s sovereign authority to the lowest office of magistracy, has no other foundation. The whole is built, both in form and substance, upon the same oath of every one of its ministers, to do justice, *‘as God shall help them hereafter.’* What God? and what hereafter? That God, undoubtedly, who has commanded kings to rule, and judges to decree with justice; who has said to witnesses, not by the voice of nature, but in revealed commandments, *‘thou shalt not bear false testimony against thy neighbour;’* and who has enforced obedience to them by the revelation of the unutterable blessings which shall attend their observances, and the awful punishments which shall await their transgressions.

“But it seems this course of reason, and the time and the person are at last arrived, that are to dissipate the errors which have overspread the past generations of ignorance! The believers in Christianity are many, but it belongs to the few that are wise to correct their credulity! Belief is an act of reason; and supe-



rior reason may therefore dictate to the weak. In running the mind along the numerous list of sincere and devout christians, I cannot help lamenting that Newton had not lived to this day, to have had his shallowness filled up with this new flood of light. But the subject is too awful for irony. I will speak plainly and directly. Newton was a Christian! Newton, whose mind burst forth from the fetters cast by nature upon our finite conceptions: Newton, whose science was truth, and the foundation of whose knowledge of it was philosophy: not those visionary and arrogant assumptions which too often usurp its name, but philosophy resting upon the basis of mathematics, which, like figures, cannot lie. Newton, who carried the line and rule to the utmost barriers of creation, and explored the principles by which, no doubt, all created matter is held together and exists. But this extraordinary man in the mighty reach of his mind, overlooked, perhaps, the errors which a minuter investigation of the created things on this earth might have taught him, of the essence of his Creator. What shall then be said of the great Mr. Boyle, who looked into the organic structure of all matter, even to the brute inanimate substances which the foot treads on. Such a man may be supposed to have been equally qualified with Mr. Paine, to "look through nature, up to nature's God." Yet the result of all his contemplation was, the most confirmed and devout belief in all which the other holds in contempt as despicable and drivelling superstition. But this error might, perhaps, arise from a want of due attention to the foundations of human judgment, and the structure of that understanding which God has given us for the investigation of truth. Let that question be answered by Mr. Locke, who was to the highest pitch of devotion and adoration a Christian. Mr. Locke, whose office was to detect the errors of thinking, by going up to the fountains of thought, and to direct into the proper track of reasoning the devious mind of man, by showing him its whole process, from the first perceptions of sense, to the last conclusions of ratiocination; putting a rein besides upon false opinion, by practical rules for the conduct of human judgment.

"But these men were only deep thinkers, and lived in their closets, unaccustomed to the traffic of the world, and to the

laws which practically regulate mankind. Gentlemen, in the place where you now sit, to administer the justice of this great country, above a century ago, the never to be forgotten sir Matthew Hale presided, whose faith in christianity is an exalted commentary upon its truth and reason, and whose life was a glorious example of its fruits in man; administering human justice with a wisdom and purity drawn from the pure fountain of the christian dispensation, which has been, and will be, in all ages, a subject of the highest reverence and admiration. But it is said by Mr. Paine, that the christian fable is but the tale of the more ancient superstitions of the world, and may be easily detected by a proper understanding of the mythologies of the heathens. Did Milton understand those mythologies? Was *he* less versed than Mr. Paine in the superstitions of the world? No: they were the subject of his immortal song; and though shut out from all recurrence to them, he poured them forth from the stores of a memory rich with all that man ever knew, and laid them in their order as the illustration of that real and exalted faith, the unquestionable source of that fervid genius, which cast a sort of shade upon all the other works of man—

“He pass’d the bounds of flaming space,  
Where angels tremble while they gaze;  
He saw, till, blasted with excess of light,  
He clos’d his eyes in endless night!”

But it was the light of the *body* only that was extinguished; ‘the celestial light shone inward,’ and enabled him to ‘justify the ways of God to man.’ The result of his thinking was nevertheless not the same as Mr. Paine’s. The *mysterious* incarnation of our blessed Saviour, which the ‘Age of Reason’ blasphemes in words so wholly unfit for the mouth of a Christian, or, for the ear of a court of justice, that I dare not and will not give them utterance—Milton made the grand conclusion of *Paradise Lost*, the rest of his finished labours, and the ultimate hope, expectation, and glory of the world:

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*'A Virgin is his mother ; but his sire  
The power of the Most High : he shall ascend  
The throne hereditary, and bound his reign  
With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the heavens.'*

"The immortal poet having thus put into the mouth of the angel the prophecy of man's redemption, follows it with that solemn and beautiful admonition, addressed in the poem to our great First Parent, but intended as an address to his posterity through all generations :

*'This having learned, thou hast attained the sum  
Of wisdom : hope no higher, though all the stars  
Thou knew'st by name, and all th' ethereal powers,  
All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,  
Or works of God in heaven, air, earth, or sea,  
And all the riches of this world enjoy'st,  
And all the rule one empire ; only add  
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable ; add faith,  
Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,  
By name to come call'd Charity, the soul  
Of all the rest : then wilt thou not be loth  
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess  
A paradise within thee happier far.'*

"Thus you find all that is great, or wise, or splendid, or illustrious, amongst created beings, all the minds gifted beyond ordinary nature, if not inspired by their Universal Author for the advancement and dignity of the world, though divided by distant ages, and by clashing opinions distinguishing them from one another, yet joining, as it were, in one sublime chorus to celebrate the truths of christianity, and laying upon its holy altars the never fading offerings of their immortal wisdom.

"Against all this concurring testimony, we find suddenly, from Mr. Paine, that the Bible teaches nothing but 'lies, obscenity, cruelty, and injustice.' Did the author or publisher ever read the sermon of *Christ upon the mount*, in which the great principles of our faith and duty are summed up ? Let us all but read and practise it, and lies, obscenity, cruelty, and injustice, and all human wickedness, would be banished from the world.

"Gentlemen, there is but one consideration more, which I cannot possibly omit, because I confess it affects me very deeply. Mr. Paine has written largely on public liberty and government; and this last performance has, on that account, been more widely circulated, and principally among those who attached themselves from principle to his former works. This circumstance renders a public attack upon *all revealed religion*, from such a writer, infinitely more dangerous. The religious and moral sense of the people of Great Britain, is the great anchor which alone can hold the vessel of the state amidst the storms which agitate the world; and if I could believe, for a moment, that the mass of the people were to be debauched from the principles of religion, which form the true basis of that humanity, charity, and benevolence, that has been so long the national characteristic, instead of mixing myself, as I sometimes have done, in political reformatations, I would rather retire to the uttermost corners of the earth, to avoid their agitation; and would bear not only the imperfections and abuses complained of in our own wise establishment, but even the worst government that ever existed in the world, rather than go to the work of reformation, with a multitude set free from all the charities of christianity, who had no sense of God's existence but from Mr. Paine's observation of nature, which the mass of mankind have no leisure to contemplate; nor any belief of future rewards and punishments, to animate the good in the glorious pursuit of human happiness, nor to deter the wicked from destroying it even in its birth. But I know the people of England better. They are a religious people; and, with the blessing of God, as far as it is in my power, I will lend my aid to keep them so. I have no objections to the freest and most extended discussions upon doctrinal points of the christian religion; and, *though the law of England does not permit it*, I do not dread the reasoned arguments of deists against the existence of christianity itself, because, as was said by its Divine Author, if it is of God, it will stand. An intellectual book, however erroneous, addressed to the intellectual world upon so profound and complicated a subject, can never

work the mischief which this indictment is calculated to repress. Such works will only employ the minds of men enlightened by study, to a deeper investigation of a subject well worthy of their profound and continued contemplation. The powers of the mind are given for human improvement in the progress of human existence. The changes produced by such reciprocations of lights and intelligences, are certain in their progressions, and make their way imperceptibly, as conviction comes upon the world, by the final and irresistible power of truth. If christianity be founded in falsehood, let us become deists in this manner, and I am contented. But this book hath no such object, no such capacity ; it presents no arguments to the wise and enlightened. On the contrary, it treats the faith and opinions of the wisest with the most shocking contempt, and stirs up men without the advantages of learning or sober thinking, to a total disbelief of every thing hitherto held sacred, and, consequently, to a rejection of all the laws and ordinances of the state, which stand only upon the assumption of their truth.

“ Gentlemen, I cannot conclude without expressing the deepest regret at all attacks upon the christian religion, by authors who profess to promote the civil liberties of the world. For, under what other auspices than christianity, have the lost and subverted liberties of mankind in former ages been re-asserted ? By what zeal, but the warm zeal of devout christians, have English liberties been redeemed and consecrated ? Under what other sanctions, even in our own days, have liberty and happiness been extending and spreading to the uttermost corners of the earth ? What work of civilization, what commonwealth of greatness, has the bald religion of nature ever established ? We see, on the contrary, the nations that have no other light than that of nature to direct them, sunk in barbarism, or slaves to arbitrary governments ; whilst, since the christian era, the great career of the world has been slowly, but clearly, advancing, with increasing splendour at every step, from the awful prophecies of the Gospel, and leading, I trust, in the end, to universal and eternal happiness. Each generation of mankind can see but a few revolving links of this mighty and mysterious chain ; but, by doing

our several duties in our allotted stations, we are sure that we are fulfilling the purposes of our existence. You, I trust, will fulfil yours this day!"

I have now, gentlemen, finished, though in an imperfect manner, the course of Lectures which I proposed to offer upon the very important arts of Reading and Public Speaking. Had my leisure been greater, I should, I think, have executed them better. Imperfect, however, as they are, they have given you some correct elementary principles, which, I trust, you will expand and improve by subsequent reading and practice.

I thank you, gentlemen, for your patient and polite attention; for the promptness with which you have complied with my occasional, oral, instructions, in gesture and in attitude; for the punctuality of your attendance; and for the satisfaction which you have so uniformly expressed.

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#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO—THE RECLUSE. No. I.

I AM so much of a Recluse as to have remained entirely ignorant of those *late* scenes of barbarity, which have been acted in the isle of St. Domingo, until a few days ago, a friend, who lives ten miles off, favoured me with a set of the Port Folio. Judge then of my feelings when I was surprised into a knowledge of the facts as recorded in the one for April, 1809, in which Duncan McIntosh's conduct and character are so luminously displayed. With this gentleman, I had a personal acquaintance in the West Indies, in '98, since which our pursuits have never brought us within hail of each other. These two circumstances are stated as a reason why, at this time of day, I take the liberty to offer a translation of one of the French odes, in which my said friend is so honourably mentioned. It will afford me satisfaction, to find my translation adjudged of sufficient merit to gain a column in the Port Folio.

The form which this celebrated vehicle of literary intelligence has, under its present establishment, assumed, is so conformable to my sense of elegance and usefulness, that I cheerfully congratulate my native country upon the possession of so fine a work. I have been not a little delighted and, perhaps, improved, by the perusal of the last eighteen numbers; and for the sake of renewing that entertainment and instruction, shall, in future, consider myself as a subscriber.

The plan upon which this work appears, now, to be conducted, is, in fact, so far superior to every thing which we have hitherto enjoyed in America, that I should think my conduct rather incorrect, were I to withhold the expression of so decided and so favourable a sentiment as I feel; for it may be fairly considered as the duty of every qualified member of the literary and moral communities to lend the weight of his authority in order to fix the momentum of general sentiment: in the same manner as the passengers of a packet ought, at certain times, upon the principle of common propriety, to *lean all* on one side, to keep the vessel upright. Now, if, in addition to this testimony in its behalf, I might lay myself under an obligation to fill a page or two occasionally, without incurring the charge of presumption, and, at the same time, without risking the mortification of a rejection of offered services, I should propose myself as a volunteer, to be employed in the service of the Republic, as occasion may require. Upon the files of former years four or five of my fugitives appear to have been arrested, by the partial hands of different friends, through whose agency I have been willing to ascribe their fitness to pass the ordeal of critical inspection. But if I be not deceived by that fondness for one's own written performances, which THE SCRIBBLER has so prettily shown to be both natural and laudable, I imagine there will be no danger of an absolute failure in every branch of service in which the offer might be made. The requisite endowments of every member of the Republic of Letters are very diversified, and the capacity of an individual is seldom *unique*, or so confined as to fit him for one station only. If the higher branches of the body politic of learning require talents which an Antony or August-

tus only can display, still are there other departments which a Lepidus might fill with credit to himself, and without disparagement to the state. And it ought not to be forgotten (which is an allusion I have met with somewhere in my reading) that a citizen of the lowest order, was an essential part of a triumphant entry into Rome.

It is this very multiform arrangement of the business, which the economy of the Port Folio, under its present management seems to involve, by which I have been led to augur so favourably of its rising dignity and brightness. The consciousness of the advantages derivable from an aggregation of talents and exertions cannot be long unfelt, by the man who pledges himself to turn out a great deal of work from his own shop; and by no one, perhaps, can this consciousness be more respectably acknowledged than by the editor of a large miscellaneous and periodical publication. The consumption is so vast that its caterers must be neither few nor lazy. Like the *famous* cannibal monster of ancient fable, its supply must be constant, however costly the viands upon which it subsists. And as one of the appetites of a Monthly Magazine is to be fed by *scraps of criticism*, the resemblance it bears to the Minotaur of the labyrinth is, in a more specific point of view, peculiarly striking.

The business of this department ought to be transacted by such persons as are rarely found. With every literary and scientific qualification, common to those of the highest order of writers, critics ought to be as gentle in their manners and benevolent in their designs as if they fed upon only the milk or rather cream of human kindness. Without some attention of this kind to their ordinary diet, there is a danger of their degenerating into a species of the *Gunaicophagi*, or character-dévourers of modern days.\*

And now, since I have struck upon this subject, but for two reasons, which I will state, I would at once unfold to your wondering eyes a mighty scheme for the reformation of the said department of criticism. One is, lest it prove a rash step for one of my standing, being at the very vestibule, to provoke the

\* See Pindar Cockloft's Poem on Tea. *Salmagundi*.



whole phalanx of reviewers, against my first attempt by thus suddenly raising the cry of reform ! The other reason which I promised to state is this: Females who are involved in the projected establishment, are supposed to be less tender of reputation, and consequently, less fit than men to deal out *honours for the brow of genius*. But as I consider this last insinuation as a downright slander upon the fair sex which, with chivalric valour, I am ready to rebut, and as a prompt disclosure will at once save me from further digression and your patience from longer suffering, I will even now boldly and succinctly let you into the knowledge of my scheme. In two words then: let there be enrolled in the Republic of Letters a band of matrons, able bodied and willing minded ones, of course, whose duty it shall be to erect themselves into a council of Censors, which might be denominated the High Court of Errors and Appeals, possessing, notwithstanding, a concurrent jurisdiction with the present body of reviewers. The need of a reformation of this sort will be apparent to any impartial person who, after reading *Cœlebs*, will glance his eye over the Edinburgh Review of that estimable work. And although the Philadelphia reviewers have done the amiable authoress what justice they could, by an able and spirited vindication of the talents and sentiments of Stanley, Cœlebs, and Lucilla, yet that effusion of genuine criticism ought not to be pleaded against the plan proposed. On the contrary, it stands as an irrefragable argument in favour of the suggested reform—in order that an injured author may, in future, know to what quarter he can confidently look for redress. But it is not my intention in this paper to dilate upon this or other matters that occur. I content myself for the present with broaching the hint, reserving the privilege of taking it up as a subject for a future lucubration, and giving, in this public manner the present Reviewers fair notice, in order that they may marshal themselves in what array they please against the threatened reform.

It was my intention to pay my respects to your noble purveyor for the *TABLE D'HÔTE*, whose monthly provision is really sumptuous, and to tell him how truly I have relished his

entertainment. But at the same time to assure him that two or three of his dishes were too stale before they were served up at his table, and that one or two others were quite spoilt by the seasoning.

I had it in contemplation also, to inform THE SCRIBBLER that he wrongs himself by taking such a nick-name; for his merit as a writer entitles him to a much more dignified appellation. In fact his choice has reduced modest *me* to a serious dilemma; for in order to distinguish our qualifications as writers, by an appropriate signature, I am sadly put to it—there being none left in the whole vocabulary of the language which, according to his rule of deciding, might not be considered as too presumptuous for me to adopt. How he will be able to make me adequate compensation for this trespass upon my proper *Title* I leave for his ingenuity to discover.

With ATTICUS I have a crow to pick. He has offended not me only, but, I suspect, many others. So capable as he appears to be to give his friends a substantial dish of Greek pudding; he is continually whetting their appetites and then, forsooth, placing before them little more than a little philological flummery. How much more consistent with his character would it be (for I willingly acknowledge him to be a gentleman) to satisfy us with some hearty slices from Epictetus or Plato! This hint I trust will be sufficient; otherwise I shall most assuredly prefer an information in full form against him to the High Court of Ladies (when organized) to roast him for neglecting to serve us with the best from his stall.

The dispute between Analyticus and the author of the Essay called "Man Constitutionally Moral," is left at sixes and sevens. I would go much out of my way to make my acknowledgments to those ingenious gentlemen. Upon the subject of sympathy they both appear to be right, and both, in some respects, wrong—and if I could express myself as well as either of them, I do not know but I should enter the lists against them severally. For the present, I only beg leave to remark, that in reply to Analyticus, his antagonist seems to forget, that the doctrine of association, which he dwells upon with so much energy and

fondness, involves that very principle of necessity which he strenuously disclaims. How it happens that the quick-sighted Analyticus suffers him to exult in so doubtful a victory I know not—unless indeed I have run into a misapprehension of the bearing of some of their arguments. HARTLEY, who first broached the beautiful system of communicative vibrations and associations, openly avows it to be founded upon absolute necessity, however remotely or secretly the links of the concatenation may be formed. And indeed, if many, not to say all, of our associations really and involuntarily fasten themselves upon our minds without our own contrivance, and if the powers of sympathy grow out of these associations, and if these powers of sympathy be the *only* foundation of our moral feelings, is it not plain that our morality must be altogether mechanical, not less upon this, than upon Analyticus's plan which honestly avows the Divine sovereignty throughout? I heartily wish they had sifted this matter more thoroughly, or, according to Analyticus's fine language, that they had not contented themselves "with hovering round the foliage instead of digging at the roots of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil."

If I were to put down in writing all the remarks upon your literary purveyors, which the perusal of their labours for eighteen months past, has enabled me to make, I should spin my first performance to an immoderate length. And as I suppose you to have enough of experience in these matters to shun an acquaintance with a prolix Essayist, I shall terminate this inaugural with the request to be occasionally permitted, in this free and easy manner, to peep upon you out of the shades of my retirement.

*Seminary Range, (Ohio.)*

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO—THE POLITE SCHOLAR.

HAVING, in recent speculations dwelt, perhaps too fondly, on the merits of Horace and La Fontaine; and having attempted to give, in the form of gay paraphrase, the mere English reader some idea of the sportive style of the illustrious ancient, it now imports me to perform a similar act of justice to the no less brilliant modern. Of the *Tales* of La Fontaine I know no complete and perfect version in the English language. Single stories have been rendered by certain wits, who were apt pupils of Lord Rochester and Lord Lyttleton, but I may not quote any passages, lest I should be suspected to have formed an alliance with *wicked* wit, and to have indulged my memory at the expense of my discretion. It is impossible for a Polite Scholar to trespass upon the boundaries of delicacy or the rights of modest woman, and, therefore, let us be silent, concerning the British paraphrases of a certain section of the works of La Fontaine. We think that a dissipated and juvenile nobleman of Scotland, a certain lord Haddington, has made the nearest approach to the sportive style of this facetious writer, unless we except John Hall Stevenson, the favourite friend of Laurence Sterne; and as legitimate a branch of the Shandy family as ever indulged in a whimsical thought or action. In one of the gayer miscellanies of hazarded poetry, which none but the initiated must read, is a version in a metre, style, and spirit, of which Dean Swift would not have been ashamed. But here genius is so much at variance with virtue, we cannot with propriety, take any other part than merely to allude to the combat. Of the *Fables* of our frisky Frenchman, the manner and the moral are equally pure and unexceptionable. But I know not whether they have yet been invested with a complete dress of English drapery. The story of *Les deux Pigeons* is thus admirably translated by the genius of Charlotte Smith, and as this exquisite morceau has never appeared in America, we must not fail to record it as a perfect specimen of the best manner of La Fontaine, which will leave the vernacular reader no cause to regret his ignorance of the original.

## THE TRUANT DOVE, A FABLE, FROM LA FONTAINE.

A mountain stream its channel deep  
 Beneath a rock's rough base had torn;  
 The cliff, like a vast castle wall was steep  
 By fretting rains in many a crevice worn;  
 But the fern wav'd there, and the mosses crept,  
 And o'er the summit where the wind  
 Peel'd from their stems the silver rind,  
 Depending birches wept——  
 There, tufts of broom a footing used to find,  
 And heath and straggling grass to grow,  
 And half way down from roots enwreathing, broke  
 The branches of a scathed oak  
 And seem'd to guard the cave below,  
 Where each revolving year,  
 Their twins two faithful doves were wont to rear;  
 Choice never join'd a fonder pair;  
 To each their simple home was dear,  
 No discord ever enter'd there;  
 But there the soft affections dwell'd,  
 And three returning springs beheld  
 Secure within their fortress high  
 The little happy family.  
 "*Toujours perdrix, messieurs, ne valent rien*——"  
 So did a Gallic monarch once harangue,  
 And evil was the day whereon our bird  
 This saying heard,  
 From certain new acquaintance he had found,  
 Who at their perfect ease,  
 Amid a field of peas  
 Boasted to him that all the country round,  
 The wheat, and oats, and barley, rye and tares,  
 Quite to the neighbouring sea were theirs;  
 And theirs the oak, and beech woods far and near,  
 For their right noble owner was a peer,  
 And they themselves luxuriantly were stored  
 In a great dove-cote—to amuse my lord.  
 "*Toujours perdrix ne valent rien*." That's strange!  
 When people once are happy, wherefore change?  
 So thought our stock dove, but communication  
 With birds in his new friend's exalted station,

Whose means of information,  
And knowledge of all sorts, must be so ample;  
Who saw great folks, and follow'd their example,  
Made on the dweller of the cave, impression,  
And soon, whatever was his best possession,  
His sanctuary within the rock's deep breast,  
His soft ey'd partner, and her nest,  
He thought of with indifference, then with loathing;  
So much insipid love was good for nothing.—  
But sometimes tenderness return'd; his dame  
So long belov'd, so mild, so free from blame,  
How should he tell her, he had learn'd to cavi  
At happiness itself, and longed to travel?  
His heart still smote him, so much wrong to do her,  
He knew not how to break the matter to her.  
But love, though blind himself, makes some discerning;  
His frequent absence, and his late returning,  
With ruffled plumage, and with altered eyes,  
His careless short replies,  
And to their couplets, coldness or neglect  
Had made his gentle wife suspect,  
All was not right; but she forbore to tease him,  
Which would but give him an excuse to rove:  
She therefore tried by every art to please him,  
Endur'd his peevish starts with patient love,  
And, when, like other husbands from a tavern  
Of his new notions full, he sought his cavern,  
She, with dissembled cheerfulness, "beguil'd  
"The thing she was," and gayly coo'd and smil'd.  
"Tis not in this most motley sphere uncommon,  
For man, and so, of course, more feeble woman,  
Most strongly to suspect, what they're pursuing  
Will lead them to inevitable ruin,  
Yet rush with open eyes to their undoing:  
Thus felt the dove; but in the cant of fashion  
He talk'd of fate and of predestination,  
And, in a grave oration,  
He to his much affrighted mate related,  
How he, yet slumbering in the egg, was fated,  
To gather knowledge, to instruct his kind,  
By observation elevate his mind,

And give new impulse to Columbian life;  
 "If it be so," exclaimed his hapless wife,  
 "It is *my fate*, to pass my days in pain,  
 To mourn your love estrang'd, and mourn in vain;  
 Here in our once dear hut, to wake and weep,  
 When thy unkindness shall have 'murder'd sleep;  
 And never that dear hut shall I prepare,  
 And wait with fondness your arrival there,  
 While me, and mine forgetting, you will go,  
 To some new love." "Why, *no*, I tell you *no*,—  
 What shall I say such foolish fears to cure?  
 I only mean to make a little tour,  
 Just—just to see the world around me; then  
 With new delight, I shall come home again;  
 Such tours are quite the rage—at my return  
 I shall have much to tell, and you to learn;  
 Of fashions—some becoming, some grotesque  
 Of change of empires, and ideas novel;  
 Of buildings, Grecian, Gothic, Arabesque,  
 And scenery sublime and picturesque;  
 And all these things with pleasure we'll discuss"—  
 "Ah, me! and what are all these things to us?"  
 "So then, you'd have a bird of genius grovel,  
 And never see beyond a farmer's hovel.  
 Even the sand-martin, that inferior creature,  
 Goes once a year abroad." "It is *his* nature,  
 But yours how different once!" and then she sigh'd,  
 "There *was* a time, Ah! would that I had died,  
 E'er you so chang'd! when you'd have perish'd rather  
 Than this poor breast should heave a single feather  
 With grief and care. And all this cant of fashion  
 Would but have rais'd your anger, or compassion,—  
 O my dear love! You sought not then to range,  
 But on my changeful neck as fell the light,  
 You sweetly said, you wish'd no other change  
 Than that soft neck could show; to berries bright  
 Of mountain ash, you fondly could compare  
 My scarlet feet and bill; my shape and air,  
 Ah, faithless flatterer, did you not declare  
 The soul of grace and beauty center'd there?  
 My eyes you said, were opals, brightly pink,  
 Enchas'd in onyx; and you seem'd to think,

Each charm might then the coldest heart enthrall:  
Those charms were mine. Alas! I gave you all—  
Your farthest wanderings then were but to fetch  
The pea, the tare, the beechmast, and the vetch,  
For my repast; within my rocky bower,  
With spleenwort shaded, and the blue-bell's flower,  
For prospects then you never wish'd to roam,  
But the best scenery was our happy home;  
And when, beneath my breast, then fair and young,  
Our first dear pair, our earliest nestlings sprung,  
And weakly, indistinctly, tried to soo—  
Were not those moments picturesque to you?"  
"Yes, faith, my dear; and all you say is true."  
"Oh! hear me then; if thus we have been blest,  
If on these wings it was your joy to rest,  
Love must from habit still new strength be gaining—" "  
"From habit! 'tis of that, child, I'm complaining.  
This everlasting fondness will not be  
For birds of flesh and blood. We sha'n't agree,  
So why dispute? now prithee don't torment me;  
I shall not long be gone; let that content ye:  
Pshaw! what a fuss! Come, no more sighs and groans,  
Keep up your spirits; mind your little ones;  
My journey won't be far—my honour's pledged—  
I shall be back again before they're fledged:  
Give me a kiss; and now my dear, adieu!"  
So light of heart and plumes, away he flew;  
And, as above the sheltering rock he springs,  
She listen'd to the echo of his wings;  
Those well-known sounds, so soothing heretofore,  
Which her heart whisper'd she should hear no more.  
Then to her cold and widow'd bed she crept,  
Clasp'd her half-orphan'd young, and wept!  
Her recreant mate, by other views attracted,  
A very different part enacted;  
He sought the dove-cote, and was greeted there  
With all that's tonish, elegant, and rare,  
Among the pigeon tribes: and there the rover  
Lived quite in clover!  
His jolly comrades now, were blades of spirit;  
Their nymphs possess'd most *fascinating* merit;  
Nor fail'd our hero of the rock to prove,  
He thought not of inviolable love



To his poor spouse at home. He bow'd and sigh'd,  
 Now to a \*fantail's, now a cropper's bride;  
 Then cowering low to a majestic pouter,  
 Declared he should not suffer life without her;  
 And then with upturn'd eyes, in phrase still humbler,  
 Implor'd the pity of an almond tumbler;  
 Next, to a beauteous carrier's feet he'd run,  
 And lived a week, the captive of a nun:  
 Thus far in measureless content he revels,  
 And blest the hour when he began his travels.  
 Yet some things soon occur'd not quite so pleasant;  
 He had observ'd that an unfeeling peasant,  
 It silence mounting on a ladder high,  
 Seiz'd certain pigeons just as they could fly,  
 Who never figur'd more, but in a pie;  
 That was but awkward; then, his lordship's son  
 Heard from the groom, that 'twould be famous fun  
 To try on others his unpractic'd gun;  
 Their fall, the rattling shot, his nerves perplex'd;  
 He thought perhaps it might be his turn next.  
 It has been seen ere now, that, much elated,  
 To be by some great man caress'd and feted,  
 A youth of humble birth, and mind industrious,  
 Foregoes in evil hour his independance;  
 And, charm'd to wait upon his friend illustrious,  
 Gives up his time to flattery and attendance.  
 His patron, smiling at his folly, lets him—  
 Some newer whim succeeds, and he forgets him.  
 So fared our bird; his new friend's vacant stare,  
 Told him he scarce remember'd he was there;  
 And, when he talk'd of living more securely,  
 This very dear friend, yawning, answered, "Surely!  
 You are quite right to do what's most expedient,  
 So, au revoir!—Good bye! Your most obedient."  
 Allies in prosperous fortune thus he prov'd,  
 And left them, unregretting, unbelov'd;

\* The varieties of pigeons here named, as Fantail, Carrier, Pouter, Almond Tumbler, and Nun, with many others, are varieties produced by art from the common pigeon. Societies exist in which prizes are given to those who produce birds nearest to the standard of imaginary perfection. A Pouter is a bird of which the crop is capable of being so much distended with wind, that the animal appears to be without a head, on this enlargement of the crop, depends the value and beauty of the bird.

These fanciers are to ornithologists what flower fanciers are to botanists.

Yet much his self-love suffer'd by the shock,  
And now, his quiet cabin in the rook,  
The faithful partner of his every care,  
And all the blessings he abandon'd there,  
Rush'd on his sickening heart; he felt it yearn,  
But pride and shame prevented his return;  
So wandering farther—at the close of day  
To the high woods he pensive wing'd his way;  
But new distress at every turn he found—  
Struck by a hawk, and stunn'd upon the ground,  
He once by miracle escaped; then fled  
From a wild cat, and hid his trembling head  
Beneath a dock; recovering, on the wind  
He rose once more, and left his fears behind;  
And, as above the clouds he soar'd, the light  
Fell on an inland rock; the radiance bright  
Show'd him his long deserted place of rest,  
And thitherward he flew; his throbbing breast  
Dwelt on his mate, so gentle, and so wrong'd,  
And on his memory throng'd  
The happiness he once at home had known;  
Then to forgive him earnest to engage her,  
And for his errors eager to atone,  
Onward he went; but ah! not yet had flown  
Fate's sharpest arrow: to decide a wager,  
Two sportsmen shot at our deserter; down  
The wind swift wheeling, struggling, still he fell,  
Close to the margin of the stream that flow'd  
Beneath the foot of his regretted cell,  
And the fresh grass was spotted with his blood;  
To his dear home he turn'd his languid view,  
Deplor'd his folly, while he look'd his last,  
And sigh'd a long adieu!  
Thither to sip the brook, his nestlings, led  
By their still pensive mother, came;  
He saw; and murmuring forth her dear lov'd name,  
Implor'd her pity, and with shortening breath,  
Besought her to forgive him ere his death—  
And now, how hard in metre to relate  
The tears and tender pity of his mate!  
Or with what generous zeal, his faithful moiety  
Taught her now feather'd young, with duteous piety,

To aid her, on their mutual wings to bear,  
 With stork-like care,  
 Their suffering parent to the rock above;  
 There, by the best physician, Love,  
 His wounds were heal'd.—His wanderings at an end,  
 And sober'd quite, the husband, and the friend,  
 In proof of reformation and contrition,  
 Gave to his race this prudent admonition;  
 Advice, which this, our fabling muse, presumes  
 May benefit the *biped without plumes*:  
 If of domestic peace you are possess'd,  
 Learn to believe yourself supremely bless'd;  
 And gratefully enjoying your condition,  
 Fret not about, on whims and fancies strange,  
 For ten to one, you for the worse will change:  
 And 'tis most wise, to check all vain ambition—  
 By such aspiring pride the angels fell;  
 So love your wife, and know when you are well."

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CORRESPONDENCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

*Baltimore December 5th, 1810.*

MR. EDITOR,

HAVING often heard it asserted, that a habit of composition, too much indulged, has a tendency to destroy the power of *extempore* speaking in a young man, I have troubled you with the following remarks for the purpose of illustrating the incorrectness of this dangerous opinion, which if deemed worthy of insertion in the pages of the Port Folio, you will much oblige a correspondent by publishing.

1. Whenever inclination prompts a young man to wield his pen, whatever be his subject, if the effusions of his taste or genius are intended for the public eye, he will evidently be extremely careful to clothe his ideas in the most correct and fanciful dress, he possibly can. He will turn over, in his mind the various modes of expression, he has formerly used in conversation, for the conveyance of particular sentiments to the understanding of those around him, and will be studiously attentive in selecting such, as are, to all appearance, most consonant with grammatical accuracy, and as present the most fascinating and

agreeable union of elegance with propriety. He who is desirous of bringing the brilliancy of his talents into public notice, will be cautious in not permitting any thing, that may possibly derogate from his expected celebrity, to creep into his style, and however faulty it proves, when the publication of the first specimen empowers us to examine it, we must naturally suppose its deficiencies to have arisen from defect in abilities, rather than an intentional desire of displeasing. Hence the first beneficial result of a habit of composition, is, attention to the combination of beauty with correctness, in writing down our ideas, and consequently, the gradual acquirement of a proper manner of expressing ourselves in company, whatever may chance to be the subject of conversation. A little reflection will evince the truth of this conclusion. Let any one write down a number of observations on the most common topics, in as smooth and correct a style as he possibly can,—if perchance these same topics should, a short time afterwards, become the subject of discussion, in a company at which he was present, he will, in his *quota* of remarks, discover a greater and more peculiar fluency of speech, than he ever before remarked in himself, and, upon recollection, will find the same method of expression he had used in writing a short time before, resorted to, in his portion of the conversation he had just been engaged in. How then is it possible for frequent writing to prevent or destroy fluency in conversation, I cannot discover, while on the contrary it appears to me evident, that nothing can have a stronger and more apparent effect in improving and increasing it.

2. In composition, it is necessary to keep constantly in the memory, a number of words, terms, and even sentences, of the same signification, for nothing more effectually conduces to injure the harmony of writing than frequent repetitions of the same mode of expression, and even supposing a person, unpossessed of this valuable requisite, to be capable of avoiding tautology, yet his style will generally be unconnected, and his periods can never be rounded, with that ease and gracefulness, which are the principal characteristics of elegant writing. In common conversation, for the most part, we are not particularly studious,

in avoiding that species of fault; and this, chiefly on account of our not readily perceiving any injurious effects it has on our usual mode of conversing; but when reading a disquisition on some interesting question, in which we generally look for smoothness and freedom from inelegant sameness, we quickly observe and condemn, every defect that either renders it harsh and dissonant, or that detracts in any way from its expected excellence.—Here then we call one thing—*inelegant*—merely because its deficiencies are more observable than those, in what may, on superficial scrutiny, be considered as possessing the opposite quality; and this distinction is between studied composition and mere casual conversation. In the first, every, the minutest defect is at all times liable to be discovered:—in the latter many things escape notice, which, if remembered and criticised, would be found extremely improper:—The one is itself a standing evidence against its author, while the faults of the other depend, for discovery and exposure, upon their retention in perhaps an uncertain and deceptive memory.—But it cannot certainly be ever considered as a sufficient reason for carelessness in conversation, that grammatical and other inaccuracies are not liable to be readily perceived in a speaker, while conversing, or at least if perceived not long remembered, and therefore to conclude, that correctness is never laudable or necessary, except in elaborate composition, we are to remember that, in the writings of almost every person, there is to be found a slight tincture of the peculiarities in phraseology for which, in conversation, they were always remarkable, and that, in general, the more correct a person is in speaking the fewer will be the inaccuracies perceivable in his writings. This, independent of any other consideration, is sufficient to illustrate the propriety of attending to elegance in conversation, and if this is proved to be promoted by frequent composition, it will be another argument to evince its great utility and importance.—If, as has been shown, there is an absolute necessity for being acquainted with a great variety of words, of similar significations, in order to be enabled to write with purity and correctness, and, as has also been shown, what we are in the habit of writing will by degrees be infused into our common conversation, it must be obvious, that a habit of composition will tend to im-

prove our speech, by accustoming us to make use of various phrases, different in expression though alike in meaning, and by these means, avoiding the disagreeable necessity of frequent repetition. From these, and a variety of other considerations that will not fail of suggesting themselves to the reader's understanding, it would appear, that instead of diminishing our capability of *extempore* speaking, a habit of composition will have strong and visible effects in increasing and improving it: but having considered this improvement, hitherto, as that only of fluency in private conversation, it will be necessary to examine, whether it will be equally apparent with respect to public oratory:—and here we will discover that the beneficial consequences of frequent writing are equally important.—Whoever wishes to speak *extempore* will, on his first attempt, commence his reflections, by forming in his mind a plan of procedure, which his imagination may suggest as most methodical and regular, and will afterwards mentally prepare a clothing, for such of his ideas, as he intends for the most prominent and striking parts of his argument.—That this is the manner in which young men will usually proceed, when rising, for the first time, to address a public audience, whether a religious congregation, or a court and jury, I do not think it unreasonable to presume, and as I have before shown that mere private conversation is considerably improved by composition, I believe I may in justice infer from the conclusion I then made, that *extempore* public speaking is also facilitated by the same. For what makes the distinction between *public oratory* and *private conversation*? The one is a continued argument regulated in the correctness of its style by the same rules with *conversation* but different in manner, being usually addressed to a particular audience, and for a particular purpose: but still the object, as to the expression of sentiments, is the same in both, and must, to be approved, be equally correct and elegant.—Hence it must be obvious that fluency in speaking, without the previous preparation and committing to memory of what we intend advancing in our discourse, is augmented, by accustoming ourselves, when young, to compose frequently, and at the same time attentively, and that the neglect of this will be attended with effects, as deleterious on the other hand as these are beneficial. Perhaps it may be urged, that as composition gives one

a taste for elegance and refinement of sentiment in writing, a fear of being deficient in these requisites, may induce him to endeavour, in every case where such a thing is possible, to commit whatever he intends saying to paper, and, by retaining it in his memory, increase his fluency by artificial means. If ever such an inclination should predominate in a young man's breast, the duties of whose profession, require frequent speaking, as those of a lawyer, it certainly may in time, become injurious,—but the very few instances that occur, where young men have ever had such inclinations, tends, more than any other argument, to prove the fallacy of this objection.—If a habit of composition tends to improve and increase fluency, although some, through diffidence, may, at first, write down the first and final parts of their speech or argument, yet, as mere bashfulness is the sole cause of this, the custom will soon be relinquished, and, when confidence is acquired, that fluency, which was before remarkable in the conversation of the speaker, becomes also a characteristic of his public oratory.

The prejudicial effects that may result from too unlimited an indulgence of an inclination for writing are not however to be slighted.—Although the salutary consequences that will invariably follow a taste for elegant composition are many and important, yet the extreme predilection for continual scribbling sometimes evinced by young men, is not without its bad effects. If we indulge too much a desire for writing, we in time lose all attachment to any thing else.—The *Belles Lettres* have generally more attractions than the labyrinths and perplexities of the *law*; and, as young men are usually fonder of the beauties of elegant and *polite literature*, than *scientific*, or abstruse *legal* essays, the inclination to pursue the one, may possibly end in the total neglect of the other. To avoid this is evidently necessary:—but the possibility of an inclination carrying us, in its gratification, to injurious extremes, is no evidence of its pursuit being improper when judiciously regulated by salutary restrictions: a resolution, not to transgress certain bounds, to choose certain subjects, connected, in some measure with the study or profession we are engaged in, to write only so much during *one month*, *three months*, or a *year*, and various other things of this kind, might be easily adhered to, and would produce the most beneficial results.—Upon the whole I

am of opinion that if we confine our inclination for composition, within such limits, as the good sense of our superiors in abilities may assist us in establishing, frequent writing will, invariably prove of the greatest service, as well in rendering us fluent in conversation, and public speaking, as in learning us habits of investigation and research.

Having drawn out my remarks on this subject to a greater length than I at first designed, I am afraid, my dear sir, you will find my letter of an uninteresting length; however, as the subject of this communication is capable of a much more extensive consideration, I propose in some future essay to reexamine it with greater perspicuity, and according to a more regular and consistent plan.

I have sir the honor to be  
your most obedient humble servant,

H. Y.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. EDITOR,

I have transiently thought of the passage in Gray's *Elegy* which you pronounced unintelligible, and am confirmed in the interpretation I then gave it—

E'en from the tomb, the voice of Nature cries,  
E'en in our ashes lives their wonted fires."

By taking the whole verse together it is evident the poet considers the dying man as already dead; as gone from the world and lost to it. There may be some violence in this anticipation; but, this admitted, Gray means to say that even at that time, our wonted fires, that is, our usual and natural affections, passions and desires will still exist and display themselves. We take consolation from the attentions of those we love, we look for their sympathy, even when they can avail us nothing; we cherish our natural affections and propensities, and have pleasure in them, even at the moment of their dissolution. The abstract philosopher; the mere reasoning metaphysician might say, that a man can die as well on a dunghill as in his chamber: alone,



or in the midst of strangers, as in the bosom of his family; but the "voice of Nature" holds a different language, and calls for and receives tranquillity and comfort from natural kindness, affections and sympathies.

Pope's illustrations of the "Ruling Passion" are very analogous to Gray's sentiment; and St. Evremond means pretty much the same thing, when he says "the last sighs of a handsome woman are more for the loss of her beauty than her life:"

"Mercy! cries Helluo, mercy on my soul!

"Is there no hope? Alas, then bring the jowl."

So Narcissa is shocked at the idea of being buried in woolen, and her last words were:

"One would not sure be frightful when one's dead,

"And—Betty give this cheek a little red"—

Thus do our wonted fires live in our ashes, when the body is dead to every thing else—

I. H.

MR. EDITOR.

Looking over the first volume of your excellent and interesting miscellany I perceived the Inquirer No. I. p. 510—mentions his possessing a work entitled "Reflections on Ridicule, and the means of avoiding it"—&c. by Jeremy Collier, A. M. From various idiomatic peculiarities in the style Inquirer is disposed to believe it was translated from the French, although the title-page announces it as an original work—As I am one of those who ardently desire the welfare of the republic of letters, and believing also that the detection of plagiarism has at least an indirect tendency to promote that welfare, I have taken the liberty to inform your correspondent through the medium of the Port Folio, that there is a French work entitled, "Reflexions sur le Ridicule, et sur les moyens de l'avoiter, par m. l'Abbé de Bellegarde." A copy of this work printed at Amst. anno 1707, may be seen in the Philadelphia Library, No. 1108. 12mo. whether the English work can be identified with this I cannot say, as I have not seen the former.

Very respectfully yours.

P.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A SKETCH OF THE RISE, PROGRESS, AND PRESENT STATE OF  
DICKINSON COLLEGE IN CARLISLE.

ON the happy termination of our revolutionary conflict, the patriots and statesmen of America, though relieved from the fatigues of a camp, and no longer exposed to the dangers attendant on the profession of arms, were not permitted to repose from their labours. The country which their wisdom and valour had rescued from external domination, was now to be improved in its internal resources. The arts of peace were to be cultivated, the vast and complex machinery of civil government was to be erected and put in motion, and every necessary mean devised and employed not only to maintain the liberty and independence recently achieved, but to render them a blessing to the then existing and to future generations. Among these thousand objects of attention and deliberation, the education of youth claimed and was admitted to a distinguished place.

Whether we consult the history of nations, or listen to the more familiar but not less instructive lessons of experience and observation, we will be convinced that, under Providence, the sound and correct education of youth constitutes the true basis of the pre-eminence and happiness of kingdoms and states. And this is particularly the case in those communities and among those people distinguished by the blessings and immunities of civil liberty. It is still more emphatically the case in places under the direction of representative governments. For where every man has a suffrage either proximately or remotely in the affairs of the nation, unless that suffrage be enlightened by wisdom and guided by virtue, it cannot but fall out that those affairs must go wrong, and that misrule, anarchy and despotism will be the tragic result. If we again recur to history, that faithful and universal teacher and monitor, we will again learn, that the decline and downfall of empires, kingdoms and states, has been generally preceded, and to reflecting minds foretold, by a marked deterioration in the discipline and education of youth. With regard to the Roman empire, in particular, the most august monument of human grandeur the world has ever be-

held, the decline of letters is known to have accompanied *pari passu* the decline of civil power, and to have had a material influence on it as a cause.

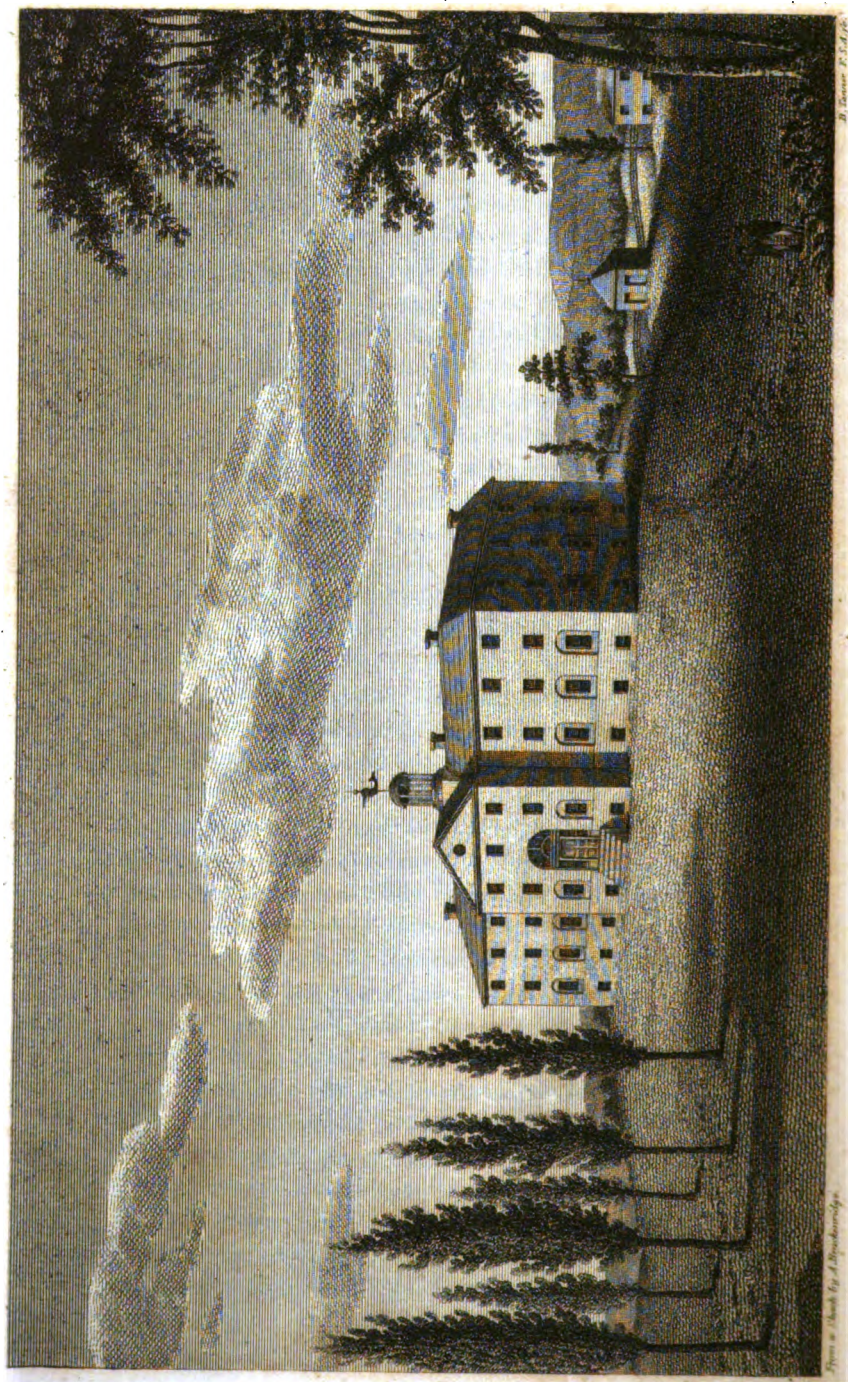
If from the advantages of sound learning to the state we turn to its influence on the characters of individuals, we will find its effects to be no less striking. We will find that, though without much learning man may become useful and respectable, yet that he cannot without it become polished, enlightened, distinguished and great—he cannot ascend to that grade in the scale of his Creator's works to which his powers are intended to exalt him. If to this rule a Franklin, a Rittenhouse, and a Washington present exceptions, they are to be regarded as *mere exceptions*, and therefore do not amount to an infraction of the rule. They were *prodigies*, which necessarily implies a departure from and an ascendancy over common principles.

Actuated by these or similar considerations, those patriots who had directed the councils and fought the battles of America during the difficulties and perils of her struggle for freedom, could not look without an anxious mind towards her future destinies. Nor of this anxiety was the part inconsiderable which bore relation to colleges and seats of learning.

Hitherto many of the American youth, those more particularly on whom devolved the management of state affairs, had been accustomed to receive their education in foreign countries. But this practice was justly regarded as exceptionable and dangerous. Apprehensions were entertained, not without foundation, that the youth thus educated would inevitably contract certain European habits and manners, and imbibe certain foreign opinions relative to matters of civil polity, and ecclesiastical privileges and establishments, unsuitable and even unfriendly to the state of things in their own country. As all plants are known to acquire most perfection when suffered to flourish in their parent soil, and to receive the sun and breezes of their native climate, it was, in like manner, conceived, that seminaries of education established at home would be most likely to prove distinguished nurseries for supplying America with those to whom she might in future confide her destinies, whether in the forum, the senate,



DICKENSON COLLEGE.



the cabinet, or the field. It was motives like these that led to the establishment of Dickinson Collège.

Carlisle was fixed on as the seat of this institution for various and solid reasons. The situation is healthy, the adjacent scenery picturesque and beautiful, the surrounding country abundantly fruitful, and every article of subsistence plentiful and cheap. In addition to this, the inhabitants of the place as well as of the neighbourhood in general are remarkable for the decorum of their manners, the purity of their morals, and their uniform observance of the duties of religion. Advantages like these are truly invaluable in relation to an academical establishment; for to prepare youth to become either great men or good and useful citizens, their education must include not only literary and scientific acquirements, but health of body and rectitude of mind.

The college in Carlisle was originally the offspring of individual patriotism, bounty, and enterprize. Pre-eminent among those who interested themselves in its behalf was the late honourable John Dickinson, a distinguished revolutionary patriot, the celebrated author of the "Farmer's Letters," and president, at the time, of the supreme executive council of Pennsylvania. Possessed of an ample fortune and a liberal heart, he made the infant college a donation so munificent, and rendered it in other respects such important services, as to be justly regarded as the father of the institution. He had accordingly the honour of bestowing on it his name.

In the year 1783, the college received a charter, and the legislature of the state adopting it, then, in some measure, as their own, made a small endowment in its favour, and encouraged it further by a promise of future protection and support. The original number of trustees was forty, of whom the charter required that fourteen should be clergymen. It may with truth be said, that the charter-trustees were among the most worthy and distinguished characters of the state. Besides being amongst them conspicuous for talents and learning, they possessed in an eminent degree all the qualities and endowments, both physical and moral, requisite to constitute good men and useful citizens. It belongs to time to produce changes and re-

volutions in all that is sublunary. We cannot, therefore, be surprised to learn that at the expiration of twenty-seven years only *fourteen* trustees of the original number survived. Of these eight are clergymen and seven laymen.

The first meeting of the trustees was held in Philadelphia on the 15th of September, 1783, when his excellency John Dickinson was unanimously elected president of the board. Their first meeting in Carlisle was on the 6th of April, 1784, when the occasion was celebrated with a solemnity corresponding to the importance of the object in view. After the performance of divine service, the president delivered an eloquent and admirable address on the importance of education, and the motives which had led to the establishment of the institution. On the following day the board of trustees proceeded to the election of a principal and a professor of languages. To the former office was chosen the reverend doctor Charles Nisbet, of Montrose, in Scotland, a character alike pre-eminent for piety and literature, and to the latter, Mr. James Ross, now of Philadelphia, who justly takes rank with the first classical scholars of America. The college was now organized, and continued under the special direction of a committee of the trustees, till the month of July of the same year, when Dr. Nisbet arrived, and entered immediately on the duties of his station.

The funds of the institution were at this time low. Private munificence, though in many instances conspicuous, had not yet been exercised on a scale of sufficient extent to meet the exigences of the establishment, nor were the public finances such as to enable the state to supply the deficiency. But, though struggling under the weakness of infancy and the embarrassments of poverty, the school acquired both rank and reputation.

Till the year 1803, the exercises of the college had been held in a small and inconvenient building. But individual contributions keeping pace with the increasing wealth of the county, the trustees were by this time enabled to erect for the institution a spacious edifice. Soon, however, were the flattering prospects arising from this source completely blasted. For, in the course of the same year, the edifice was unfortunately destroyed by fire. Happily, the library, globes, maps, and

apparatus, not having been removed from the old building, escaped the conflagration.

Public misfortunes afford opportunities for the display of public virtues. And such a display was very honourably made on the present occasion. The College edifice was scarcely reduced to a ruin, when a subscription was opened for the erection of a new one. And in twenty-four hours this subscription was filled with great liberality by the inhabitants of Carlisle. An example so noble and praiseworthy, could not be lost—could not be inoperative on those who beheld it. Accordingly a spirit of contribution equally liberal, pervaded the surrounding country, till, in a short time, the trustees were enabled to erect another College superstructure, on an enlarged scale, and an improved plan. On this occasion a sum of money was also granted on loan, by the Legislature of the State.

It is with public institutions as with individuals. Misfortunes frequently visit them in quick succession. This truth was very mournfully confirmed in the instance under consideration. In January, 1804, Dickinson College sustained a severe and afflictive loss in the death of the Rev. Dr. Nisbet, its distinguished and much beloved principal.

The trustees of the institution were soon afterwards convened to adopt such measures as might be rendered necessary by this calamitous event. On that occasion, after the most feeling expressions of regret and sorrow, for so afflicting a dispensation, a resolution was unanimously passed, that the trustees, professors and students, should wear crape on the left arm, for the space of thirty days, in token of respect to the memory of the deceased. The liberal and benevolent reader will pardon a momentary deviation from the more immediate track of this paper, to pay a just, though humble tribute to exalted worth.

Dr. Nisbet was in the true sense of the word, a great man. He possessed a memory capacious and retentive, almost beyond belief. His judgment was solid, his taste correct, and his reasoning powers most acute and forcible. These had received all the cultivation and improvement that could result from the most unwearied application, continued throughout the course



of a long life. He was among the best classical scholars of the age. He could, with a facility truly surprising, repeat all the beautiful and striking passages of the classic authors. The ease with which he acquired languages, surpassed belief. He was familiar not only with the learned and oriental languages, but also with most of the modern languages of Europe. Though his mind was stored with all the knowledge that books could impart, yet was he most unassuming and humble. There was no pedantic display, no fastidious exhibition of talents—nothing dogmatic or magisterial in his manner or conversation. While he instructed all around him by the extent of his information, he delighted them by the style and manner in which it was communicated. As a Divine he had few equals, and certainly no superiors. His discourses were solid, argumentative and perspicuous, abounding in moral truths, and enriched by precepts of practical piety. His Lectures on Theology contain a complete body of Divinity. As a teacher he seemed to open a new mine of knowledge, on every subject to which he turned his attention. And such was the peculiar happiness of his manner, that he gave life and interest to the dryest topics.

On the death of Dr. Nisbet, instead of proceeding immediately to the election of a successor to the place he had so long and so honourably filled, the trustees committed the superintendence of the College to the Rev. Dr. Davidson, under the title of "President of the Faculty." In this situation the doctor continued with great credit to himself, and no less advantage to the institution, till the autumn of the year 1809.

In the early part of the same year, a meeting of the trustees had been held, with a view to definitive arrangements for the appointment of a principal. On this occasion, the eyes of the board were directed to the Rev. Dr. Jeremiah Atwater, then president of Middlebury College, in the state of Vermont. He was regarded as a character worthy to become the successor of Dr. Nisbet, and to be intrusted with the destinies of an institution once under the direction of that distinguished scholar. Proposals on the subject were accordingly made to him, which, after due deliberation, he thought proper to accept, and was in-

ducted into office in the month of September, 1809. He delivered on the occasion, an inaugural address, which did equal honour to his head and his heart—to his knowledge of letters, his acquaintance with academical discipline, his regard for morality, and his veneration for religion.

Dr. Atwater received his education at Yale College, and having both there and in the state of Vermont, acted in the character of a teacher, is perfectly familiar with the excellent discipline of the schools and colleges of Newengland. Nor is he a disciplinarian only in theory. He has a peculiar fitness for the practical government of youth.

Conscientious in the discharge of his duty, and ardent in the prosecution of a favourite pursuit, he is exclusively devoted to the interests of the institution over which he presides. And thus far have his exertions been rewarded with the most flattering success. Under his direction the discipline of the College has been very signally improved, and the number of pupils increased in a ratio far beyond the calculation of the most sanguine. Should nothing occur to check its present career of prosperity, it furnishes fair and ample promise of rivalling, in a short time, the most distinguished seminaries of learning in the United States.

To the citizens of Pennsylvania, this should be a proud and precious consideration. It ought to inflame their patriotism, awaken their honest state-partialities, and determine them to promote with parental solicitude, the interest and reputation of Dickinson College.

The institution contains at present, about an hundred pupils, and its officers are,

The Rev. Jeremiah Atwater, D. D. Principal and Professor of Logic, Metaphysics, Moral Philosophy, &c.

James M'Cormick, A. M. Professor of Mathematics.

Henry Wilson, A. M. Professor of the learned Languages.

Dr. Aigster, Lecturer on Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.

John M'Clure, A. M. Tutor.

Claudius Berard, Professor of Modern Languages.

C.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—MEMOIRS OF HAYTI.

## LETTER XVIII.

*The Cape, Island of Hayti, February, 1806.*

ON new year's day, being the anniversary of the *Fête de l'Independence*, we were gratified by a military exhibition displayed in honour of the great national event which was intended to be celebrated. Several days previous thereto, the inhabitants of the town, male and female, old and young, were commanded by a public edict proclaimed through the streets, and enforced by the customary beat of drum, to assemble on the *Champ de Mars*, an extensive hollow square, early on the morning of that day. The orders were observed by the great body of the community, insomuch that at seven o'clock a numerous concourse of people had assembled. After the review of a battalion of infantry by the general of division, Capaix, a citizen appointed for the occasion mounted a stage and read aloud the *Declaration of Independence*, which was received with loud acclamations of joy by the surrounding citizens and soldiers. At the conclusion of this ceremony, the troops accompanied by the general and his staff, the principal civil and military officers, and many of the people, proceeded to the church, where divine service was performed, and prayers for the health of their majesties and family, and supplications for the prosperity of the empire offered to the throne of Mercy. The solemnity displayed upon this occasion was truly pleasing, particularly in that part of the service where the priest standing before the altar turns his face towards the congregation and presents to their view the sacred host. At that instant the soldiers, who were formed in two ranks from the door to the altar, facing inwards and resting upon one knee, with one motion presented arms, and bowed their heads before the holy shine. Great appearance of devotion and piety was manifested by all present, insomuch that at that moment it was absolutely impossible to reconcile the conduct of the humble and suppliant devotee before the altar, with that of the deliberate and cruel assassin.

The general in chief Christophe, was not present, as he had a few days before left the Cape, to attend the national celebration with the emperor at the city of Dessalines. It is said that much pomp and splendour was displayed at this festival given by his majesty, and that most of the generals and civil officers of distinction were invited. Relative to this entertainment, I have been informed of a singular transaction, which from the source it is derived I have reason to believe is true. It is stated, that during the desert after dinner, a piece of confectionary in imitation of the *skeleton of a white man*, was served upon the table. The object in view by this stange mode of gratifying the tastes of the guests was no doubt, upon that day of national jubilee, to excite and cherish in the minds of the chiefs, their hatred of the French, by exhibiting to their sight such expressive symbols as could not fail to call to their recollection, the remembrance of their past deeds.

Since the establishment of the present government, but *one* instance has occurred, even during the most sanguinary period, when Carnage brandished her deadly weapons throughout the Island, and polluted them with the blood of thousands of innocent victims, in which an American has lost his life. This you might suppose would be sufficient to inspire us with that degree of confidence in the government and people, which would remove all unpleasant apprehensions. But this is not the fact. There is a certain appearance of ferocity in the soldiers, and such a native propensity to pillage, that a white man scarcely feels secure either in his person or property. In addition to these circumstances, there are events which frequently occur of a nature calculated to excite uneasiness if not alarm; and I assure you, I express the opinions of the great body of the Americans now here, when I say, that at times we consider our situation as extremely precarious. This must be the case in all countries where despotic Power wields her iron sceptre, and where the will of an arbitrary monarch is the national law. Several occurrences of the sort I have mentioned as productive of uneasiness, have taken place immediately prior to and during my sojourn here, of which the following is one:

A young Frenchman of the name of Découdrés arrived at Gonaïves in October last from Baltimore, with the intention of establishing himself in the Island as a merchant. He was by birth a Creole, and descended from a family well known in that vicinity to have once been opulent in estates. The young man was himself personally well known at Gonaïves, and from the amiableness of his deportment and the suavity of his manners, had acquired the esteem of all his acquaintance. He was of course recognized as a white Frenchman, and as such was obnoxious to the laws of proscription, but his conduct was so correct and void of the appearance of duplicity, that no one felt disposed to persecute him. He had not resided in this state of security more than probably two or three weeks, when some malicious traitor informed the emperor of his being in the island. The unfortunate man was immediately arrested by the orders of his majesty, and conveyed to the seat of government at Marchand. When Dessalines saw him, he addressed him with his usual fierceness of manner, and the following conversation is said to have passed. "Are you not a white Frenchman?" "I am." "Did you not know that I had forbidden under pain of death, any Frenchman from setting foot in my dominions?"—"I did: but I had so much confidence in the clemency of your majesty, that I did not fear to place myself under your protection." The young man was charged with being a spy, and was immediately imprisoned. The place of his confinement was situated about two hundred yards from the palace. It was a small house, or rather box, about six or eight feet square elevated on posts about fifteen feet above the ground, and having in it only a small aperture of the size of a pane of glass to admit the air. His food, consisting solely of bread and water, was conveyed to him in a basket which he hoisted up by a string to his window, and in this situation, deprived of all communication with friend or foe, he was detained perhaps eight or ten days. The object in this mode of procedure could only have been to increase the misery of the prisoner by solitary reflection, which when it had sufficiently progressed, he was taken out, formally tried, and sentenced to death. He was led to a plain not far distant, by six soldiers (probably veterans in the corps called the *quatrième*, of which I

once made such *honourable* mention) who were prepared to hew him down with their sabres. On the fatal spot, the unfortunate youth endeavoured to prevail upon the soldiers to mitigate his sufferings by changing the manner of his death, into *shooting*. To gain their consent, he gave them his watch, hat, money and clothes, but to no purpose, for the inhuman villains, after promising to grant him this poor last favour, forfeited their words, and cut the ill-fated victim into pieces. It may not be unworthy of remark, that upon occasions where the death of a prisoner has been decreed, and where a mock trial is intended merely as a scheme of deception, the emperor appears in public with a *red* kerchief about his head. The bloody signal is so well known, that the officers who sit upon a trial, know full well before the evidence is given, what *must* be the judgment of the court. An American gentleman who was at Marchand upon business with the emperor, informed me, that he saw his majesty on the day of Decoudré's trial in this peculiar dress; not indeed whilst in the execution of his judicial functions, (for spectators are not admitted within the walls which surround the fatal tribunal,) neither in the performance of his public duties, for at such periods, murder and destruction, entirely engross his attention, and take place of all other considerations. Such transactions as these, you may well suppose, are not of so pleasing a nature as to excite sentiments of entire confidence in a people, a great portion of whom are of a character equally ferocious with the villain who conspired, the chief who directed, and the base slaves who executed this sanguinary deed.

The next occurrence I shall notice, produced considerably more alarm than the preceding one. About the middle of last month, two American schooners, well armed, were lying at Gonaïves. The captain of one of them, in a dispute one day with the *ordonnateur*, an important civil officer, proceeded to blows, and gave the man of colour a complete flogging. As was to be expected, a complaint was immediately preferred to the emperor, who ordered the American to be brought before him at Marchand. The captain not being disposed to take so distant a ride into the country, under the existing appearance of affairs, weighed anchor, and with the other schooner, the commander of

which was implicated in the same quarrel, put to sea. The wind being favourable, and there being no means of stopping them, unless the guns of the fort were adequate to the task, a fire was immediately commenced upon them, but without effect. The vessels briskly returned the salute, a short fight ensued, and the fort was soon silenced. During this transaction, the spirit of the populace which had already been excited by the indignant treatment shown to the ordonnateur, became roused to so furious a height, that they swore vengeance upon all the Americans in the place. A riot of an alarming nature now threatened our countrymen, and as a means of safety, most of them retreated on board the ships in the harbour, many of which were strongly fortified with guns. Several however remained on shore, and had it not been for the prudence of the commanding general, Magny, the lives of some would in all probability have been sacrificed. That officer, as soon as he perceived the danger to which the Americans were exposed from the rage and fury of the mob, who had actually almost killed one, ordered the soldiers to seize them all and bring them to his house; and whilst the infuriated rabble were calling aloud for vengeance, they were appeased by being told that the Americans would be punished after a regular trial. By these means our countrymen were preserved, and as soon as the popular phrenzy had subsided, they were released from their confinement; those who were in the fleet returned to shore, and tranquillity was restored. The affair terminated much more satisfactorily than was at first apprehended, for indeed at one stage, it was seriously alarming. Batteries were actually constructed on the shore and furnished with cannon, to be in readiness to fire upon the fleet. Had this hostile operation been commenced, the fire from the shipping would soon have been severely felt, for the Americans were prepared for the worst, and had assumed a warlike attitude. In this state of things, however, a flag of truce from the shore with amicable propositions rendered any further continuance of these belligerent appearances unnecessary. As you may not perhaps in this relation see any cause for uneasiness to those Americans who were resident in other parts of the Island, I will state to you the circumstances under which the first account presented itself to us at the Cape.

An American who was at Gonaives when the riot commenced, fearful of the consequences which were likely to result from so violent a proceeding, fled out of town, and concealed himself among the mangroves in the vicinity, until his servant brought him a horse. He mounted and rode post haste, until he reached the Cape, where he arrived on the following day, under the full impression that some of our countrymen had been killed in the affray, and that probably some of the Indigenes had been destroyed by the fire of the departing vessels. As was usual upon occasions of apparent danger, a number of us assembled in council to hear the particulars of the story, that we might be enabled to form some opinion of the effects which might possibly be produced from this unpleasant occurrence. One of the gentlemen immediately waited upon the general in chief, Christophe, and communicated the statement to him. The impressions made upon the mind of his excellency on hearing a recital of the conduct of the American captains in firing upon the fort, were by no means of an agreeable nature, but his reply in a great degree removed our apprehensions. He said that "he could not pretend to say what measures the emperor might adopt in relation to the Americans on the spot where the affair happened, but as it would be unjust to punish the innocent for the guilty, those at the Cape might rest assured of perfect security." After a few days anxiety as to the fate of our friends at Gonaives, we were relieved from our uneasiness, by learning that the cause which had occasioned it had been removed by an amicable termination of the dispute.

A few days after this, an entertainment was given by the collector of the port, at which the general in chief and many distinguished officers were present, as were also several Americans. Before dinner, whilst two of us were standing on the balcony conversing with Christophe, and viewing a vessel which had just entered the harbour, Sangos, the captain of the port, presented himself before his excellency with his hat in his hand, and bowing submissively, thus addressed him: "General, when I was about boarding that vessel which has just now arrived, two American captains went along side of her in a boat and called aloud to those on board 'don't give your letters and papers to these *black rascals*.'" It seems that the captain of



the port understood English well enough to catch the expression. He was excessively enraged, and no doubt expected to create a corresponding feeling on the part of Christophe. Such an effect too, it was natural to expect; and when I watched the general's countenance to observe the expression of his anger, I was surprized at the cool and stern manner in which he replied to Sangos. "Sir," said he harshly, "this is to be attributed solely to your negligence—Had you performed your duty by visiting that vessel as soon as she entered the port, you would have had no cause for this complaint. I myself saw her at anchor before you were alongside of her—*allez—allez.*" The severe and peremptory style of his excellency, frightened the poor captain to such a degree, as to make him tremble, and he immediately decamped, as he had been ordered. You will understand that in this country, a quarrel between a native and a stranger, is not, as in other places, regarded as a mere matter which concerns only the parties themselves, but is considered as a national affair, in which all are interested. If a white man were to strike a negro, he would be in danger of the resentment of the whole populace, who would at once consider the blow as an insult upon the nation. Thus in the case just related, the expression of *black rascals* was considered as of so outrageous a character, as to be the subject of a complaint to the highest authority in the place, and it was evident to us, who were present that the thing would not be suffered to pass unnoticed. The general however was not disposed to disturb the harmony of the company by any display of passion, and when some of us suggested to him the probability that the persons who had thus misbehaved themselves were not *captains*, he calmly replied "do not be uneasy about it, it is an affair of little consequence which can be easily arranged." This I believe was the light in which Christophe himself regarded it, but there were others whose pride was so excessively injured, that nothing but the punishment of the offenders would satisfy them. Amongst these was Richard, commandant of the place, who with others prevailed upon Christophe on the following day to summon the captains before him. Their names were ascertained and they were accordingly sent for and examined, and as the charge was substantiated to the satisfaction

of the court, they were ordered to prison; at that moment, two American merchants who had attended the trial, interceded with the general, and pledged themselves for the correctness of the future deportment of the captains. A reversal of the sentence was hereupon obtained, and before the guard had taken the prisoners into custody, they were discharged, to the no great gratification of the commandant and the rest. However trivial such occurrences as these would be esteemed in most countries, here they are of considerable importance, and what renders them more unpleasant, is, that they leave behind them impressions which are by no means favourable to that harmony between us and the natives which is requisite to make our residence here comfortable.

Besides the murder of Decoudrés which has been mentioned above, several others have taken place in various parts of the island, accompanied by circumstances equally flagitious. A Frenchman named Thomas Thuat and two Italians, who were established as merchants in the south, I believe at Aux-Cayes, were of the number. In the case of Thuat a correspondence was said to have been detected between him and the French general Ferrand, and in that of the Italians some other pretext perhaps equally false, was raised up against them. If a man here has enemies it is no difficult matter for them to put him out of the way. Let him be charged as a spy, and very slender testimony will convict him—A young Dutchman, who lately came to the Island as a supercargo of an American vessel, had a very narrow escape. He paid a visit to the forts in the neighbourhood of the city of Dessalines, and being very particular in his observations and minute in his inquiries, he was suspected, arrested, and imprisoned for a few days, when his innocence was manifested by his youth and inexperience.

In addition to the circumstances related above, our apprehensions were once seriously excited by a report which was in general circulation among the females, by whom it was communicated to us, that on a certain day all the Americans were to be put to death. This terrifying prediction has not yet been verified, and the day appointed has passed over. Still however we cannot but suspect that the report originated from some foun-

dation, but what that was we are unable to say. In fact I once heard a hint of the kind from an officer of high rank, in a conversation with an American. His language was this—"The time is perhaps not far distant, when you may have occasion for my friendship and assistance."

## NOTE IN 1811.

That the report alluded to was not entirely groundless, may be seen by a perusal of the following extract from a proclamation issued by Christophe in January 1807. It will be recollected that after the assassination of the emperor Desalines in 1806, a civil war broke out between the chiefs Christophe and Pétion, at the commencement of which, the latter with all his adherents was proscribed by the former. The proclamation in question was principally intended as an exposure of the conduct of the mulattoes. After a recapitulation of a long list of crimes and enormities with which the people of colour were charged, is the following paragraph.

"Have they (*the mulattoes*) not for a long time sought the destruction of the foreign merchants? No one is ignorant that Domaisq had a memorial published at Saint Mare, against the *Americans* with this intent."

## REVIEW—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SKETCHES IN VERSE, &C. BY R. H. R. PHILADELPHIA, PRINTED BY SMITH & MAXWELL, pp. 184.

AMERICAN critics seem in almost all cases to have entered into a confederacy to exterminate American Poetry. If an individual has the temerity to jingle a couplet, and to avow himself descended from Americans, the offence is absolutely unpardonable, and no scourging on the part of the critic, nor submission on the part of the unfortunate author is deemed penance too severe. After the opinions, style and dialect of the author have been properly reviewed, or in more perspicuous phraseology, *censured*, then every misbegotten dot and comma comes in for its separate dividend of abuse. Next in the rank of dignity succeeds the type, and last of all the paper, all to suffer reproach for the mortal sin of being in any manner auxiliary to the promulgation of American Poetry. To such an exterminating extremity has

this principle been carried, that we wonder much that the unfortunate goose has escaped, whose plumage has certainly been instrumental in the perpetration of the offence, for which, the poet, the paper-maker, the printer and his types have all been severally convicted. European critics have been prudish enough in all conscience in their approbation of American literature. They have endeavoured to prove that nature degenerates on this forlorn side of the Atlantic, that every living animal, from man downwards have been degraded, that the very earth worm has lost part of its reptile dignity because it was not born in Europe. Those honest and impartial gentlemen, while they laugh at the simplicity of the Hibernian for having denominated the sun and moon of his own country to be twice the magnitude of ours, would act a far more consistent part by admitting the fact, as it would furnish a solution of their hypothesis. American critics have, with a laudable spirit of emulation, followed, and even gone beyond a precedent so impartial. They have so far exceeded our European neighbours in abuse, that the task seems now fairly taken from their hands, and those critics, who before would have held it high treason against the republic of letters to have applauded any thing that savours of America, and stand ready on all occasions to denounce, have now been completely forestalled in their object. Proceeding on this axiom that it is morally impossible for an American to be right in his opinions, whether he follows their own or not, and resolving not to concur with us at all events, they have now undertaken to defend our literature against the reproaches of our own countrymen. It is a fact therefore, that our writers have found more leniency and hospitality even amongst this prejudiced class of men, on the other side of the Atlantic, than they have done on this. If a stranger should read some of our reviews, and not be forewarned of the offence, he would conclude, that the unhappy culprit had at least committed forgery, or some other crime equally heinous; no, it is an action by far more criminal, he has *horresco referens!* perpetrated poetry in open day. The punishment, which our judges have denounced, resembles in its nature the pillory, and if the culprit could be allowed what the clemency of the English common law sometimes admits, a commutation of punishment, a man of any

sensibility would gladly avail himself of such indulgence, and claim the latter as a mitigation of his sentence. While we thus complain of conduct so deserving severe reprobation, we wish not to be enrolled in that class of critics who deal their encomiums about with such prodigality of dispensation, they may well be denominated the swabbers of panegyric. Every thing American is with them, *ex necessitate rei*, preeminently excellent. Without talents for discrimination, or sensibility to feel the beauties of a single passage they applaud, they still praise on with a gravity of countenance that beggars all description, and conceive it the most sacred duty of a critic thus to violate every principle of common sense. Writers, whose pens illuminated the centuries they lived in, are called from the repose of their tombs to resign their laurels. Praise is thus made a drug, possessing the potency and the value of those quack nostrums that so bespangle the pages of our daily papers, and immortality is promised with the same confidence and conferred with the same fidelity in both.

Avoiding these two extremes of approbation and censure, equally dishonest and detrimental, let us have the hardihood to deliver our opinions with manly freedom and a spirit of independence becoming the dignified office we undertake. Careless of whom we please, or offend, let us act with a singleness of heart, and not barely pander those faculties that the Deity has given us for nobler purposes, to obsequious panegyric, nor by a frown as servile, repulse the timid advances of blushing Merit. If the scourge of censure must fall, let the wound inflicted by it bear some proportion to the offence that occasioned it, and not by unnecessary torture, give colour to the charge, that predetermined malice awaited that opportunity of exercising its vengeance.

It now becomes our duty to examine a volume denominated "SKETCHES IN VERSE," the greater part of which, the editor informs us, has already appeared in the pages of this miscellany. The author modestly declares he only dallied with the Muses in those moments when the mind is too active to be idle, and too inert to solicit more arduous employment. He will suffer us, we hope, without even the suspicion of flattery, to declare that the hour so beguiled has flown away without a stain upon its plumes.

In a frame of mind averse to laborious study, and solicitous of recreation, we were exhilarated by his pages, and find, on reflection, cause of gratulation instead of regret. The general character of the volume bears ample evidence of the truth of the author's declaration—his sportive fancy alights on every subject indiscriminately, and though full of mischief is more disposed to tickle than to wound. The style of Wordsworth is hit with such playful severity, and at the same time with such critical justice, that we much question whether the bard himself would not enjoy the joke thus cracked at his own expense. The author has furnished us with notes perhaps in some instances too prolix considering the light and evanescent nature of his subjects; yet all abounding in shrewd propriety of remark, extensive reading, and pungency of satire equally judicious and just. He must not however be offended with us if we venture to predict that his book will neither have extended circulation nor perusal. He has only toyed with the Muses, and the locality of his subjects seems to ensure locality to the volume. If he wishes for a celebrity more extended than his book is entitled to, let him select subjects in future, more general, and exercise a portion of that poetic genius and critical acumen of which we have already discovered omens so favourable and auspicious. Durable celebrity is not formed by Fancy in her skipping and antic gambols; she must mine, explore, search, select and arrange, a task very different from the composition of a brilliant trifle.—Surely if such a store of diversified learning, ancient and modern, await the bidding of a mind "half listless, half active," when raised and stimulated by subjects more commanding, it may attempt a loftier flight. The loungers of literature notwithstanding the flippancy of their censures, or applauses, are not characters to be courted; the breath of Fame does not reside in their nostrils. They are no further serviceable than as a species of literary echoes, and it becomes important in those who regulate the public taste to teach them to utter faithful responses. We may be singular in the notions which we entertain on such subjects, but this will not deter us from avowing them, that we are called upon by no duty rigidly to examine and canvass the propriety of a joke and

with critical precision to scrutinize the structure of its materials. It is enough for our purpose that the general impression is exhilarating; that we can take the author by the hand and laugh with him, without consulting the rules of mathematics. Nothing burlesques criticism itself more than the Saturnine gravity of its own demeanor when so employed on a volume at a time when the author himself is laughing in his sleeve, at the trouble he has occasioned. It resembles a grave doctor of divinity standing in the desk with all his paraphernalia of office, and expounding a jest book. If we have refused higher praise to this volume it is the author's own fault, and he has none to censure but himself for not putting his faculties to a severer task, and commanding it.

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#### THE MERRY WORLD—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE justly celebrated song "*The Gods of the Greeks*" is equally familiar to the classical and the convivial tribe. The felicity of invention, the dignity of stanza, the fertility of allusion, and the splendid imagery, which characterize this production all combine to stamp upon it a name of lyrical glory. But to the detriment of the song and the injury of Steevens, its accomplished author, it is often printed in a garbled, and always sung in a mutilated style. We owe it to the Merry World at large, and to the rights of genius in particular to publish a correct copy of this poem in its legitimate shape.

Once the Gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial feast,  
 Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing,  
 Merry Momus among them appear'd as a guest—  
 Homer says the celestials lov'd laughing.

This happen'd ere Chaos was fix'd into form,  
 While Nature disorderly lay  
 While Elements adverse engender'd the storm  
 And Uproar embroil'd the loud fray.

On every Olympic the humourest droll'd,  
So none could his jokes disapprove,  
He sung, repartee'd, and some old stories told,  
And at last thus began upon Jove.

Sire! mark how yon matter is heaving below,  
Were it settled, 'twould please all your court;  
Tis not wisdom to let it lie useless, you know,  
Pray people it—just for our sport.

Jove nodded assent, all Olympus bow'd down,  
At his fiat Creation took birth;  
The cloud-keeping Deity smil'd on his throne,  
Then announced the production was Earth.

To honour their Sovereign each God gave a boon;  
Apollo presented it light,  
The Goddess of child-bed despatched us a Moon,  
To silver the shadow of night.

The queen of soft wishes, foul Vulcan's fair bride,  
Leer'd wanton on her man of war;  
Saying, as to these Earth folks, I'll give them a guide,  
So she sparkled the morn and eve star.

From her cloud, all in spirits, the Goddess up sprung,  
In ellipsis each Planet advanc'd;  
The tune of the spheres the Nine Sisters sung,  
As round Terra Nova they danced.

Even Jove himself could not insensible stand,  
Bid Saturn his girdle fast bind:  
The Expounder of fate grasp'd the globe in his hand  
And laughed at those mites called mankind.

From the hand of great Jove into space it was hurl'd,  
He was charm'd with the roll of the ball,  
Bid his daughter Attraction take charge of the world,  
And she hung it up high in his hall.

Miss, pleas'd with the present, review'd the globe round,  
Saw with rapture hills, vallies, and plains;  
The self balanc'd orb in an atmosphere bound,  
Prolific by suns, dews, and rains.

With silver, gold, jewels, the Indiae endow'd,  
France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear;  
What was fit for each clime on each clime she bestow'd,  
And Freedom she found flourish'd here.



The blue ey'd celestial, Minerva the wise,  
 Ineffably sni'd on the spot;  
 My dear, says plumed Pallas, your last gift I prize,  
 But, excuse me, one thing is forgot.

*Licentiousness* Freedom's destruction may bring,  
 Unless Prudence prepare its defence;  
 The Goddess of Sapience bid Iris take wing,  
 And on Britons bestow'd common sense.

Four cardinal virtues she left in this isle,  
 As guardians to cherish the root;  
 The blossoms of Liberty gayly 'gan smile,  
 And Englishmen fed on the fruit.

Thus fed, and thus bred, by a bounty so rare,  
 Oh preserve it as pure as 'twas given,  
 We will, while we've breath, nay, we'll grasp it in death,  
 And return it untainted to Heaven.

#### THE CLASSICAL WORLD—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SINCE our commencement of the publication of the very popular poems of HORACE IN LONDON, we have been repeatedly asked "who is the admirable author of odes so witty, fluent, and humorous;" and, although we have instituted an inquiry, both in London and elsewhere, all our inquisitiveness is hitherto baffled. We have, however, some reason to conjecture that this *Rab-*'*ais* work is the joint effusion of a brace of Templars, who, strange as it may seem to my Lord Chief Justice, prefer Catullus to Coke, and pore with more pleasure over the classical page than

Salkield and Ventries  
 And all their damn'd ~~Rabies~~.

The following imitation of one of the most noble odes of the Roman original is a new and splendid proof of the peerless powers of a laughing wit. The compliment to the genius of Walter Scott, though expressed with whimsical excentricity, is evidently the dictate at once of Judgment and Taste. The charm-

ng contrast between the Muse of Marmion and the Muse of Horace is drawn with all the skill of a poetical painter. The playful jokes at the expense of Pye, the laureat, and the allusion to British glory in Egypt will scarcely escape the attention of the enthusiastic and delighted reader. It is reverently hoped that the *fun* in the closing stanza of this jocund ode will not be very acrimoniously censured by the wits of Philadelphia, who dearly love a quibble and a conundrum sometimes, although they are capable, whenever they please, to exert a nobler power—of rising to the highest heaven of Invention, and of dazzling their admirers with those lights of mind which, for their purest radiance, require no fictitious and phosphoric power.

EDITOR.

#### HORACE IN LONDON—BOOK IV. ODE II.

TO HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ. POET LAUREAT.

*Pindarum quisquis studet uemulari, &c.*

The bard, who rivals WALTER SCOTT,  
Like Sancho, from the blanket shot,  
Must soar in devious sprawl;

Then, weaving in his antique plot,  
Vocabularies, long forgot,  
With, well I ween and well I wot  
The days of yore recall.

Him tinkling symbols on shall drive,  
Queen bee of the Parnassian hive  
The meed of glory won,  
Whether he with the Minstrel creep,  
Or mount the massy Donjon keep  
With blackbrow'd Marmion.

Let him in eddying metre sail,  
Still changing with the changing tale,  
Now ruffled, now serene;

His mutilated stanza treat  
Like fam'd *Procrustes*, lopping feet,  
Per *Syncopen*, I ween!

If e'er his creeping Muse invade,  
A convent's consecrated shade,  
Let her describe those haunts of leisure,  
In gentle undulating measure,

A see-saw *Della Cruscan* flow,  
 O'ertaking Gay and beating Rowe,  
 But if she urge Bellona's force  
 When Knight and Squire and foot and horse  
     In wild disorder ride,  
 The Muse the battery should climb,  
 Present and fire and load and prime,  
 And when the reader thinks 'tis time  
 To stay the oft repeated chime,  
 Still order out another rhyme  
     To turn the battle's tide.

## III.

O'er mountain and through valley thus  
     Too *highly bred* to falter,  
 Drives on the prancing Pegasus  
     Of doughty *Scottish Walter*.  
 While I, like Watts's humble bee,  
 Perching on every plant I see,  
     "*Improve the shining hours,*"  
 I cull the flowers that bloom each day  
 At chapel, opera, park or play,  
     Around Augusta's towers;  
 And buzz about, now grave now funny  
 Producing far more *hum* than *honey*.

## IV.

But thou, my gentle *Henry James*,  
 To garter'd knights and courtly dames,  
 Each year in bold Pindaric strain  
 Of loyal odes produceest twain;  
 When January's tempests lour,  
 And eke in George's natal hour,  
 Than whom more prompt at virtue's call,  
 None ever did or ever shall,  
     Reign o'er this favour'd nation.  
 Until a *golden* age succeed  
 The present age to supercede  
     Of *paper* circulation.

## V.

Thou sang'st the hero, now no more!  
 Whose deep mouth'd cannons' deadly roar,  
 By Dryden called, I know not why,  
 Those *younger brothers of the sky*,

With thundersound and lightning blaze  
 Fill'd hordes of Arabs with amaze;  
 Made, like a hunted ostrich, Nile  
 Conceal his seven heads the while;  
 Flash'd like a meteor through the midnight gloom,  
 And shook the dust from Pharoah's marble tomb.

All this dear bard, is mighty well  
 But in *land* battles never tell  
 Of Albion's wit or worth.  
 Unlike that giant, big of bone,  
 Who wrestled with Alcmena's son,  
 Britannia mourns her vigour gone  
 When'ere she fights on earth.

## VI.

Now cease my Muse, thy vain desire  
 To emulate the Laureat's fire,  
 How vast the intermediate line  
 'Twixt hurricane and zephyr.  
 Ill match'd, as when in battle join  
 Ten bulls and eke as many kine  
 Oppos'd to one poor heifer.  
 Proceed, great sir, and still display  
 Shreds of the buckram garb of Gray  
 In thy Pindaric strain;  
 To cut thy wing though critics try,  
 Then heed them not, with *thee*, my PYE  
 Tis *cut and come again*.

## THE MORAL WORLD—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The Port Folio is often perused even by the pious during the decline of Sunday. Papers entirely of a gay and sportive description are not always relished, even by the dissipated themselves, at those solemn seasons, when Duty and Custom both impel us to commune with our own hearts in the inner chamber and be still. We have long been steadfastly and seriously of opinion that a *moral* department should have its conspicuous place in the Port Folio. Hence, it is our determination to devote something to the serious and sentimental as well as to the laughing loungers. We shall be anxiously on our guard, in this department of labour, not to perplex ourselves or others with angry polemics or by drowsy prosing to stupify

those, whom we wish to awaken and allure. A very concise moral or grave essay, which we may occasionally introduce, shall appear, we pledge ourselves, in a garb so elegant, as the Episcopalians may say, or so neat as the Quakers may say—that even *rambling Impulse*, giddy Indiscretion and desultory Heedlessness may pause for a moment, to profit by a serious lucubration. The following essay will not be contemptuously slighted even by men of business and the world; not merely because it is not inelegantly written, but because it forcibly vindicates the utility of an habit to which we are largely indebted for more than a moiety of this world's comfort and consequence.

Industry is indispensably necessary to the well being of man. To industry we are indebted for all the necessities, the comforts and conveniencies of life. By industry nations are enriched and aggrandized; and without it they are sunk in penury and barbarism. Industry may, in general, be denominated the strenuous application of our active faculties whether mental or corporeal to that end for which they were designed, or to which God intended them to be subservient. Thus the words industry and industrious are commonly used by us in a good sense; we do not call a wicked man industrious, who employs his active powers in a direction diametrically opposite to that of his duty; for, in this case, we might call every thief, or cheat who is vigilant in prosecuting his nefarious purposes, industrious. But we justly call a man industrious who is diligent in his proper calling; who spares no pains, and omits no exertions, in executing the particular duties which are annexed to his situation in life. We call a tradesman industrious who pays a strict and unremitting attention to his business; a labourer industrious who, instead of wasting his time in gayety and dissipation, is constantly at his work, when he is not prevented by sickness or other infirmities. And, as we apply the praise of industry to the right use of the mental as well as the corporeal faculties, he is industrious, who is diligent in those studies, which are suited to his station. The divine, who reads intensely the works of the greater theologians, and who composes eloquent homilies; the lawyer who laboriously studies his precedents and then makes the forum vocal with the tones of reason and of rhetoric; the physician who meditates Celsus and frequents many a sick chamber; the lexicographer, who piles word upon word with all an architect's assiduity; even the *Editor of a Journal*, if he fulfil his humble task, *with or with-*

*out straw*, all, all are entitled to the commendation of Diligence, and are honoured by mankind, *in proportion to their exertions*.

To be truly industrious it is necessary that we not only *strenuously* exercise our faculties, but that we exercise them to that end and for those purposes, which are suited to our condition in life, for every situation in which we are placed has its proper relative duties, which we cannot morally be called industrious if we do not use the most assiduous endeavours to fulfil. A man whose circumstances are such as to render it necessary for him to seek support for himself and his family by the labour of his hands and the sweat of his brow, cannot be called industrious, if instead of employing his active powers in manual labour, he be active only in roaming about the country, in frequenting fairs, going where any diversion calls or any frolic invites. In the same manner, he, who is placed in such a situation that it behoves him to labour to communicate instruction to others cannot morally be termed industrious, if, instead of employing his time in the acquisition of knowledge, and the improvement of his mind, he consume it in corporeal exercise, sordid pursuits and frivolous diversions. True industry, such as God requires, and such as is most conducive to the well being of society, is the vigorous exercise of our active powers, in those objects and those pursuits, which are most suited to our situation in life. Industry, therefore, means *constant, diurnal, unremitting exertion in some particular pursuit*. True industry, which is morally acceptable to God, and most conducive to the interests of man, will seldom be found compatible with that volatility of mind, which is constant only in inconstancy, which is continually shifting from one occupation to another, without employing any patient or persevering industry in any. Industry, therefore, in the way in which it is here considered, must often be disagreeable and adverse to the disposition of the individual; for it requires him to be active against his inclination. Men often find most pleasure in those desultory and ever varying employments, whether of the mind or body, whether confined to literary studies, or mechanical operations which, however grateful they may be to the individual by the variety, which is ever supplying fresh stimuli to attention, or fresh incitements to curiosity, do by no means

tend so much to the good of society or to our own improvement, as those more fixed employments, which are followed with more perseverance, and from which the person is not continually deviating to go in search of extraneous pleasures or amusements. This persevering industry, whether of mind, or body, as far as it opposes the wayward inclinations of the individual, will often be found attended with vexation; but our conduct is then most praiseworthy, when we act in conformity to God's will, though it may happen to be contrary to our natural inclinations.

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#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO—MY BROWN STUDIES.

IN the following imitation of a favourite author, one may easily discern all the spirit of the original. Neither Francis, nor Duncomb, nor Lord Chatham, nor Dryden himself has ever in the form of free paraphrase, exhibited so much of the spirit and genius of Horace. The softness, tenderness, and delicacy of the first stanzas; the vivid description in the third and fourth, the arch allusion in the fifth to the *animal* Andrews, as described by Fielding; the whimsical simile, in the sixth, which is of the very essence of Genius, the caution and the description in the closing lines are all of a character so intimately allied with the *spirit* of the Roman bard, that we should be ashamed, if we did not strive to perpetuate one of the luckiest imitations of his glorious original.

#### HORACE IN LONDON—BOOK III. ODE VII.

*Quid fies, Asterie, &c.*

TO A LOVING WIFE.

Nay, *Fanny*, check that falling tear;  
 The northern circuit over,  
 Soon shall thy *Willy* homeward steer,  
 With ardour greet his wedded dear  
 And live with thee in clover

Though forc'd from town to town to rove,  
For thee he wears the willow;  
True, as the mild, mate widow'd dove,  
And nightly, with the tear of love,  
Bedews a sleepless pillow.

*Lais*, meanwhile, with flirting skill,  
Would fain with thee change places,  
With Cupid's shaft attacks him still,  
Hoping to clasp thy constant *Will*,  
In *contraband* embraces.

With many a sad and sly remark,  
She moves him to compassion;  
Tells him of *Osmyn*, Moorish spark,  
Thrown in a dungeon, deep and dark,  
For slighting *Zara's* passion.

She tells of *Joseph Andrews*, dead  
To pleasure, senseless looby!  
Who quarrel'd with his *butter'd bread*,  
And, urg'd by *Parson Adams*, fled  
The love-sick *Lady Booby*.

Vain her endeavours to create,  
A matrimonial riot!  
Deaf as the haddock on his plate,  
He hears the wily fair one prate  
And eats and drinks in quiet.

But, *Fanny*, pray beware of *Jack*,  
For *Gallantry* his trade is,  
Lest, swerving from decorum's track,  
You take more pleasure in his clack  
Than suits with married ladies.

Though none like him can dance a reel,  
Head, knees and elbows shaking,  
Or o'er the *Serpentine* can steal  
Like Mercury with flying heel,  
Ice bending, Sabbath breaking.

Shut, shut your door, at *eight o'clock*,  
Nor walk down *Piccadilly*:  
Firm, as the surge repelling rock,



His rude assailing passion mock,  
And think on absent *Willy*.

Of all the odes of Horace, we remember, with juvenile enthusiasm, that the subject of the following *perfect* parody, had, and deserved, all our praise. It is impossible for us to enhance the merits of the original; and, in justice to the recent imitator, we must declare that if he and Horace had met at the same banquet with Augustus, the monarch would have pronounced them *par nobile fratrum!*

BOOK I. ODE XVII.

*Velox amoenum Saepe Lucretilem, &c.*

TO LAURA.

The wood nymphs, crown'd with vernal flowers,  
Who roam through Tempe's classic bowers,  
And sport in gambols antic  
If e'er they quit their native vales,  
Will find around my cot in Wales  
A region more romantic.

Green pastures, girt with pendant rock,  
Along whose steep my snowy flock  
Adventurously wanders;  
Impending shrubs and flowers that gleam,  
Reflected in the crystal stream  
Which through the scene meanders.

In sylvan beauty charm the eyes,  
While no ungracious sounds arise  
Of misery or anger;  
The song of birds and insect's hum,  
Are never broken by the drum  
Or trumpet's brazen clangour.

If sleeping Echo start to mark  
The matin carols of the lark,  
Or sounds of early labour;  
Again she seeks her calm retreat,  
Till evening calls her to repeat  
The shephrd's pipe and tabor.

Whene'er I woo the Muse serene,  
Her magic smile illumines the scene,  
And brighter tints discloses:  
But e'en the Muse's chaplet fades,  
Unless the hands of Cupid braids,  
Her myrtle with his roses.

Haste then, my Laura, to my bower,  
And let us give the fleeting hour,  
To plenty, love and pleasure,  
Where wanton boughs an arbour wreath,  
I to thy melting harp will breathe,  
My amatory measure.

Let not the town your soul enthrall,  
The crowded rout and midnight ball,  
Those penalties of fashion,  
If manners still have power to please,  
O hither fly to Health and Ease,  
And crown a poet's passion.

No jealous fears shall curb your mind.  
Here shall no spirit be confined,  
By prejudiced opinion,  
My Laura here a queen shall be,  
From all control and bondage free,  
Save Cupid's soft dominion

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CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SKETCHES IN VERSE. *Mecum quare modos levior plectro.* Printed for  
C. & A. Conrad, Philadelphia, by Smith & Maxwell, 1810, p. p. 184.

THIS is one of the most brilliant and beautiful, if not one of the most splendid and magnificent books, that has ever issued from the press of Philadelphia. The type is broad and bold, the ink is of ebony blackness, and the paper is of a texture, we believe, precisely the same as that of Barlow's Columbiad. In fact, the mechanical execution reminds us perpetually of that

splendid quarto, which even the severity of Scottish criticism has spared.

It is not often our habit to dwell with so much fondness upon the mere *exterior* of a volume, however ostentatious and imposing. But in the early epochs of the history of our country, and, in particular, of its literary annals, it is just and honourable to both to record the minutest circumstance which can inflame the ambition of authorship. We have no hesitation in asserting, with all the confidence though none of the dogmatism of Bishop Warburton, that the truly elegant plates, with which this book is adorned, are not only superior to any thing of the kind in America, but when compared with Bensley's designs in the splendid edition of Gray, or with the engravings in Dodsley's Shenstone are still more graphical and in a purer taste. The designs were beautifully painted by Mr. T. Sully, an American artist of high and deserved reputation, and finally transferred to the copperplate by the genius of that excellent engraver, Mr. Leney of New-York, and of George Murray of this city, a favourite pupil of the celebrated Anker Smith, and, in the opinion of the best judges, not at all inferior to his accomplished instructor. Mr. Murray has gloriously distinguished himself by the execution of some of the most masterly and spirited engravings in Bradford's edition of Dr. Rees's Cyclopaedia; and the specimens of Mr. M's talents, as exhibited in the interesting volume, now under our review, are of a character so brilliant, as to warrant all the praise which taste and judgment, as well as friendship and affection can bestow.

Our business is now with the literary department of this volume, and we shall startle the sensitive author by an act of flagrant hostility in our first onset against his book. He commences his desultory volume with what he chuses to call an imitation of the style of the sixteenth century. Seduced by the example of Dr. Parnell, Chatterton, Thomson, and the whole tribe of Spenser's imitators, he has conceived that *whilom*, *efisoons*, *albeit*, *certain*, and spelling envy with an *ie* are quite sufficient to transport us back to the æra of king James. But while thus apparently dealing out censure, we have great comfort for our author in store. Though, in our deliberate opinion, the poem,

to which we now allude, is nothing like an imitation of the obsolete and quaint style of a pedantic age, yet *it is a great deal better*. The orthography may be affectedly ancient, but the sense and spirit of the poetry are fresh and new and sharp, as the most recent gold coinage from the mint of Great-Britain. The compliment in the closing stanza, addressed to a favourite fair one, is a brilliant proof of a lover's genius and affection. It is equally poetical, gallant and sincere.

The next poem, which purports to be an invocation from Oberon to the Queen of the Fairies, would not, in its musical and poetical character, disgrace an Opera, modelled after the Masque of Milton, or the scenes of Armida.

Our author's intimacy with the middle Latinity of the continental scholars has led him in the next place, to a translation from Stephanus Forcatulus, and we discern in this poetical adventure much of the purer manner of Mr. Moore.

Now follows a *quizzical* string of fourteen lines, in which the drawling and monotonous tone of the modern sonnet is very successfully ridiculed. The author alludes to the literature of Spain and of France, as furnishing a hint for this ingenious sarcasm; but in one of the British miscellanies of classical poetry, we remember to have read what possibly may have produced the seminal idea in the poet's mind. Yet he is nothing like a plagiarist, but a very lucky imitator.

Page 18 introduces us to three sprightly stanzas, precisely of that character, which the French denominate *Vers de Societ *, a sort of brilliant trifle, such as the Marquis de la Fare might indite, and resembling a lady's watch, at once light and glittering.

The next article is another joke at the expense of modern verse-men. The author treats all coxcombical lovers without the least mercy; and the severity and sharpness of his sarcasms are sufficiently provoked by the excessive silliness of the stupid stanzas which are the butt of his satire. The whining, drawling, and infantine style of many of the moderns appears to our author an object of the most implacable disgust. At the least glimpse of affectation in literature he seems to shrink with a

sort of instinctive abhorrence; and while he thus triumphantly derides the bad taste of pretenders, he asserts, in our opinion, most nobly and successfully the classical purity of his own.

(*To be continued.*)

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ODE TO HUMANITY.

Dedicated to DUNCAN M'INTOSH, deliverer of more than two thousand French people during the massacre of St. Domingo. Translated from the French of V. M. Garesché.\*

Preceptress of celestial birth!  
 Whose lessons oft the sons of earth  
     Insultingly deride,  
 Invoked by me, thy suppliant, deign  
 To animate my timorous strain,  
     And my distrustful pencil guide.  
 Dress'd in white robes, divinely bright,  
 A seraph's form bursts on the sight,  
     And dissipates the glooms;  
 At once the *inspirer* and the *theme*  
 With lighted torch from Wisdom's beam,  
     HUMANITY my way illumines.  
 Dazzled by Glory's specious gloss  
 Let Art her busts of bronze emboss  
     With many a warrior's name,  
 Who arm'd against the human race  
 And blazoning his own disgrace  
     Mistakes the proper path to Fame.

\* See Port Folio, vol. I. p. 293.

Charm'd with a different glory quite,  
 My Muse shall sketch in tints of light,  
     Heroic worth complete;  
 Whilst gladly Gallia's sons assist  
 A never-fading wreath to twist  
     Of colours bright and fragrance sweet.  
 On yonder shore where Ocean's waves,  
 Responsive to the groans of slaves,  
     Murmur'd for ages past,  
 Where Afric's sons are slaves no more  
 What means that horror stiffening roar  
     Loud sounding in the hurrying blast?  
*Now they are free*, what drives that crowd  
 With sword in hand and curses loud,  
     Among the heaps of dead?  
 High raging see! yon flames ascend;  
 Nor longer can *that* roof defend  
     The wretches who have thither fled  
 What less than diabolic hate  
 Can such foul vengeance instigate  
     'Gainst every sex and age?  
 Will, in this all tremendous hour,  
 No mortal or immortal pow'r  
     Stop the mad Ethiop's savage rage?  
 Chaste witness of each giant crime,  
 That fill'd up every pause of time,  
     In those tempestuous days.  
 Daughter of Memory! must thy hand  
 Unveil the horrors of that land  
     To consecrate thy Hero's praise?  
 There on the blood polluted stage,  
 Where Carnage with unwearied rage,  
     Acted through many a scene.  
 When crowds of victims, doom'd to bleed,  
 Stoop'd to the blow—with lightning's speed  
     A single mortal stepp'd between.  
 Suspended by a flimsy thread,  
 The sheathless falchion o'er his head  
     Displays its gleaming edge;

No threats impede; no fears appal;  
 HE only hears the sufferer's call,  
     And stands for each a ready pledge.  
 That gold which in yon isle of glooms  
 Peopled in other days, the tombs  
     Which yawn'd their prey to catch,  
 Now, sent on errands by the wise,  
 Lo ! with an angel's swiftness flies  
     To save the hope-deserted wretch.  
 Here purchased at a liberal price,  
 Behold the threaten'd sacrifice  
     Safe ransom'd from the block !  
 Redeemed from homicidal arms,  
 There see fair Beauty's softer charms  
     Rescued from many a ruffian shock.  
 THEE, who couldst turn aside the blow  
 (When aim'd by the ferocious foe)  
     With spirit so benign,  
 Angel of peace ! we own thee sent  
 M'INTOSH, *the benevolent*  
     By Providence's care divine.  
 O M'Intosh ! in language loud,  
 Whilst thy example bids the crowd  
     Copy what they behold,  
 Long, in our breasts, may that same fire  
 Which burns so bright in thee, inspire  
     Hearts now indeed no longer cold.  
 HUMANITY ! to mortals dear,  
 If incense may detain thee here,  
     Thine altar long shall smoke;  
 A wreath not earn'd by deeds of death  
 Adorns thy hero's brows—a wreath  
     Of laurel mix'd with civic oak.  
 How evanescent is the fame  
 Of those who, with destructive aim,  
     Pursue Atrides' path !  
 Disgust and horror never fail  
 O'er every feeling to prevail,  
     In sight of all their works of death.

Yes! it is transient as the spark  
Which being whirl'd about the dark  
Is made to disappear;  
Or as the bullet when it quits  
The life-destroying tube and splits  
The unresisting atmosphere.  
But fear not thou, distinguish'd Scot,  
Whose rare and most peculiar lot  
Has, since thy life began,  
Been above Envy's reach to shine,  
And with benevolent design  
Befriend the family of man.  
Think not thy glories e'er shall wane  
Whilst those of th' Antonines remain,  
For children, ages hence,  
Shall with thy honour'd name be told  
The proper use of life and gold  
Is to display benevolence.

THE RECLUSE.

*Seminary Range, (Ohio.)*

FOR THE PORT FOLIO—THE MANIAC.

Hark! the Maniac fiercely raging,  
Howls his sorrows to the wind,  
Naught his frantic grief assuaging,  
Nought can ease his phrenzied mind.

View him bounding now with anguish  
While his eyes, in terror roll,  
Now they soften, now they languish,  
Marking thus his varied soul.

Hear the far-fetch'd groans of horror  
Issuing from his throbbing breast,



See those pallid cheeks of sorrow,  
And those limbs which know no rest.

Once, those eyes were fraught with pleasure,  
Once, those cheeks were coral red,  
But bereft of the mind's treasure,  
These more treacherous beauties fled.

Once, proud Fortune on him smiled,  
And bright Hope his thoughts did train;  
When alas, of both beguiled,  
"Maddening fury" seiz'd his brain.

Now he roams poor and unfriended,  
None his wayward steps to guide,  
All his wishes unattended,  
All his wants are unsupply'd.

So speak those tatter'd garments on him,  
And his shaggy matted hair,  
Oh do not with disgust turn from him,  
He *was once*, as you *now are*.

LOTHARIO.

#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Lines written on a blank leaf of "Downman's Infancy"—a didactic Poem, presented to a lady a few weeks after her marriage.

If, much lov'd fair! who late with tremb'ling foot,  
Didst press the threshold of that hallow'd fane  
Where *Hymen* holds his court, and where the *Loves*  
And *Graces* join in sweet accordance,  
Weaving chaplets gay of blooming flow'rs,  
Thrown by the liberal hand of smiling *Hope*,  
To grace the brows of those whom *Love* impels  
To bend before his altar—If haply, "born  
" Beneath the beam of some propitious star,"  
*Lucina's* mystic rites should ere reward  
The fond embraces of thy faithful spouse,

With prattling pledges of your mutual love;  
O! then, with eager eye, and heedful pause,  
The following strains didactic oft peruse.  
For know, their little tender frames demand  
Unceasing care—their future health and strength,  
A form erect, the rostrate bloom of youth,  
Athletic firmness, with a vigorous mind,—  
Or, dull and moping imbecility,  
Distorted joints, and nerves of feeble texture,  
Complexion wan, with aptness to imbibe  
The various taints of fell Disease's train—  
All these, with num'rous other joys or woes,  
Depending on the treatment they receive,  
At their first entrance on the stage of life,  
And, during helpless *Infancy*.—Here then learn  
Those various pleasing duties to discharge,  
Which th' endearing name of *Mother* doth enjoin;  
And which, observed, will crown your future days,  
With ample recompense for all your care.

*Philad. Aug. 30, 1808.*

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#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO—INDIAN ELOQUENCE.

MR. EDITOR,

General John S. Eustace, with whom I was intimately acquainted for some time previous to his death, and who formerly held a major general's commission in the French armies, gave me the following as a genuine copy of the celebrated speech of Logan, the Mingo chief. He informed me that he was acquainted with lord Dunmore in Virginia, and frequently an inmate of his house, and that the speech, as I now send it to you, was presented to him personally by lord Dunmore.

I do not consider myself an accurate judge of Indian eloquence, yet it appears to me, that the speech, as published by Mr. Jefferson, is not worthy of those high encomiums which he bestows

upon it. I leave it with you to judge of the correctness of my opinion.

Yours, &c.

*Luzerne, September 11th, 1810.*

B. T. C.

*Speech of Logan, a Mingo chief, before lord Dunmore, formerly governor of Virginia.*

My cabin, since first I had one of my own, has ever been open to any white man, who wanted shelter: my spoils of hunting, since first I began to range these woods, have I ever freely imparted to appease his hunger and clothe his nakedness; but, what have I seen? what! but that at my return at night, and laden with spoil, my numerous family lie bleeding on the ground, by the hands of those who had found my little hut a certain refuge from the inclement storm; who had eaten my food, and covered themselves with my skins: what have I seen? what! but that those dear little mouths, for which I had sweated the live-long day, when I returned at eve to fill them, had not one word to thank me for my toil!

What could I resolve upon? my blood boiled within me, and my heart leapt up to my mouth, nevertheless I bid my tomahawk be quiet, and lie at rest for that war, because I thought the great men of your country sent them not to do it. Not long afterwards, some of your men invited our tribe to cross the river and bring their venison with them; they, unsuspecting of design, came as they had been invited; the white men then made them drunk, killed them, and turned their knives even against the women. Was not my sister among them? was she not scalped by the hands of that man, whom she had taught how to escape his enemies, when they were scenting out his track? What could I resolve upon? my blood now boiled thrice hotter than before, and thrice again my heart leapt up to my mouth, no longer did I bid my tomahawk be quiet, and lie at rest, for that war, because I no longer thought the great men of your country sent them not to do it. I sprang from my cabin to avenge their blood, which I have fully done this war, by shedding yours from your coldest to your hottest sun; thus revenged I am now for peace, and have advised most of my countrymen to be so too—nay! what is more,

I have offered, and still offer myself as a victim, being ready to die if their good require it.

Think not that I am afraid to die, for I have no relations left to mourn for me. Logan's blood runs in no veins but these—I would not turn on my heel to escape death, for I have neither wife, nor child, nor sister to howl for me when I'm gone.

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#### MORTUARY.

On Sunday, January 20th, at his seat near Trenton, New jersey, departed this life, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, the reverend HENRY WADDELL, D. D. rector of St. Michael's Church; in the cemetery of which his body was deposited on the 22d.

Dr. WADDELL had received a liberal education, and graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, then the College and Academy of Philadelphia, after which, he applied himself to the study of the law, of which he was, for several years, an able and successful practitioner. His mind however, being of a serious and contemplative cast, his reflections and researches induced him to relinquish the profession of the law, and devote the remainder of his life to theological investigations—and, wishing at the same time to render himself useful to the community, he applied for, and obtained holy orders. His amiable and affectionate deportment towards his flock, during the course of a long, a virtuous, and well spent life, and his exemplary discharge of all the relative duties in the important characters of husband, father, master and friend, endeared him to all who had the privilege of being in any degree connected with him:—while the urbanity of his manners, and the effusions of a well informed mind, rendered him the delight of the social circle, and a distinguished ornament of general society. He expired without a groan, in all the triumphant calmness of christian confidence and resignation.

“ His God sustain'd him in his final hour!

“ His final hour brought glory to his God!

“ You saw the *man*, you saw his hold on Heav'n!”

*Young's N. T.*

Died on Saturday, the 22d of Dec. 1810, after a short illness, in the 63d year of her age, Mrs. MARY WEED, relict of the late Elijah Weed, esq. of this city. This venerable and truly pious lady, was deeply impressed with the importance and worth of her soul in early life; which enabled her through the whole tenor of her protracted existence, to place a conscious rectitude on the merits and atonement of her Saviour. Impelled by the powerful influence of that true religion of which she was a firm and zealous advocate, constrained by the love, and animated by the example of her blessed Lord, she went about liberally dispensing donations and assistance to those who were deserving of them, particularly to the virtuous poor, to whom she was a distinguished friend and benefactor. It would be difficult to point out all those inestimable qualities which she possessed; they will long live in the memory of her relatives and friends.

" Oh let me die her death," all nature cries.

" Then live her life."—All nature falters there.

Her remains were solemnly interred on the Monday following, in the first baptist church burial ground, attended by a numerous concourse of friends and relatives.

" This is the bud of being,——

The twilight of our day, the vestibule.

Life's theatre as yet is shut, and Death,

Strong Death, alone can heave the massy bar,

This gross impediment of clay remove,

And make us, embryos of existence, free.

From real life but little more remote

Is he, not yet a candidate for light,

The future embryo, slumb'ring in his fire.

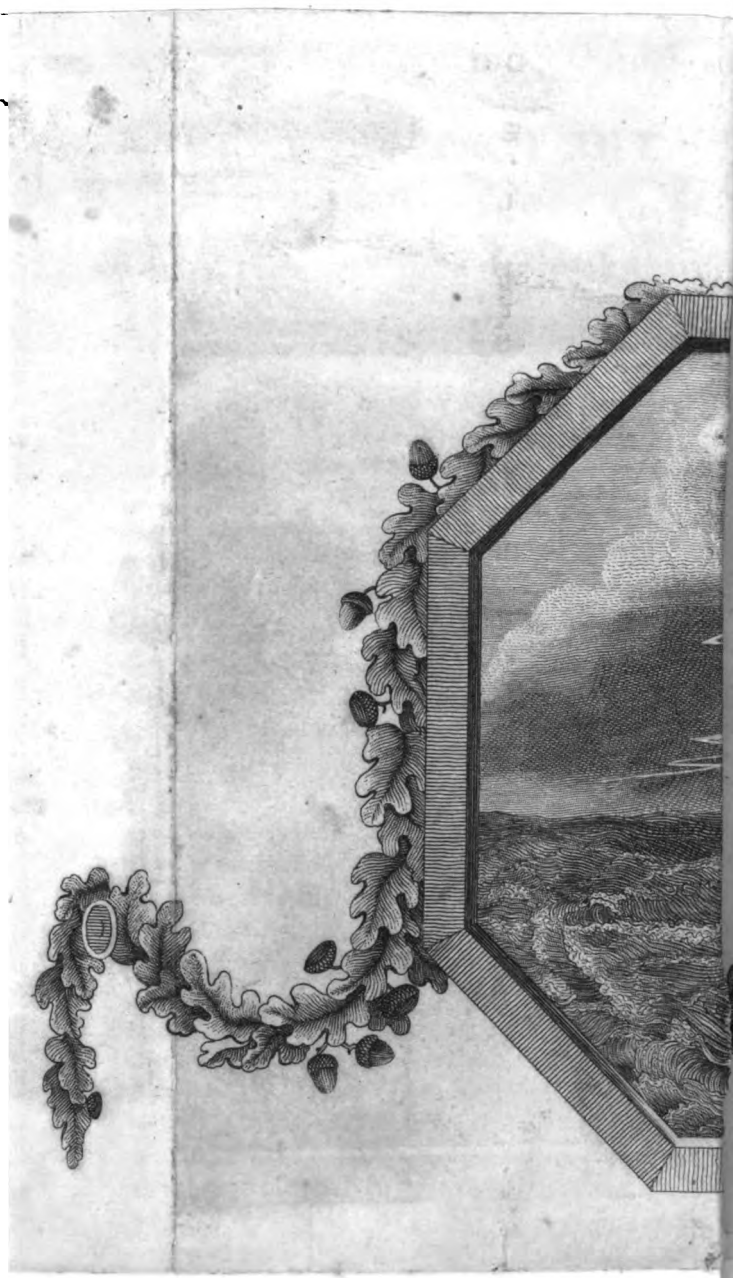
Embryos we must be till we burst the shell,

Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,

The life of Gods, O transport! and of man."

G.





# THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY JOSEPH DENNIE, ESQ.

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Various; that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

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VOL. V.

APRIL, 1811.

No. 4.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## WASHINGTON

THE EVERGREEN OF OUR GLORY,—UNDER PROVIDENCE,  
THE ROCK OF OUR SAFETY.

At the present gloomy and portentous period, when an all-grasping spirit of conquest has swept with colossal strides over the continent of Europe, and is casting a malignant and threatening scowl on these peaceful and happy shores—when appearances almost justify an apprehension that Freedom will be forced to seek refuge in the skies, that the whole earth will be consolidated under a military despotism, and a long night of barbarism and crime again overshadow the world—At such a period, no expedient, however limited, no effort however feeble, should be left untried, that may tend to invigorate among us a love of independence, to brighten in our bosoms their patriotic fires, or induce us duly to prize the privileges we have derived from the heroes of our revolution, and the rights we enjoy from the founders of our government. Under these impressions we have

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thought it right to collect on our pages a few scattering rays from the glory of Washington, a name which has a wonder-working magic in the sound, and is to our countrymen a host in itself—which is a rallying point for virtue, and patriotism, and heroism, and honour, and must be forever erased from their memory before Americans can cease to be free.

Washington was emphatically born for his country, and next to the freedom he achieved, and the government he so preeminently contributed to establish, was himself its most invaluable treasure. But, in the wise, though inscrutable dispensations of Providence, he has past away, leaving us no hope of ever again beholding his like. Already has the pen of the American biographer—already has the tongue of the American orator, beggared their resources in offerings to his memory. Yet still does description fall short of reality—still is the debt of gratitude unpaid.

But the impassioned praises of our great countryman are not confined to the land that gave him birth. They are heard and dwelt on, as the most grateful of themes, wherever history is read and freedom tolerated—wherever patriotism is honoured and virtue revered—wherever the consummation of human goodness and human greatness can excite the love and admiration of civilized man.

Even in the British dominions which his sword dismembered—in the metropolis of that empire, within the confines of the court, and beneath the very shadow of the throne itself, Washington stands foremost on the records of fame. An enlightened magnanimity proclaims his praises, and Envy neither questions nor attempts to sully the tribute.

In evidence of the truth of these sentiments, and as an offering that must be grateful to every American, we publish the subjoined emblematical engraving and character. They are originally the production of a foreigner of taste and talents, and the piece, executed in a style of superior elegance, has had a very extensive circulation in England. Enclosed in a superb frame, it is even admitted to a place in the collections of noblemen and amateurs, among the most admired productions of the pencil.

The character of the great American which accompanies it needs no comment. To every one it will be instructive—to the polite scholar highly gratifying—to the patriot a model for imitation—to the statesman, the magistrate, and the military chief, a motive to duty, an incentive to glory.

The engraving, though not new either in conception or design, is very correctly and happily applied. A rock secure in its strength amidst the fury and wild uproar of a troubled ocean, is a fit emblem of Washington unmoved by all the evils, dangers, and misfortunes attendant on civil or military life. It might also represent his example as the rock of our national safety, assailed as we are by whatever is insidious, or stormy, or dangerous. When in the discharge of his duty, like the *homo conscius recti* of the poet, though Nature had staggered in convulsions, and even tumbled in wide-spreading ruins around him, nothing could shake the firmness of his soul. The fair and stately evergreen supported by the rock, and withstanding the violence of a tempestuous sky, may well represent the purity of his virtue and the perpetuity of his fame; while the garland of oak-leaves encircling the whole, is a classical emblem of his civic worth.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO—THE SALAD, NO. IV.

BY CHRISTOPHER CROTCHET.

Nulla fore rabies, aut strictæ jurgia legis,  
 Morum jura viris solum, et sine fascibus æquum. *Sententia.*

By love of right, and native justice led,  
 In the straight paths of equity, to tread,  
 Nor know the bar, nor fear the judge's frown,  
 Unpractised, in the wranglings of the gown. *Ann.*

PHILOSOPHERS, of almost every age and country, have delighted to speculate on the science of politics. Yet it is to be lamented, that their writings, however numerous, are generally too subtle and æthereal, to answer any purpose of practical utility. The Republic of Plato, the Oceana of Harrington, or the Utopia of sir Thomas More, although they may amuse the meditations of the scholar in his closet, would entirely perplex and embarrass a cabinet of statesmen. Those sublime schemes might perhaps be realized with Rousseau's society of angels; or in the city which Aristophanes† erected amidst the clouds, but mankind have left the golden age too many centuries behind them, ever to hope success from such assistances.

Among the manuscripts composed by my grandfather, and left behind him, I find one purporting to be the plan of a constitution for the best organized commonwealth. It seems indeed, a miscellany of fanciful gossiping and experimental truth—The old gentleman, as I before hinted,‡ used to indulge frequently after this way, and in order to secure his mind from the intrusion of impertinent curiosity or noisy folly, he erected, at a convenient distance from his farm-house, a little pavilion, surrounded by a pleasant academic grove, to which he would resort, as the scene of assignation, appointed by the Muses themselves. Here he could sit whole days together, in sweetest dalliance with the lovely daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne, forgetful of every endearment, save their grateful smiles. But when re-

\* Vide social compact. † Arist. Nephelococcigix. ‡ Salad, No. II.

lessed from the fascination, when his research was finished and some fair fabric arose to the enraptured view; how did the bay and laurel tremble on his brow, as he reflected, that all his workmanship might moulder away, like a palace of porphyry in the desert, without one solitary artist to admire its harmonious order, its graceful columns, and its sparkling turrets. The Sybilline books and Alexandrian library, where are they? Even the same fate appeared to threaten the lucubrations of my grand-sire.

Within the precincts of the neighbourhood, where he lived, there was not a character of literary merit to become acquainted with his theories. The parish-minister had read the Bible, with Burkitt's commentary, and peradventure the first part of Pilgrim's Progress. His erudition extended no further. The popular physician could quote mechanically, a long list of Latin names, and *promised* to cure all sorts of maladies, by an infallible panacea made up of simples. His genius never wandered beyond the circumference of a pill-box and gallipot. As to the country barber, he was confessedly a personage of superior judgment to the rest, for he could talk at ordinaries, learnedly of cockfights and elections—politics and horse-racing. Moreover, in his earlier years, he had enjoyed by virtue of his vocation, a kind of puisné professorship at college, where he found, that the moon is not moulded out of green-cheese, according to the error of the ancient physics. But as my ancestor never trusted his chin and throat to the skill of any other operator than my grandmother, he always remained profoundly ignorant of this chief of the rustic sages. The idea of formally appearing, before the reverend Divan of Critics and Reviewers, never came into his mind, without bringing on a most perilous ague-fit; so that, a due regard of health made him decline all thoughts of that. Was ever man, woman, or child, so tantalized, so widow-bewitched, and vexed with contradiction? Accordingly the plan of a constitution is indorsed with this following lamentation.

“Am not I, Cadwallader Crotchet, gent. more unfortunate than any being that breathes either in the old or new worlds? Of what avail is it that I expend my days in devising schemes for the amelioration of mankind, when they will never reap the fruits of my philanthropy? My works might as well be buried with me, like the sacred volumes of Numa. Oh! saint Anthony, saint Anthony, how hard did you think your fate, when the heretics, paying no respect to your sublime discourses, compelled you to preach before the fishes of the sea-shore. The fishes hearkened to your voice and devoutly regarded their apostle. When you concluded, lo! a marvel, they bowed down their heads to the sands, and having received your benediction, departed rejoicing. But even the fishes of the sea-shore will not be benefitted by my labours.” Peace be unto thy manes, dearly-beloved relative! Thy labours shall not be lost entirely. What the moths and mice have laudably left, shall be superadded to the stock of sublunary knowledge. Nor will those august censors, once so terrific to thee, shed a single drop of gall against them. They have to much charity to war with the ashes of the dead.

At this distant period it is difficult to determine *absolutely*, what part my good old progenitor might assume, with the politicians of the present time. I incline however to believe, that he would occupy much the same rank in our republic, that is held by the *oyster* in the animal and vegetable kingdom. He would prove a sort of analogical link, between jarring partizans. The preface of the manuscript before me, bears ample testimony, that he was neither the advocate of perfect equality, nor indeed wedded to stars and crosses and ensigns armorial. For it is considered not more preposterous to imagine that all of us wear noses, cut after the same fashion and figure, than to believe that we all possess rights, parcelled out by the same impartial charter. Nature in both cases, has decreed a discrimination, and why should man protest against her authority. “Sagacity,” quoth a learned doctor, “is the *nose* of the mind;” and this feature of

mental physiognomy, may be either straight or crooked, pug or bulbous, Roman or Grecian.

In regard to the doctrines of the other school, our venerable theorist was by no means a complete disciple. Two little anecdotes, which came immediately under his cognizance kept him always vascillating. A handsome young man, having pilfered half a dozen silver spoons from a jeweller's window, was legally convicted of the crime and sentenced to the pillory. Previous to execution, the department permitted to exercise the dispensing power, liberally tendered a pardon. The prisoner however, blushing refused it, declaring, that, although his personal beauty would be spoilt, he had preferably submit to his malignant planet at once. His progenitors had been *spoon-stealers*, from time, whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, and invariably lost their ears in consequence. It was a family fatality, and since his own *souse* must sooner or later be put into the same *pickle*, he wished the business over, without delay, to save the terrors of anticipation. This fact had a squinting towards a patriciate, and hereditary honours. Yet another presently arose to belie it. A certain *cobbler*, who was transported early after the first settlement of the colony at James town, and perhaps came over with lord Delaware, had two sons. They were promising lads; but it is singular, the eldest could never see *an awl* without falling into an epilepsy; nor the youngest behold a *pair of pincers*, without heartily wishing they might be buried at the bottom of the draw-well. They were educated as *tailors*; and *their* offspring discovered similar antipathies to the *goose* and *lapboard*. Thus no determinate judgment could be drawn.

The form of government, which my grandfather recommends, has something so original about its model, that I cannot forbear to offer an anatomy of it, in this paper. There is reason to believe, it would have been more out of the common order, had he not been aware, that the gray-beard prejudices of the world should be somewhat respected. Peter the Great of Muscov, (you know,) was well nigh frustrating all his laboured

projects of reform, by the order for shaving the faces of his whiskered subjects. Every system should sometimes yield, in order to conciliate; and often flatter, that it may be revered the more, when it commands.

Agreeably to this, our venerable theorist, the first office of state, should be delegated to that man, whose head and heart best qualified him to support and adorn it. 'His virtues should be pacific, and a love of philosophy the master passion of his soul. All executive duties should be confided to him, and he might be elected by the sovereign people, every four years. To demonstrate the general wishes, toward a good understanding with every country, his excellency is compelled to provide a *philo-politico national wardrobe*, in compliment of foreign potentates, principalities and powers; as *red breeches* of Paris cut for France, for England a *Bond-street coat* of London brown, for Spain the *silk stockings* of Valdemoro, a *stone-coloured waistcoat*, with *scarlet button-holes* for Denmark, and for China, a big *funnel-bonnet*, tipped at its apex with a gorgeous bead or pearl. This suit is to be worn, only on festivals, anniversaries and holy-days.

The supreme magistrate should be aided, during a particular season, by the grand council of sages; who are likewise directed to be attired in tunics and caps, composed of a tight velvet scone-piece, with a superficial square placed diagonally upon it, and tasselled; the whole to be made of sables, that greater awe may be inspired in the lobbies and gallery.—There is certainly no doubt of mind and body, being related by the nearest ties of affinity. They have been most appositely typified, by "a jerkin and a jerkin's lining;" whatever puckers the one, must perforce pucker the other, also. This being established, it appeared a necessary consequence, that the council should be placed under a scrupulous regimen of diet. Lycurgus prescribed to the Spartans a *black broth*, which agreeably to the recipe of *Meursius*, was nothing more nor less than *pork gravy*, with a pleasant dash of vinegar and salt; my grandfather exults in the invention of a certain *soup meagre*, made by the concoction of *cows' heels and turnip-tops*, which from its being light, and easy of digestion is fixed, as the only nutriment of our senators. Their only drink

to be good *small beer*; and that measured out in small potations. He inveighs strenuously against the Goths and Vandals, who made it a practice to tipple themselves quite *haphy*, before they commenced upon public affairs; and Epicureanism hangs crude, unwholesome fogs upon the brain, producing besides, all those heavy "peccant humours" which my lord Verulam, unjustly attributes to study only.

The enlightened congress of Lilliput had assembled to legislate. Circumstances rendered it necessary and expedient that their doors should be kept closed, whilst the subtle financiers were calculating ways and means to meet state exigencies. Many of the grave and reverend seniors, having feasted luxuriously, with their host of the garter, upon a most delicious *venison fasty*, were enjoying the balmy dews of golden slumber. Queen Mab, in her sportive mood, visited one of the jolly snorers, and gently whispered, that *venison fasties* were about to be laid under an enormous excise. "What!" exclaimed he loudly, jumping up on his legs, which were previously crossed over the table, that stood before him, "What! Mr. Chairman, shall this honourable house purchase a padlock from Pythagoras, to place on the stomachs of brave Lilliputians? Forbid it policy! Forbid it justice! Forbid it republicanism! The cardinal principle of natural law inculcates that man may eat, in quantity and kind according to his pleasure. This law is recognized by every civil people on the globe, and particularly confirmed by our divine constitution. The tax contemplated, will virtually tend to the prohibition of *venison fasties* altogether. The Assyrians, the Medes and Persians, the Greeks and Romans, and Carthaginians"—Here an honourable gentleman, on the right hand of our orator, who had been awakened by the vociferation, that drummed upon his tympanum, rose up with unutterable dignity in his port, and after an animated preface solemnly moved, that this momentous and awful subject be postponed for discussion on the morrow. A long argument ensued about *order*, which cost the exchequer no less than fifty dollars and fifty cents, governmental currency, in candles.

The next institution, proposed by the venerable theorist is, what he descriptively denominates, 'a *Peripatetic Judiciary*;



which he imagines so perfectly constituted, that, were it skilfully put in practice, *Astræa* would, once more choose her sojourn among the sons of men. Every member of this tribunal should be a muscular pedestrian, as he is required to walk over a particular, assigned circuit, and dispense right without delay, from the château of the nabob, to the cottage of the peasant—It is the province of wise legislation to consult an economical husbandry. Our worshipful bench are therefore allowed only the following compensation. For the trial of certain prescribed suits and actions personal, they shall be entitled to, and receive from the plaintiff, one hearty meal, vulgarly called a *breakfast*; for deciding on writs of right, the demandant, *ipso facto*, is indebted in the amount of a comfortable *dinner*; *supper and lodging* are the constitutional price of assault and battery, with the long catalogue of *mayhem*; finally all criminal prosecutions supply them annually, at the expense of the general coffers, *three shirts of fine linen, three cambric neck stocks, two pairs of cotton hose, one wig, a black gown, and a pair of stuff breeches*. Equity is thus brought, not merely to the doors of the people, but actually passes their threshold, and is domesticated, like an affectionate daughter, by their fire sides. Moreover a considerable advantage, arising from this improvement, is, that the twenty years' lucubrations of tripe-visaged templars, and knights of the green satchel, are rendered totally useless. *Wo unto you, lawyers, for ye would take the key of knowledge; ye enter not in yourselves, and them that are entering in ye hinder.*

With regard to the situation, best adapted to promote national happiness, there exists much contrariety of opinion. Aristotle, in his seventh book of politics, appears to prefer a maritime site, from prudential reasons. The venerable theorist, although he would not have it a barren mountain, like St. Marino, yet fears to settle his commonwealth near the sea, lest it should be imagined, that his sentiments advanced farther, than those of the sapient Stagyrice. Commerce, he considers, as the bane of virtue, producing that insatiable avarice, which carries even morality to the common shambles for sale or hire. Mr. Kenneth Macaulay, in his account of Saint Kilda, asserts, that when a ship touches there, all the good folks of the place are instantaneously seized

with a most lamentable influenza. This historical truth is recorded by my grandfather, with great emphasis, in old black letter capitals; so that, should his fond predilection toward fish and oysters, incline him to be near the ocean, he would take the hint, and locate his government, where the citizens might be punished with incessant coughing and pulmonary strictures, if they pretended to meddle with traffic and merchandize.

The Lacedæmonians were trained to war from their cradles; the members of our social compact, on the other hand, are to be educated in all the amiable arts of peace. Should any foreign power aggrieve them by a violation of their rights, the supreme magistrate, (who must be distinguished for sweetness of temper) is directed to behave with becoming circumspection and politeness. Special messengers are immediately to be deputed, with the compliments of his excellency, and a present of the most splendid copies of Grotius, Puffendorff, Vattel, Bynkershoek, and Grunther, that can be found. Care must however be previously taken, that the index-ribbons shall point to those chapters, which define and establish the rights so unworthily violated—If this complaisant inuendo fail of the desired effect, that part of the *Philo-politico-national* wardrobe, representing such unfriendly power, to wit, either the red-breeches of Paris cut, or the Bond-street coat of London brown, or the silk stockings of Valdemoro, or the stone-coloured waistcoat, with scarlet button-holes, or the big funnel bonnet with a bead on top of it, shall at once, be contumeliously discarded, and home-spun substituted. But, although the temple of Janus be always kept shut, no oriental effeminacy shall be allowed—No, no; my grandsire exclaims with honest, manly indignation against those Chinese mandarins, who, when their wives are in the family way, and “as well as can be expected,” lie abed, one entire month, to receive the visits and welcomes of their neighbours—shame! shame!—

Littleton Honeysuckle has just returned from a pleasant dance into the country. The courteous reader, I know, will cheerfully permit me to lay my manuscript aside, and shake hands with my kind-hearted yokefellow.—

Norfolk, Va. 1811.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. EDITOR.

The subject of a national university has occupied the attention of congress, from time to time, almost from the organization of the government. But no report was ever made to congress on the subject.

President Madison's message on that subject was referred in the house of representatives, to a committee of seven members, these were Messrs. Mitchill, Burwell, Macon, Pitkin, Wheaton, J. Porter and Ringold. The opinion of the chairman was warmly in favour of having a Seminary worthy of the nation, at the seat of government. He had collected a large mass of information, framed a plan of education, drawn a bill, and demonstrated whence funds could be derived. But he was overruled by the gentlemen with whom he was associated. Five of the committee decided against the measure, upon every consideration. And Mr. Ringold was the only member who joined Dr. M. in the wish to make a communication of all the evidence and documents to the house, and in the propriety of acting immediately upon it.

The report as it stands is the account of the chairman, in obedience to the majority, and expresses their opinion, and not his own.

The practical inference from the report is this; that there is no prospect of getting a national university; and of course all literary and scientific institutions must be within the jurisdictions of the respective states, or under their patronage.

*Washington, February 22d, 1811.*

## REPORT

Of the committee to whom was referred, on the tenth day of December, 1810, that part of the president's message to both houses of congress, at the opening of the session, which relates to the establishment of a seminary of learning by the national legislature.

In obedience to the order of the house, the committee has duly considered the important matter referred.

A university, or institution for the communication of knowledge in the various departments of literature and science, presents to the mind, at one view, subjects of the most pleasing contemplation.

To a free people it would seem that a seminary, in which the culture of the heart and of the understanding should be the chief objects, would be one of the best guards of their privileges, and a leading object of their care.

Under this conviction, the patriotic spirit of Washington led him more than once to recommend, in his speeches to congress, an attention to such an undertaking. He even bequeathed a legacy to the national university, which he persuaded himself would, at some future day, be brought into being. Two other presidents have subsequently presented the subject to the legislature as worthy of special consideration.

Authorities so respectable in favour of a project so desirable, carry with them great weight. A central school at the seat of the general government, darting the rays of intellectual light, or rolling the flood of useful information throughout the land, could not fail to make a strong impression. A noble and enlarged institution, may be conceived to impart to its pupils the most excellent instruction, and by properly qualifying persons to be teachers and professors, to introduce a uniform system of education among the citizens.

On weighing these and other advantages, it was necessary to consider whether congress possessed the power to found and endow a national university?

It is argued from the total silence of the constitution, that such a power has not been granted to congress, inasmuch as the only means by which it is therein contemplated to promote the progress of science and the useful arts, is by securing to respective authors and inventors, the exclusive right to their writings and discoveries for limited times. The constitution therefore does not warrant the erection of such a corporation by any express provision.

But it immediately occurred, that under the right to legislate exclusively over the district wherein the United States have fixed their seat of government, congress may erect a university at any place within the ten miles square ceded by Maryland and Virginia.

This cannot be doubted. Here, however, other considerations arise. Although there is no constitutional impediment to the incorporation of trustees for such a purpose at the city of Washington, serious doubts are entertained as to the right to appropriate the public property for its support. The endowment of a university is not ranked among the objects for which drafts

ought to be made upon the treasury. The money of the nation seems to be reserved for other uses.

The incorporation of a university, without funds, appears a fruitless and inefficient exercise of the legislative power. There is indeed some personal estate on hand, which would vest in such a body, on the moment of its creation. And more may reasonably be expected from legacies and other donations. But these sources of revenue are too scanty and precarious to be relied upon, in the present case. It is better not to legislate at all, than to pass a statute destitute of the means of execution.

The matter then stands thus: The erection of a university upon the enlarged and magnificent plan, which would become the nation, is not within the powers confided by the constitution to congress. And the erection of a small and ordinary college, with a pompous and imposing title, would not become its dignity. If nevertheless, at any time, legislative aid should be asked to incorporate a district university, for the local benefit of the inhabitants of Columbia, out of funds of their own raising, there can be no doubt that it would be considered with kindness, as in other cases. But it must be remembered, that this is a function totally distinct from the endowment of a national university, out of the treasure of the United States, destined in its legitimate application, to other and very different purposes.

The message before the committee, proposes however, 'the institution of a seminary of learning by the national legislature, within the limits of their exclusive jurisdiction, the expense of which may be defrayed or reimbursed out of the vacant grounds which have accrued to the nation, within these limits.' On inquiring into the value of these public lots, they fall so far short of the sum requisite for the object, that if there was no constitutional impediment, they could not be relied upon, on account of the smallness and unproductiveness of the capital they embrace.

With these views of the subject, the committee does not find itself authorised to recommend the adoption of any measures, relative to the part of the message referred.

In behalf of the committee,

SAML. L. MITCHILL, *Chairman.*

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—THE RECLUSE. No. II.

Mais pour moi, de la ville citoyen inhabile,  
Qui ne lui puis fournir qu'un réveur inutile,  
Il me faut du repos, des prez et des forêts,  
Laisse-moi donc ici, sous leurs ombrages frais.

*Boileau, Épître à M. De la Moignon.*

IN my accustomed way, when the weather is fair, after tea, I picked up my wooden port-folio, or what I have ventured to christen my knee-desk, and took my usual ramble on the Range. This method of pursuing my studies, and at the same time, of inhaling the afternoon breezes from the surrounding hills, has become of so confirmed a habit with me, that it will be no matter of wonder at all, if hereafter, the monthly bulk of original matter in your Port Folio should be sensibly influenced by the use I make of mine. Whence, by a little step for a genius of a moderately speculative turn, it would be an easy matter for any of your readers, at a distance of many hundred miles, to ascertain, with indubitable clearness, what kind of weather has prevailed during every month of the three seasons favourable to walking, on the western side of the Beautiful River.\* I drop without comment this hint for the improvement of the art of making meteorological observations at a distance—to be taken up on some future occasion, when the weather is fair; and no other subject shall present itself as a more suitable candidate to fill a number of my series.

At present, I have certainly other designs in my head, than to be led out into an eccentric or volatile excursion, according to the freak of the moment. For whilst I seated myself this evening, upon the oak-slab which has served me through all my ruminations this summer (in lieu of a more stylish settee) and was mending my pen, the subject of the present lucubration presented itself in waiting, and obtained my gracious consent to be dressed up and despatched to the metropolis. Wherefore, according to the order prescribed to myself for these occasions,

\* Ohio signifies Beautiful.

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I embark into the consideration of the question respecting that kind of life which the appellation I have adopted implies.

I cautiously avoid recurring to out-door opinions, as a clew to lead me through the labyrinth of my present investigation. For, although it would be an easy matter to furnish myself with much matter pro and con, from almost any volume picked out of my library at random, yet my mind would derive little satisfaction from the contradictory sentiments of those, who were governed in their choice of life by the peculiar complexion of their own character and affairs. For example, it has been said, on the one side, that the love of solitude is the offspring of chagrin caused by shame or ridicule; that the passions of men, irritated by solitude, hover round these regions of death and silence; that nobody eulogises solitude but he who despairs of cutting a figure at court; that the spirit of man is an active principle, and *therefore* he that withdraws himself from the world, before he has finished the part he had to act, deserves to be hissed, and cannot pass for virtuous, because he refuses to continue on to the catastrophe; that the worst of men is he, who, persisting in shutting himself up in a closet, contracts his heart more and more within himself; and Diderot (I think) declares very roundly that the good man lives in society whilst none but the bad chooses to live alone. On the other hand, we are told that every kind of evil proceeds from not being able to live alone—such as gaming, debaucheries, dissipations, ignorance, slander, envy, forgetfulness of ourselves and duties. Who, asks some writer, has ever felt the sublime of a solitary desert? How rapturous to listen in the stillness of solitude! How happy is the man who knows how to live with himself, to find pleasure in his own company! I think the venerable Montaigne says, that it is no small matter to manage well one's retreat from the bustle of life, and that to do so affords employment enough without mixing other business with it. If Providence confers upon us leisure to dispose of ourselves by living in retirement, let us make preparations for it, get our baggage ready, take an early leave of our company, and disentangle ourselves from those pur-

suits which, by detaining our attention, keep us at a distance from ourselves. La Fontaine makes one of his characters declare that the true greatness of the philosopher is to reign over himself, and his true pleasure to enjoy himself: this greatness and this pleasure are to be found in solitude, and scarcely any where else. I do not, continues he, pretend to say that this kind of life is suitable for every body; to me it is a comfort and a blessing; for you it might be an evil.

If I had not promised to wave the weight of authorities, in trying this question, I would rally round the concluding sentiment of La Fontaine, which leaves room for a very liberal decision. When I cast my eyes around, how am I struck with the diversity of human characters and pursuits, the disparity of their fortunes, and the difference in their expectations! Before we minutely pry into the minor subdivisions of society, the first distinct classification of the great mass of mankind appears to be three-fold. The sons and daughters of Pleasure may be thrown together in one group, resembling an English rout of the better dressed and more fashionable ones of the various nations of the world. The second class is made up of the indefatigables, constant in their devotions at the shrine of Mammon, and bent under the weight of their cares. In the third parcel we behold a motley collection of the votaries of Ambition, who from various motives, and under different appearances are driving, at full speed, through every avenue of human society. Now the simple question, under my present view of these things, is, why any individual of either of these three great crowds may not retire from the common bustle and hide himself like the Recluse, in the woods? If he have borne a part in this tumultuous far-rago until he is tired out, or disgusted with his own dull repetitions, is he not at liberty to sit down and rest; or turn aside from the commotion and endeavour to cure the blisters which the dance has brought upon his feet? This is to be diseased with St. Vitus's dance, with a vengeance, if he must continue to dance on, rain or shine, contrary to his own inclination!

Does it follow that I must necessarily be refractory or deluded by a wrong spirit because I no longer have views of life,



common to others? With their associations and entanglements it would not be well, nay, it might be criminal for them to leave their posts and their duties. But circumstances alter cases, and if I fly to the shades of retirement with as much alacrity as they to their merchandize, are we not both governed by the same arbitrary laws of volition? Neither am I much alarmed by the gravity of those reprovers, who put their ingenuity to the torture to invent what they call social duties, in order to saddle me with burthens that belong not to my shoulders. Every man, say these wise censors, possesses a talent which he is bound to employ to the best advantage, for the help of his fellow beings, and for the mellioration of their several conditions. This I am willing to acknowledge, although, at the same time, it must not be denied that the doctrine is urged with a very bad grace by those whose practical employment of their respective talents appears to be confined to the accumulation of riches and the aggrandizement of themselves! They ought to bear in mind, that upon their system of ethics which recognizes self-love and social to be the same, and which justifies their own laborious exertions for private emolument, the hermit's inactive seclusion from the common walks of business, may at least be pardoned. Take a view of one man, who upon a fortune of his own acquiring, or another, who, upon the unincumbered patrimony derived from his wealthy predecessors, retires into the bosom of a family all of whom are partial to this doctrine of social enjoyments and friendly intercourse, but who are governed in every act of their lives by selfish considerations. Lolling at ease upon the soft couch of sensual gratifications, or lounging away their hours in literary frivolities, shall it be said that the holy cause of Benevolence is indebted to them for all the clamour they can raise against those who desert one station in life for another, from a diffidence of their own qualifications only? I have suspected that if the real motives for such virulent reprehensions of a retired life as I have been contemplating, were accurately traced, it would be found that human vanity acts as a spur to all this zeal. Man, however fond of "banqueting upon his own perfections," is not satisfied with being the solitary gazer upon the splendour

and embellishments of his rank in society. The sight of his own greatness would soon afford him but little enjoyment, and the appetite for riches, itself, would have no edge, if it were not sharpened by the frequent bursts of admiration from others. Hence it is that until they, themselves, can be willing to sink into obscurity and forgetfulness, they *cannot* do less than zealously oppose the retreat of those upon whose applause they literally feed, and hence they will be furnished with much to say which to a slight observer may sound like the language of pure philanthropy; whilst every expression is really the dictate of an unamiable selfishness. Under this view of the subject it would be easy to impeach the honesty of many of my accusers, who are apt to associate with that life of the Recluse, which I have been stickling for, the dreariness and barrenness of a cloister, such as many a monkish tale has impressed upon their imaginations. But I shall content myself with this ingenuous exposition of my own motives in thus stealing away as a voluntary exile, or, to use the law phrase, into a civil death. Happy shall I be, if, whilst indulging my wearied limbs, in the repose of this refreshing retirement, my heart may be permitted to expand itself by an occasional excursion, in this friendly manner, to the neighbourhood of that society which I have corporeally relinquished forever! And thrice happy shall I indeed consider myself if, without even a hope of benefiting others, by my exertions, I may be allowed to gather up what I can and carry with me to the shades. "Happy shades!" to make use of the language of the celebrated panegyrist of the Chartreuse de Grenoble, "whither he who has been chafed and heated by terrestrial attachments may go to refresh himself and renew his mind by tasting that secret joy which is experienced under the empire of Religion when submitted to without reserve. And here," says he, "I speak of that religion which, far from every kind of idolatry,"

\* Je parle ici de cette religion qui, loin de toute espèce d'idolâtrie, consiste à retrouver Dieu en soi-même, à se confier à lui, à l'adorer, à l'aimer, dans les vives espérances d'un bonheur que lui seul dispense. Ce n'est qu'ainsi du moins que l'homme désabusé doit faire le monde, et l'innocence s'abriter des méchants.

*Opinion de Mercier sur les Sepultures Privées.*

consists in coming back again to the Divine principle within oneself, in confiding in it, in adoring it, and in becoming enamoured of it, filled with the hopes of a happiness which it alone can dispense. It is in this manner only, that a man who is no longer deceived by the world, is at liberty to fly from it, and that innocence may expect to find a safe asylum from the importunate molestations of the wicked."

*Seminary Range.*

THE RECLUSE.

#### CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

*Inchiquin, the Jesuit's Letters, during a late residence in the United States of America; being a Fragment of a Private Correspondence accidentally discovered in Europe; containing a favourable view of the manners, literature, and state of society of the United States, and a refutation of many of the aspersions cast upon this country, by former Residents and Tourists. By some unknown Foreigner. I. Riley, New-York, 1810. pp. 165.*

THIS is a work of no common stamp—the exuberant, and we believe, hasty production of no common pen. Though small, it possesses great merit—in many parts real excellence, both of argument, style, matter and manner. The first and highest of *moral* excellencies it certainly can boast, for it has a broad and substantial basis in truth. Its literary character will also, as we believe, bear the test of the severest ordeal, without sinking in the stream or evaporating in the fire. Still, however, it is not perfect. It is not—we are persuaded it is not, the *chef d'oeuvre* of the hand that wrote it. The author of *Inchiquin's Letters* is capable of being the author of a superior work—a work, the origin of which he need not, from an excess of modesty, an apprehension of being mortified by public neglect, or a morbid, shrinking sensibility of any kind, attempt to transfer to another or bury in fable.

The real source to which the public are indebted for this interesting production, we regard as a matter of secondary mo-

ment Whatever gratification we might experience from being made acquainted with the author of so distinguished a performance, we cannot suffer our want of knowledge on that head to effect any serious discount on the pleasure and instruction to be derived from his labours. On such an occasion, instead of inquiring "too curiously," we hold it is wisest to follow the advice of the Grecian minstrel, and "take the good the gods provide us." When we quench our thirst in the pure and translucent waters of the rill, the refreshment thence received is nothing the less from our not having leisure to trace the stream to its source, and gratify our curiosity by a view of the chrystal fountain from whence it issues. Whether the original manuscript of the work in question was purchased in the streets of Antwerp or in a book-store in Newyork—whether it was written by an Irish jesuit, or an American statesman—by a hermit of New-jersey pining in a cave, or a gentleman of Philadelphia comfortable in his closet—from whatever source it may have originated, from whatever quarter of the world it may have come, are matters of no consequence. It is sufficient that the work is now before us, with all its faults and all its excellencies, capable of analysis and inviting attention.

With what may be called the machinery or plot of this little work, we have nothing to do. Though it is a pretended correspondence carried on by four individuals; and though the letters under the signatures of the several characters differ materially from each other in style and manner (a circumstance which bespeaks a happy and commanding versatility in the talents of the writer) the whole is evidently the production of the same pen. Nor does this slight embroidery of fiction which the author has contrived to throw around his plan, tend in any measure to detract from its merit. On the other hand we think it rather adds to its excellence, certainly to the interest with which it is perused, inasmuch as it brings before the public in a more pleasing and attractive form, and thereby renders more distinct and impressive, the several points proposed for discussion.

Viewing the Letters of Inchiquin surrounded, brightened, and enhanced by all the circumstances and considerations which tend to give them character, we hail their appearance

with a peculiar welcome. We will treat them with courtesy; but it shall not be courtesy unmingled with justice. A work of the kind has been long wanted—long a desideratum in American literature. We have only to regret that the production before us is not more extensive—that it does not conduct us through the entire field which was unquestionably in the view, and might have been so easily embraced in the scope of the writer. Its limited range is, in our view, its greatest fault.

Attached as we are to the United States by every tie that can bind an individual to the land of his nativity—the land in which the ashes of his forefathers are inurned, we cannot without emotions of scorn and indignation listen to the flippant slanders, the ill-contrived falsehoods, the wanton defamation, which for thirty years past have been heaped on our country by foreign writers. We cannot without an abhorrence of the profligacy and a contempt for the shallowness of those engaged in the nefarious and pitiful plot, witness the various attempts that have been made, and are still making, to degrade in the eye of the world our fellow citizens and all that is American, from that proud and honourable standing to which we know them to be justly entitled, and which we are confident they will ultimately acquire and retain.

On this head even the philosophers and statesmen of the old world are sufficiently faulty. But having never visited the western hemisphere themselves, and being, no doubt, misled by the fictions of travellers, *they* have fallen into a venial transgression. They have not sinned voluntarily—have not outraged the evidence of their senses. We therefore excuse their errors, and pity their weakness, while we regret their prejudices, and blame their credulity. The principal wrongs our country has sustained in its reputation have been inflicted by a different and very dissimilar class of writers. We allude to that *turba proterva*, that malapert and profligate gang of tourists, whom, like the recrement of the pool, or the spume of the troubled ocean, poverty, disappointment, the dread of justice, a stagnation of wholesome employment, a spirit of state intrigue, the commotions of Europe, or a temperament of mind habitually discontented, have from time to time discharged on our shores.

We allude to such idle visionaries as Brissot, such wordy gossalps as Liancourt, such disgusting obloquists as Bulow, such unprincipled ingrates as Weld, whose tongue could drop venom on the hospitable hand that fed him, such contemptible fiction-mongers as Ashe, who slandered and lied, as if by profession, till even he himself grew sick of his calling—and to that suing, wooing, amatory, half-prose, half-verse, licentious defamer, Anacreon Moore. Against this latter tourist, in particular, it becomes us to point arrows of scorn trebly keen, and level bolts of indignation “red with uncommon wrath.” To the distinguished and fascinating beauties of his pen, when worthily employed, we bear no reluctant testimony. In some respects we think him unrivalled. With all the stores of classical literature at his command—stores calculated to purify the heart, chasten the morals, refine the taste, and elevate the mind—with an imagination bounded in its range only by what bounds our knowledge of creation—with the whole paradise of fancy open to his curious eye and discriminating choice—with all that belongs to the elegant scholar combined with all the witchery of the poet, he could be at no loss for subjects to adorn by his powers of song—at no loss for materials to weave for his brow an unfading chaplet. *At proh pudor ! quantum mutatus ab illo !* how disgracefully changed ! how ingloriously fallen ! He, whom nature had formed to be a swan in song and the bird of Jove in the strength of his pinions, has stooped from his sphere to calumniate in obscene ribaldry and pitiful doggerel a people entitled to the costliest tribute his gratitude could pay—A people who had received him to their bosom with parental affection, and whose hospitality and attention had strewn flowers on his path. What terms of scorn and indignation can recompence the meanness and profligacy of such a character, when he wantonly assails such a people in a strain of invective imbued with all the acornite of his nature, and composed of a tissue of cold blooded falsehoods ! Nor, to finish our catalogue, must we omit to mention the infidel Volney, who, though superior in intellect, yet a match for his colleagues in moral depravity, *cohors fratrum nobilis, Arcades omnes*, could descend to pollute with statements which he knew to be untrue, the page which might have been other-

wise the repository of his glory—It is to these writers we allude—it is these *et omnia ejusmodi pecora* we would deliberately immolate on the altar of detestation, when we complain that our country has been flagitiously defamed. And it is for his spirited and masculine stand against the deluge of obloquy which has flowed from their pens, that Inchiquin is entitled to the gratitude of Americans.

These writers have all visited the new world, have travelled through a part of it, and, if not blinded by prejudice, have beheld it as it is. They have had an opportunity to survey the grandeur of its outline, and the magnificence of its stupendous and imposing features—Its natural productions in all their immensity, variety and beauty could not have failed to attract their notice—They have had time, at least before writing they should have taken time, to study the character of its inhabitants, in relation to morals, manners, industry, literature, and civil polity.—They ought to have become perfectly acquainted with the powers and state of cultivation of their minds, the virtues and charities of their hearts, and with all their qualities and endowments whether personal, social, or intellectual, calculated to contribute to the worth and dignity of the individual, the comfort and polish of society, and to the strength, security, and well-being of the state. Of all these circumstances, besides a variety of others of minor consideration, it was the indispensable duty of the tourists in question to have acquired an intimate and commanding knowledge, by accurate observation and a series of deliberate attention and study, before they had presumed to offer instruction to the world on the subject of America. Having accomplished this, it was their last, their first, their most sacred duty, to discard from their minds prepossession and prejudice and every consideration that might enlarge or diminish or distort the features of their narrative.

But is it probable that this motley corps of writers (some of whom were evidently hired and had covenanted to conceal and violate the truth, while others were almost famishing for bread) —Is it probable, we say, that thus circumstanced, these writers submitted to so laborious a system of discipline to prepare themselves for the performance of the tasks they had in view?

Did they in a spirit of candour and fidelity make an actual collection of materials for their work? And having made such collection, were they, while writing, careful to discriminate between the result of observation and the illusions of fancy—the discolourings of prejudice and the dictates of truth? Were they solicitous to represent nature and society truly, as they appeared to the eye of unclouded discernment? Or did they not rather draw the distorted picture from images engendered in their own jaundiced vision and alienated minds? Did they not rather give a dark and disgusting portrait of their own wishes, their own prejudices, their own evil passions and ungenerous feelings, than of nature and society in the western world? After the most attentive perusal of their writings, and a careful comparison of them with every thing around us, we deliberately and firmly believe that they did—We believe that these works exhibit a picture of their authors; we are sure it is not a picture of America.

Let us take a momentary survey of the physical circumstances of the western hemisphere, and judging from the well known laws and immutable principles of nature, say, if the continent of America could have been intended by its Creator to be in any respect inferior to the other quarters of the globe? If we are not deceived, such a survey will convince us, that, as far as appearances are to be trusted, as far as they are to be received as the language of nature, it is stamped with the characters of a decided superiority—characters which announce it to be intended as the place, where the greatness and excellence of man are destined to reach their highest perfection on earth.

In contemplating the mighty fabric of the American continent, we perceive that it greatly surpasses the continents of the old world in the boldness and illimitable extent of its outline. Running from north to south, it feels the influence of four zones, and seems to have meditated the formation of a solid highway from pole to pole. With this intent it shoots its highlands into the vast austral Pacific, far beyond the southernmost extremes of Asia or Africa, while its northern boundary lies concealed in the impassible regions of frost. Nor are its internal features less stupendous and magnificent than its external dimensions.



Its mountains are more gigantic, its rivers more majestic and extensive, and its lakes by far more numerous and spacious, than any thing the eastern hemisphere can boast. Corresponding to these in magnitude and grandeur are its natural productions. The richness, depth, and majesty of an American forest are unparalleled in any other quarter of the globe. The same thing is true with regard to our vegetable kingdom in general. For variety, beauty, and excellence it is without a rival. So exuberant are our mines of the precious metals, that compared to them the mines of other countries shrink into poverty and dwindle to a name. Our climate, though in some places variable and subject to extremes, is in other parts equable, mild, and delightful. And on the score of health, though we will not assert that we surpass the countries of the old world, yet, were the present a proper occasion for engaging in the enterprise, we would not shrink from the task of proving by unquestionable documents that we are not inferior to them. This feeble picture, however militant it may be with the pride and partialities of Europe, is notwithstanding true to nature.

Is the new world, then, in all respects equal—in most points, superior to the old, in beauty, grandeur, and excellence, and does it sustain such a blot in its chief glory, the character of its inhabitants? Has it come from the hand of nature, the *chef d'œuvre* of her power and skill, to be peopled only by a race of men but half made up—a race belittled and degraded, profligate and rude? Has it been made, in many parts, but little less than a terrestrial paradise, that it might be occupied and half cultivated only by a description of human beings but little superior in their standing to brutes? Is its natural scenery striking, romantic, picturesque and bold? And cannot this, as in other countries, elevate the human mind to a corresponding level, and imprint on it somewhat of a corresponding character? Is the sun in his passage over the Atlantic shorn of his beams? Can he not infuse into the souls of Americans as liberal a portion of his ethereal fire as he imparts to the inhabitants of the old world? Is not the serene heaven, the pure elastic air of the new world as likely to cherish the infant spark and ultimately evolve the flame of genius, as the hazy sky and foggy atmo-

sphere of Britain, and certain parts of the continent of Europe? Are not many tracts of country in America mountainous, rugged and healthful—alpine in appearance, alpine in character? And are not these capable, as elsewhere, of producing and nourishing an alpine race?—A race of men active, hardy, vigorous, and intrepid?—Free and ethereal minded themselves, formed to become the soldiers and guardians of freedom to others? Have we within, and contiguous to, the new world, rivers, lakes, seas, and oceans of unparalleled extent? And must not these as in other places, engender, have they not already engendered, all the unshrinking hardihood and dauntless enterprize of maritime adventure? Have we not, through the medium of commerce, an extensive and unrestrained intercourse with the most civilized, polished, and cultivated nations of the world? And must we not hence become assimilated to them in manners? Must we not become master of their learning, their knowledge, their refinements and all their improvements that are worthy of adoption?—Will not vigour of mind and vigour of body "*mens sana in corpore sano*"—will not also cultivation of intellect, manners and taste, spring from the same sources in the west as in the east? Are the laws of nature so far suspended or perverted in relation to the new world, that the same causes which are effective elsewhere prove inoperative here—or, if they act at all, produce only effects inferior or opposite? Either these glaring inconsistencies, these palpable contrarieties in the operations of nature—these manifest deviations from her uniform principles of action, must occur in the continent of America, or else the man of the west is physically and morally on a level with the inhabitant of the east—the natives of the new world with the natives of the old. For we repeat, that as far as the whole range of physical causes can be operative in the production of human excellence whether corporeal or mental, our own country may proudly challenge a comparison with any other inhabited section of the globe. To this not even ancient Greece, the once famed nursery of all that is elegant in form, marvellous in strength, daring in spirit, and exalted in intellect, presents an exception. So much, then, for physical and first principles, according to the fairest interpretation of which Ameri-

cans, instead of being constitutionally a race of degraded mortals, are second to no people that have ever existed in their chance for attaining the summit of human perfection. It will, we trust, appear hereafter, that the tendency of most other causes, whether national or local, moral or political, to which we are subject, is to rear us to the same elevated standing. But to return to the Letters of Inchiquin.

These Letters are eight in number. The first four, though in no ordinary degree entertaining, and necessary to complete the fabric of the work, are notwithstanding greatly inferior to those that follow. Indeed like a well written and orthodox tragedy, the interest and real importance of the piece rise by degrees till we are conducted to the close. The judicious reader, therefore, who is pleased with the first part of the performance, will be delighted with the last.

The *general* purport of the four first letters is, to exhibit a view striking and practical of national attachments and national prejudices—to make manifest the tendency of the *amor patriæ* to bind men to the land of their fathers and kindred, even in the midst of privations, dangers, and distresses, and to demonstrate in them the existence of a disposition to under-rate and disparage other countries, though superior to their own in every possible point of comparison. But the *particular* intention of these four letters, and that with which we are, at present, more immediately concerned, is to present to the reader a living picture of some of the gross errors under which Europeans labour, and the unwarrantable prejudices which they consequently cherish, in relation to America.

With this twofold object in view, and keeping his eye fixed on these never-failing springs of national sentiment and affection, Inchiquin represents his correspondents from France as not only attached to their native soil, but glorying in their birth-right, and giving a decided and proud preference over every other to the state of things in that devoted country. Even the Conscription itself, the most galling and oppressive establishment that the spirit of mischief in hostility to man, ever devised and put in operation, is spoken of in terms of approbation and applause. In the hands of Napoleon, who is extravagantly, yet

not uncharacteristically likened to the cloud-compelling Jove, it is pronounced to be an engine of state, wise, salutary and powerful; to the individual not burthensome, and contributing essentially to the security and glory and happiness of the empire. But though thus dazzled with the splendour, and intoxicated with the fancied felicity of France, Charlemont and Pharamond (for such are the names of Inchinquin's Gallic correspondents) are not so entirely absorbed in transatlantic visions of bliss as to render them insensible to the supposed unhappy and degraded condition of America. Accordingly, with a want of courtesy scarcely characteristic of a well bred Frenchman, one of these *Savans* (for such he evidently deems himself) speaks rather sneeringly of the "education, manners, faces, figures, costume, and curiously heterogeneous" criscross origin of the "*females*" (not ladies) of the United States. He presumes that the breed of all of them is "infinitely mixed," participating of the English, the Indian, the Mulatto, the Creole, the African, and other crosses, and that therefore they must be most lamentably "streaked" and marked by no "predominant complexion." He is persuaded that "few of them can be fair, and none ruddy—that a torrid Sun has gilded them with his cadaverous hues, driving the roses from their cheeks, with the verdure from their fields." He has further understood that "they marry early, breed fast, fade soon, and *die* young." Having thus, not indeed, in the genuine spirit of an ancient French cavalier, or a modern French gallant, hurried them rather rapidly and uncourteously under the sod, here ends his creed respecting the American fair.

After stating his supposition that nothing which deserves the name of "society," exists at present in the United States, or indeed in any part of the new world, he closes his letter with a philippic on the men, which for ignorance, illiberality, and ill nature, is a counterpart to that he had previously bestowed on the women of America.

The other wise *man* of France, not concealing, nor even attempting to conceal, the emotions of pity, scorn, and regret, which divide between them the empire of his bosom, declares that "at the close of our revolution, we were a prudent and a

warlike—a characterized people. But that now we are become ignoble and rapacious—that commerce is our national bond of union, and knavery our predominant national characteristic. That consisting as we do, of a population composed of heterogeneous and militant materials, it is absurd to count on our continuance as a nation. He quotes an opinion of Aristotle unfavourable to the permanent existence of a mixed people in a national compact, and declares that this, “when applied to the American States, is prophecy in the full train of verification.”

This enlightened philosopher and tender hearted philanthropist, deeply deploring the condition of a people fated to groan under the scorpion lash of that brace of evils, pestilential fever and political faction, takes his leave under a full concurrence in belief with that amiable vision-monger, the Abbé Raynal, that the population of America can never exceed ten millions of souls.

Inchiquin's third correspondent is his brother Clanrickard, who writes from London, though, like our author himself, he is one of the unfortunate sons, and might almost be regarded as an exile, of Erin. This writer, in common with those who had preceded him in the correspondence, is a mere composition of errors and prejudices, national attachments and national antipathies. What appears most remarkable in his history is, that though an *Irishman*, beggared in his fortune and ruined in his prospects, by an unlooked for and disastrous event, bearing evidently some relation to politics, he is still enthusiastically attached to the *British* government. Though we have ground to believe this to be by no means a common, perhaps scarcely a natural, trait in the character of a hot blooded Hibernian, *under such circumstances*, yet we are far from pronouncing its occurrence impracticable. But we ought probably to be the less surprised at it here, considering that it takes place in so near a kinsman of Inchiquin. That gentleman, with a host of good qualities, has evidently in his composition certain whims and eccentricities not a little remarkable—whims and eccentricities, the want of which would be no detracting from his worth. Perhaps he is descended from a family distinguished by some obliquity of disposition. And if so, this may show itself in his brother

Clanrickard, by making him retain his attachment to a government that has oppressed and ruined him.

But whether it proceeds from habit, whim, a disposition formed to play at cross purposes, an orthodox christian temper which delights in returning good for evil, or some other latent spring of sentiment and action which it would puzzle even casuistry itself to develop—from whatever source it may arise, this honest Hibernian, steeped as he is in poverty and wretchedness even to the eyes, is a most passionate lover of every thing British, and an implacable enemy of all that is Gallic. Nothing can be a counterpoise to his attachment on the one hand, except it is his ponderous detestation on the other. But notwithstanding the cumbersome dimensions of these two master passions of his soul, he still finds in his bosom sufficient room to cultivate no inconsiderable share of commiseration and contempt for the hopeless condition of degenerate America. Hence he laments most piteously over the hard and deplorable lot of his brother Inchiquin, whom he considers as wandering forlorn “in the wilds” of the new world, where access to the solace of friendship is denied him, and where, on account of the ignorance and savage disposition of the inhabitants, he is necessarily deprived of “those social recreations” which among the enlightened and refined Europeans, had contributed to sweeten the chalice of his happiness; at least to dilute the bitterness of misfortune’s cup. Poor and wretched, and hopeless as he is, he notwithstanding blesses his stars that he is at liberty to emerge once a week from the gloom and foul air of his miserable habitation, to gaze on the magnificent dwellings and spacious parks, the cheerful countenances and splendid pageantry of London opulence. Elate at the recollection of this high-prized privilege, he addresses his brother in the following tone of triumphant superiority. “How different,” says he, “is the scene that must strike your observation among the demi-savages of America, where a weak and ignorant government is idly engaged in framing laws for an uncivilized and heterogeneous population! The American federation,” continues he, “I suppose cannot maintain itself much longer. According to the best judgment I can form of the prospects of that distracted country, the crisis is

not very distant, when it will implore once more the protection of a parent state, which it has ever studied to outrage." Notwithstanding all this, he at length declares, that if Inchiquin will not return "and *live* with him in England" he must come "and *die* with him in America." Such a resolution in Clanrickard may be brotherly; but, with all deference to his better "judgment" considering the sentiments he had before avowed, we cannot think it either consistent or wise.

The next letter which claims our attention, exhibits a character peculiar to itself, and is totally dissimilar to the rest of the work. By common readers it will be sought after with more avidity, and perused with a higher zest than any other part of the performance. And truly, in its kind, it possesses great merit. But this merit it derives from its style and manner, rather than from the importance of the matter it contains. It is neither written to Inchiquin nor by him. It is the production of a young modern Greek, born at Athens, educated in Smyrna, and who, in pursuit of wealth, through commercial adventure, had found his way to the city of Washington. This lively and volatile, but amiable Athenian, though ignorant, as Inchiquin declares, both of "mankind and every thing else, except half a dozen different languages that were equally familiar to him," had, like too many of our own countrymen, and like the ancient Greeks in their days of democracy, an uncontrollable propensity to speculate in politics. He accordingly commences his letter, which is dated at the "Federal City," with a comparative view of the Turkish and American forms of government. Here, as was naturally to be expected, he is led by his early associations and national prejudices, to give to the former a decided preference. Indeed, in his estimation, so palpably and proudly pre-eminent is Turkey over America, in every thing relating to comfort and happiness, that he very feelingly declares, he "sighs once more for the cheerful crowds and fragrant environs, the beautiful bay and beloved scenes of Smyrna."

But the principal, and by far the most amusing part of his letter, consists of a ludicrous yet not incorrect representation of the city of Washington, and a narrative of a day's ramble

through the "sylvan suburbs" of that metropolis, together with a very diverting catalogue of the adventures in which he was engaged, and the many mishaps that befel him during his memorable excursion.

The style of narration throughout this whole letter, is truly excellent. It is simple, clear, animated, interesting and picturesque. It renders visible, as if sketched on canvass, every scene and transaction the writer describes. And the occasional strokes of wit and dashes of sarcasm with which it is interspersed, strengthen its character and heighten its effect.

A few extracts from it, besides doing more justice to the author than any description can possibly effect, will, we are confident, be acceptable to the reader.

"Of a fine morning, says the writer of the Epistle, three days ago, I sallied out for a ramble before breakfast, thinking, perhaps, to see something worthy of observation; and as adventures were my object, I left the highway, or avenue, as it is called, and struck into the moor, that composes a great part of the city. I had not walked a mile, when I heard a gun go off, and saw the smoke rising at a little distance. Not caring to encounter firearms in so wild a place, I was turning back, when I saw a dog hunting about among the bushes, and close after him a young man, who came running towards me, not to plunder, as I for an instant apprehended, but merely to inquire if I had seen a covey of quails flying that way. He had a powder-horn and shot-bag over his shoulders, a liquor-flask hanging on one side, and a pouch full of dead quails on the other, was altogether rather coarsely caparisoned, and seemed to be intent on his game. Just after he accosted me, an officer, in a rich habit and laced hat, but unarmed, came riding very fast over the heath, leading a horse ready saddled and bridled, and drawing up close to where we stood, pulled off his hat, and said to the hunter, "Sir, there are despatches just arrived." "When?" cried the hunter. "Within this half hour—by express—two sets," Sir." "Give

\* This accidental exposition, from a disinterested quarter, of a point that has been so unfortunately contested between the United States and Great Britain, must place the fact beyond all future controversy.



me the horse, and take my gun," added the hunter hastily; and disencumbering himself from his shooting accoutrements, he vaulted into the saddle of the led horse, and galloped out of sight in a minute. All amazed at this mysterious meeting, "Pray, Sir," said I respectfully to the officer, as he was gathering up the things the hunter had thrown off, "Who is that?" "That is the envoy," answered the officer, with an air of dignity. "But who is the envoy?" replied I, "What is an envoy? That's not the president, is it?" "The president," retorted the officer, with a sneer, "I believe not—that's an other guess sort of a person—that's the envoy extraordinary." "But why is he extraordinary?" said I. "Why because," said he. "Because why?" said I. "Why because he is the British ambassador, my master, and the king his master's servant, and I am his servant, and neither he nor I cares a d—n for the president, for the matter of that," said the officer, and mounting his beast, he trotted away whistling after the other.

"And is it possible, thought I, that that young hunter is the British ambassador, the representative of the great merchant monarch, whose fleet forced the Dardanelles, and threatened to batter down Constantinople.

"With this sort of mental ejaculations I amused myself, strolling along in a different direction from that I had followed at first, and not paying much attention to which way I went, till I came to a thicket, where I was roused from my reverie by the report of another gun, and looking about, I saw a rabbit, pursued by a couple of dogs in full cry. As I was always fond of the chase, you know, and used often to amuse myself in this way on the hills near Ismir, I joined instinctively in the pursuit, shouted to encourage the dogs, and made the best exertions I could to keep up with them. The rabbit doubled, and made back for the cover. Just as she was escaping into the thicket, another shot whizzed by my head, and down dropped puss dead at my feet. Casting around for the person from whom it came, I presently descried a gentleman under a large tree, leaning on his fowling-piece, and calling to the dogs to come in. As I approached him, he accosted me in French, telling me that I ran very well; to

which I answered, also in French, that he shot very well. Being thus mutually introduced by a slight compliment, we entered into conversation about the dogs, the rabbits, the ground, the weather, and a variety of such indifferent subjects, which lasted, I suppose, for half an hour, when a carriage drove up on a road a few paces distant, into which the Frenchman got with his dogs and dead rabbit, and drove away."

After this unexpected rencontre with the two ambassadors, our young Greek, still within the purlicus of the city of Washington, stumbles by accident on a negro-quarter, of which he gives a description in high character. His next adventure is with a party of duellists—Then with a heterogeneous and very riotous concourse of people, assembled to participate in the sports of the turf. This he denominates, in eastern phraseology, the hippodrome, and describes the scene in the style of a master. His picture of the two coursers, however, is greatly distorted and caricatured by foreign prejudice.

Here his evil genius enticed him into a hackney coach, for the purpose of returning with more celerity and less fatigue, to his lodgings. But this ill fated vehicle proved to him the vestibule to a series of disasters, that might have broken down even the elastic spirit of the Knight of La Mancha. As they were jogging homewards, among hundreds of other carriages, horsemen, foot-passengers, chaises, stages and carts, which crossed, dusted and delayed them in a most vexatious manner, they were, all of a sudden, assailed by a tremendous hurricane, surpassing in horrors an Arabian sand storm, which blew carriage, horses, driver, and passengers, off the road into a deep, foul and pestiferous ditch. In this catastrophe, our hapless Athenian was well nigh finishing his earthly peregrination. To use his own language, he was left on the spot, "stupified, skinned, with one eye closed up, bruised, mangled, dislocated, and more dead than alive." Now says he, "It began to be dark. At any time I should have been perplexed to find my way in this desert; but bewildered as my senses were, I got up and moved on, as well as my lameness, blindness and stupefaction would permit, not knowing whither. Night gained on me apace, with all those apprehensions which the stoutest heart might own in an American desert. I fancied

I heard the growling of bears, the howling of wolves, and the hissing of rattle-snakes. The melancholy muck-a-wiss, a bird that delights in the dusk, flickered about my head, a flight of bats flitted round my path, and a legion of moschettoes, a sort of tarantula, whose bite no music will cure, fastened on my face, hands and legs, raw as they were, and unprotected from their venom. After wandering an age of anxious minutes, groaning with my hurts, praying for some relief, and starting at the strange objects that perpetually danced in every possible shape of terror before my remaining eye, of a sudden I was roused from a momentary forgetfulness of all other fears, by a shout bursting forth just beside me, as if a whole tribe of Mohawks were putting up their whoop of destruction. Rivetted to the spot, I never should have ventured to leave it, had I not gradually discovered that the cause of my immediate alarm was an innocent jack-ass, browsing close by, whose braying I had mistaken for an Indian war whoop. Reviving to something better than my former level of despondency, I determined to make this beast the instrument of my rescue. As I found he had a bridle on, though no saddle or panniers, I clambered on to his bare back, and jerking him into a jog, committed my fate to his superior knowledge of the city, suffering him to carry me which way he chose, and transported at even this change in my forlorn circumstances. The branches flapped me in the face; the briars and brushwood scratched my lacerated legs; but nevertheless I plodded on with my ass, trusting to his instinct for being brought to some human habitation."

But threatening as had been his dangers, and hair-breadth his escapes, the climax of his woes and terrors was not yet complete. He had proceeded but a short distance on his donkey, whose mouth was hard, and his spirit most characteristically ungovernable, when, by the perverseness of the beast, he was carried almost into the bosom of a demon-like assemblage of savage cannibals, by whom he confidently expected to be spitted alive, roasted, and devoured. He was afterwards overtaken by a most merciless thunder-storm, in which the blue cross lightnings overwhelmed him with dismay, and the descending waters drenched him to the skin. To complete the chapter of mishaps and mortifying adventures incident to his ramble, after

passing an uncomfortable night in a log farm-house, he was conveyed next morning to his lodgings, in a cart loaded with potatoes, and, by the uncourteous driver, "shot down at the inn-door with the rest of his burthen." Lastly came on, as a consequence of his preceding disasters, fever and blood-letting, physic and aches, a cold room and a hard bed, with all the other evils, *majora et minora*, attendant on sickness among an ignorant, rude, iron-hearted and impoverished people. Such and so numerous are the adventures of a day, in the city of Washington; and such the spirited but sarcastic picture of that "American Palmyra" with which the young Greek merchant endeavours to amuse his correspondent in Smyrna.

So much for the letters of Inchiquin, intended to give a view of European prejudices, errors, and follies in relation to America. Of those, and they are a production of a much higher order, in which, with a valour little less than chivalrous, that writer steps forth, the gallant and masculine defender of our country, due notice shall be taken on a subsequent occasion.

C.

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CORRESPONDENCE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MISS SYDNEY OWENSON,

THE POETESS AND NOVEL WRITER.

THIS lady has observed in the preface to one of her novels, that "*she has written almost as many volumes, as she has years.*" If this declaration be taken literally, it follows, that not above the one half of those has yet reached our country. Since it

it will be found in the life of the poet Dermody, that in the year 1786, being an inmate of Mr. Owenson's family, he addressed an admonitory poem to Miss Sydney Owenson, and her twin sister, beginning

"Dear girls, in youth and beauty's pride."

Now, it is not to be presumed, that those cautionary verses to ladies in "*youth and beauty's pride*," could have been applicable before they had reached the age of eleven or twelve, the probability rather is in favour of their being in the bloom of fifteen or sixteen, yet admitting that the age of these ladies had not exceeded that of eleven years, this would, at the present time, bring Miss Owenson to the mature period of *thirty-five*. For which fact see the very interesting life of the poet Dermody, by Raymond. The same work also describes Mr. Owenson, the father of our authoress, as being a very respectable actor of the Theatre Royal, Dublin.

The moral character of Miss Owenson is irreproachable, and it is said that her talents, have been the means of introducing her to the first society, among the nobility and gentry of her native country.

Critically considered, her poems are perhaps the least excellent of all the productions of Miss Owenson's mind, possessing but little originality, and being a palpable imitation of the manner and *costume* of Moore, without his inspired genius. In these poems, she professes to be the victim of an ardent and reciprocal passion, which passion, as she is still unmarried, seems not to have terminated in *the usual way*.

Her "*Ida of Athens*" appears to have been built upon the model of Madame de Stael's "*Corinna*," is superior in its moral, but greatly inferior in its mere literary effect as a whole, to the original French work.

Of all the novels of Miss Owenson, that of the greatest ingenuity, and which gives the most indubitable proofs of fine

talents is her "*Wild Irish Girl*," a national sketch, written in the true spirit of patriotism, and which it is impossible to read without interest.

Any anecdotes relating to Miss Owenson, her private history, or her public performances, would be generally acceptable to the American public.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. EDITOR,

Your publication of a proposal, I sometime since made to you for presenting, as an exercise for the ingenuity of your correspondents, one or two questions of a mathematical or philosophical nature in each number of the Port Folio, inducing me to believe that I have your concurrence in my desire, I take the liberty of sending you the following problems.

First. What angle of inclination must I give to the roof of a house, the distance between the walls of which is known, so that the time of descent of a ball rolled from the top thereof to the eaves may be a minimum?

Second. Required the area of that triangle inscribed in a circle, whose base = 10, its area being equal to that of sector of its circumscribing circle contained by that moiety of the hypotenuse intersecting the perpendicular and a straight line drawn from the centre of the circle to the right angle?

PHILO MATHEMATICUS.

## SCIENCE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

IN Mr. Volney's View, the first important observation respecting the climate of the western country, is, that it is warmer in the proportion of three degrees of latitude, than that of the maritime districts. This opinion with the principal phenomena that support it he borrowed from Mr. Jefferson. From either of these authorities, and more especially the latter, one should dissent with caution; and the following remarks, which are not made without some hesitation, would probably at this time be withheld altogether, had not these writers published their inquiries before a sufficient number of observations had been made, to support unequivocally, any opinion. In the course of the last five years this desideratum has been in some degree supplied by a regular meteorological register having been kept at this place. From this register it appears evident, that whether the distribution of heat throughout the months and seasons be similar to, or different from that of the Atlantic states, the annual mean temperature or aggregate heat of this climate is but little, if any higher, than that of cis-montane places in the same parallel.

The mean heat of 1806 was  $54^{\circ} 1$ , 1807  $54^{\circ} 4$ , 1808  $56^{\circ} 4$ , 1809  $54^{\circ} 4$ , 1810  $52^{\circ} 7$ , the average of which  $54^{\circ} 4$  must be considered a near approximation to our standard temperature; as it corresponds accurately with the heat of our permanent springs and deepest wells. The writer of this article is not in possession of any observations, made in the maritime states, that are perfectly comparable with these results; but those furnished by Mr. Legaux, and inserted in the Gardner's Calendar, of Mr. McMahon, may answer for the present purpose. The station of this judicious observer was at Spring-mill on the Schuylkill, in lat.  $40^{\circ} 4'$ ,  $57'$  N. of this town. From sixteen years' observations, he found the mean heat of that place to be  $53^{\circ} 5$ . Now in the Atlantic states, a degree of latitude produces a change of about  $1^{\circ} 7$  in the standard temperature; so that the difference in the mean heat of Spring-mill and Cincinnati, is no more than should result from the difference of latitude.

A reference to the extremes of temperature will be equally unfavourable to Mr. Volney's position. Mr. Legaux states  $1^{\circ} 8$  below 0, as about the mean of extreme cold at Spring-mill. The mean of extreme cold at this place from five successive years' observations, is  $6^{\circ} 4$  below 0. The greatest degrees of cold observed at this place within six years, were  $6^{\circ}$ ,  $7^{\circ}$ ,  $8^{\circ}$  and  $11^{\circ}$  below 0. But on the 8th of January, 1797, governor Sargent witnessed the thermometer sunk to  $18^{\circ}$  below 0; and during the same winter Dr. Doniphan of Mason county, Kentucky, in latitude about  $38^{\circ} 40'$  observed the mercury at  $1^{\circ}$ ,  $12^{\circ}$  and  $14^{\circ} 5$  below 0, on three successive mornings. The greatest degree of cold observed at Spring-mill from 1787 to 1806 was  $17^{\circ} 5$  below 0, and the greatest that has yet been recorded as occurring in Pennsylvania was according to Dr. Rush,  $22^{\circ}$  below 0.

The average of the greatest heats at Spring-mill for several years, is stated at  $99^{\circ} 5$ —in July 1793, the mercury rose to  $104^{\circ} 5$ . The average of the greatest heats at this place, for five years, is  $94^{\circ} 5$ . The greatest heat observed here, during that period, was  $98^{\circ}$ . During the Summer and Autumn of 1805 at Spring-mill, the thermometer was at or above  $90^{\circ}$ , 61 times. During the Summer and Autumn of 1808, the warmest experienced here since regular observations were made, the thermometer was at or above  $90^{\circ}$ , only 32 times.

Concerning Mr. Volney's assertion that the thermometer in this country seldom sinks below  $20^{\circ}$  or  $18^{\circ}$ , and that for 60 or 70 days ensuing the summer solstice, it fluctuates between  $90^{\circ}$  and  $95^{\circ}$ , after what has been stated, nothing need be said. His information was palpably incorrect.\*

Let us now advert to Mr. Volney's facts. One of them is the residence of the paroquet in this country. It is true, that this bird is found throughout the whole year in our valleys as high as  $39^{\circ} 30'$  latitude. But it is certainly not mildness of climate, that either attracted, or retains it here. The mean temperature of January 1809, was  $25^{\circ}$ —could this be grateful to a

\* In a single month at this place, the thermometer has been at or below  $20$  degrees 17 times.



bird, that is said to be repulsed by the genial climate of the maritime portions of southern Virginia, in  $36\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  latitude? That eminent zoologist, Dr. Barton, suspects that the southern course of our rivers favoured the migration of this bird to so high a latitude; an ingenious correspondent suggests, that the seeds of the sycamore, (*platanus occidentalis*) on which the paroquet delights to feed, have allured it into this country. The suppositions may be combined. The sycamore of the Mississippi may have attracted hither the paroquet, in consequence of that river running from N. to S. while in the Atlantic states, as the rivers of N. Carolina and Virginia run nearly from W. to E. there are between them tracts which afford but little of the sycamore, and over which the paroquet, according to this hypothesis, has no inducement to pass. Possibly, however, the existence of this bird in these regions has been coeval with its existence in Florida and South America.

Mr. Volney asserts that many vegetables are found in this country, that do not grow as far north by  $3^{\circ}$  in the Atlantic states. A part of this error has been corrected by his commentator Dr. Mease, in the compilation entitled a Geological View of the United States. The cultivation of cotton is not thought worthy of attention, north of the valley of Green River in Kentucky, about latitude  $37^{\circ} 30'$ . The sassafras, botanical writers inform us, is found on the borders of Lake Champlain. The pawpaw, I believe, is found in the western parts of Atlantic Virginia. The pican or Illinois nut is peculiar to the western country, and therefore cannot be a subject of comparison. The reed and catalpa grow in the fertile parts of this country as high as  $38^{\circ} 30'$  and furnish to Mr. Volney's assertion a better support than his other facts. Whether, however, they really indicate a milder climate (a thing which notwithstanding these invalidatory statements may be strongly suspected) or whether the amazing fertility of our soil enables them to dispense with a portion of heat, is yet to be determined.

Mr. Volney states, that in the times of harvest at Monticello and Kaskaskia, places in the same latitude, and at nearly the same level above the sea, there is an exact coincidence. From this, certainly no inference in favour of a diversity of cli-

mate should have been drawn. By a comparison of the table of Mr. Legaux, with observations made here, it appears that the periods of hay, rye, and wheat harvest, at Spring-mill and Cincinnati are nearly the same.

The thaws mentioned by the French traveller, as occurring here in the depth of winter, are no proof of a high annual temperature. They must necessarily occur in the central parts of all continents, under  $41^{\circ}$  or  $42^{\circ}$  latitude. They depend on changes in the course of the wind. Should any revolutions in the aerial regions bring into this county, the air of Florida, lower Louisiana, or the gulf of Mexico, in the winter, a thaw must necessarily follow; and should a current be produced from the northern Chippewan mountains in the summer, a great reduction of temperature must be the consequence. Our winds do not change every hour, like those of Great Britain. They generally blow one or more days in the same direction, and thereby waft to us the air of very different and distant regions.

These facts it is thought render the assertion of Mr. Jefferson, and Mr. Volney somewhat questionable, and warrant the conclusion that there is *not* between the E. and W. states, a difference of temperature equal to that which would result from *three* degrees of latitude. It is impossible to deny, however, that the climate of the vallies of the Ohio and Mississippi, is not somewhat less rigorous than that of the vallies of the Potomac and Susquehanna. But notwithstanding the plausible hypothesis of Mr. Volney, it probably remains yet to be decided, whether this difference result from an undue elevation of temperature in these regions, or an extraordinary depression of it in the maritime districts.

In the ninth chap. of his work, Mr. Volney considers the subject of a change of climate in the United States. He adopts the opinion, that a "very sensible change" has actually occurred, and that the winters are now much milder than formerly. He transcribes extensively from the writings of Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Williams, and declares that Dr. Rush's doubts must vanish, before such "a multitude of witnesses and so many known facts." This extensive change must be ascribed, he says, to two causes. First, to the clearing of the ground, and thus producing a mass of warm air, which is constantly increasing. Secondly, to the access of warm winds, through these openings, by which the

country is dried more rapidly and the atmosphere more heated." But in the next page (220) he observes, that he cannot believe with Mr. Williams, that the colds have much diminished in degree, in the course of the *last century*; that the reasonings of Mr. Williams cannot supply the want of thermometrical observations; that the N. W. wind, the great source of cold in North America, has undergone no change in its properties, and that Dr. Ramsay found the mean temperature of Charleston, between the years 1790 and '94, to vary but half a degree from what it was in the days of Dr. Chalmers, 40 years before. It is somewhat difficult to reconcile these statements; for if clearing the country in the 18th century could produce no change of climate, it is not very probable that any change followed the clearing of it in the 17th. Just before expressing his conviction, that "if the heat has not increased, we are obliged to infer that the cold has not diminished," he informs us, that every where in the western country, he received information of longer summers, later autumns, shorter winters, lighter and less lasting snows, and colds less violent." If this information had been correct, it would also have been difficult to reconcile it with some of the accompanying statements. But it was *wholly* erroneous. He travelled here in 1796, about nine years after the first emigration to this state, and when scarcely a ten thousandth part of either it or Kentucky was cleared; so that if clearing a country can mitigate its climate no such mitigation could have been perceptible here. Even at this period, we are so far from having experienced any amelioration of climate, that it would be no difficult matter to render it highly probable, that our winters are longer and colder, than they were twenty years ago.

In page 223 Mr. Volney speaks of the increase of bilious fevers, as indicated by Dr. Rush, as a consequence of the change of climate. This is somewhat singular. Their increase is not a consequence of the alleged change of temperature, but a contemporary effect of the same cause to which that change is referred—the destruction of the forest and the exposure of the earth's surface to the rays of the sun.

D.

Cincinnati, Ohio, February 20, 1811.





## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## SKETCHES OF AMERICAN SCENERY.

THE Susquehanna river enters the state of Pennsylvania about twelve miles from the Delaware, and after winding among many hills, turns at the GREAT BEND, to the north, and three miles further passes again through the state line at the twentieth mile stone. On the south west side of the Great Bend, stands a handsome little village. At this place the turnpike road to Newburg, in the state of Newyork, crosses the river, and is carried up the valley formed by the Salt-Lick creek, a part of which is seen in the annexed sketch. The county to which the Susquehanna has given a name, was formerly a part of Lancaster.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO—AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

HE who is at all acquainted with my inquisitive humour and studious habits, will promptly credit me, when I assert that I am not absolutely a stranger to the comedies of Terence, and the fragments of Menander, and that the sublimity of Grecian tragedy is perfectly familiar to my memory and my heart. But all the plays of Plautus, merry as they unquestionably are, and all the tragedies, however solemn, of Eschylus and Euripides, are less than nothing, and altogether vanity, in comparison with the sterling boldness of Shakspeare. But the bard of Avon, like every erring mortal, has his egregious faults, and in the middle of his brightest rainbows we sometimes painfully discern the heavy vapour and the murky cloud. For the most part, no mortal is more unequal; but, sometimes, like his own sublime Muse, in *his pride of place*, the Muse of the poet wings the bold flight of elevated dignity. She scorns the *base earth*, and rises on sustained pinion to the brilliant zenith of sunny glory. The peerless tragedy of Othello justifies these preliminary remarks. There is scarcely a character of minor importance in the whole play. We are introduced to the company of gallant

soldiers, accomplished ladies, dignified noblemen, and gay cavaliers. Even Emilia is a perfect woman of the world, and even Bianca, the courtesan, reveals none of the grossness of her trade. Roderigo is not a Bartholomew Fair buffoon, as is generally represented on the stage. Though loquacious, credulous and indiscreet, in consequence of an absurd and hopeless passion, we must remember that he has all the vivacity of a Venetian and all the manners of a gentleman, that he is generous and brave. In the noisy and nocturnal scene with the disturbed Brabantio, our love-sick Venetian accosts the grave senator in a tone of equal tenderness, friendship and simplicity; and in the final scenes of the tragedy, he expostulates sensibly, and behaves bravely. There is nothing like idiocy in his language, nor nothing like imbecility in his action. \* Ludovico, Montano, and Gratiano, though the subalterns of the scene, are indeed like "three lads of Cyprus, noble, swelling spirits,

Who hold their honours in a wary distance,  
The very elements of a warlike isle."

Othello, who is apparently the hero of the fable, is one of the most memorable personages whose character and exploits are recorded, either in fictitious or legitimate history. Though the vulgar idea, which figures him black, as an African, is absurd, yet he is unquestionably tawny as a Moor. He is a grim warrior in the wane of life, without any affectation of the courtier's

\* In the energetic language of Emilia, this young man of rank and fashion is represented as eminently beautiful. Desdemona declares that he is eloquent, and her attendant, with her accustomed glow of sentiment and expression, avers that she knew a lady in Venice, who would have walked barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his nether lip. Of this character in the scene, the honourable history is admirably recorded by Othello himself, even, when, in consequence of the midnight brawl, in the court of the castle at Cyprus, he is vehemently incensed against all the officers, implicated in that disgraceful carousal.

Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;  
The gravity and stillness of your youth  
The world hath noted, and your name is great  
In mouths of wisest censure. What's the matter  
That you unlace your reputation thus  
And spend your rich opinion, &c.

softness, and without the least pretence to toilet beauty. With all a soldier's frankness, he declares that he is but moderately skilled in the arts either of public or private eloquence. He painfully alludes to the character of his complexion, and the harshness of his speech. Yet all this is nothing but the amiable modesty of sterling merit. We know from the context, that he is as valiant as Cæsar, as frank as Antony, as magnanimous as Themistocles, and as sage as Solon. His intrepidity is of that genuine sort which is always tempered by the coolness of prudence and moderation. His nature is noble, his deportment dignified, his language undissembling, and his heart in his hand. The world's suffrage is on his side. He has all the confidence of the state, and all the fondness of his friends. He is of royal lineage; and, in the forcible language of the poet, who has immortalised him, is *every inch a king*. He has the daring courage of an adventurer, and the prescience and sagacity of a statesman. He has experienced all of the vicissitudes of life, and has surveyed the wide world both as a soldier and a pilgrim. He is as patient of hardships as Lucius Cataline, nor less in love than he of the arduous, the romantic and the incredible. The flinty and steel couch of war is his thrice driven bed of down. What is rugged to others is smooth to him. In strange and mysterious alliance he unites the soul of candour and the facility of a man of the world with the stratagem of war, and the dignified reserve of a politician. Montano pronounces him a complete soldier, and Desdemona declares him to be an irresistible wooer. Othello himself, in his speech in the castle hall, when he counsels his officers to sobriety, utters a sentiment, which may defy a comparison with all the aphorisms of the ancients.

Good Michael, look you to the guard to night:  
 Let's teach ourselves that *honourable stop*,  
 Not to *outsport discretion*.

Even his bitterest foe is compelled to acknowledge that his affections are ardent, constant and generous.

By the artlessness, truth, and honor of narrative, he subdues the repugnance of the prejudiced Brabantio, and by his warlike energies compels all the *magnificoes* of Venice to depute him as



their only safeguard to the *Cyprus wars*. When sensibility calls, he combines again to our astonishment the tenderness of a woman with the ferocity of an Indian chief. Like the lover, as painted by the chambermaid in Cervantes, he is sincere, simple, silent, and secret.

After this copious enumeration of the excellencies of Othello's character, the most brilliant feature still remains to be depicted. It is the signal triumph which the Moor enjoys in the superiority of mental and moral power over physical disadvantages. With a *visage begrimed*; with fading years; with an embarrassed elocution; with a harsh voice; with a homely person, and of a description calculated to inspire terror rather than delight, he rivets the attention; he excites the passions; he commands the respect and wins the love of Desdemona. *His services, done to the signiory out-tongue all the clamorous complaints* of one of the most potent of the Venetian magnificoes. *Feats of broil and battle* are as familiar to him as the face of Desdemona, or the streets of Venice. Nor is he, in despite of his amiable diffidence, meanly skilled in the softer courtesies of life. He has the double power to *charm the mistress, and to fix the friend*.—He can beguile Beauty of her tears, and allure domestic duty from domestic cares to listen to the marvellous narrative of a wild adventurer. His witchcraft is simple, yet, nevertheless, it is as potent as the wand of a necromancer. Nothing can be more animated, nothing more gallant, nothing more noble, nothing more generous, nothing more dignified, nothing more decisive than his declaration to the duke in council, in consequence of the importunity of Desdemona to accompany her husband to the *Cyprus wars*:

Your voices, lords: beseech you let her will  
Have a free way.  
Vouch with me, Heaven; I therefore beg it not  
To please the palate of my appetite;  
Nor to comply with heat, the young effects,  
In my distinct and proper satisfaction;  
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:  
And heaven defend your good souls, lest you think  
I will your serious and great business scant,  
For she is with me. No, when light wing'd toys

Of feather'd Cupid seal with wanton dullness  
 My speculative and active instruments,  
 LET HOUSEWIVES MAKE A SKILLET OF MY HELM.

The freedom and frankness of his nature, constant, loving and noble, which are liberally ascribed to him, even by an enemy, are most gloriously displayed on the platform of the castle, on the nuptial night of Othello, when he is roused from the bed of Beauty, by the clamorous intemperance of an inebriated officer. I am acquainted, no not in the reliques of Demosthenes, Cicero, or Quintilian, with no passage of purer climax than this:

Now, by heaven,  
 My blood begins my safer guides to rule;  
 And passion, having my best judgment collied,  
 Assays to lead the way: If I once stir,  
 Or do but lift this arm, the best of you  
 Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know  
 How this foul rout began, who set it on;  
 And he that is approved in this offence,  
 Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,  
 Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,  
 Yet wild, the people's hearts brim full of fear,  
 To manage private and domestic quarrel,  
 In night, and on the court and guard of safety!  
 'Tis monstrous.

The military merit of this splendid chieftain is not less conspicuous and brilliant than his other virtues and graces. Like his discarded lieutenant,

He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar,  
 And give direction.

When, in consequence of the rash resentment of Brabantio, as exemplified, in the night scene, immediately after the Moor's nuptials, he is assailed by the myrmidons of the magnifico, we find Othello equally calm, dignified, and intrepid. He commands his retainers to

Keep up their bright swords, for the dew will rust them:  
 and, when his followers are eager to engage in a perilous combat, what is the spirited adjuration of this gallant warrior?

— Hold your hands,  
 Both you of my inclining, and the rest;

---

Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it,  
Without a prompter.

Fiery, credulous, artless, and ardent, yet on every great occasion, he displays

———— A noble nature,  
Which passion cannot shake; whose solid virtue  
The shot of accident and dart of chance  
Can neither graze nor pierce.

Lastly, in the parting scenes of this peerless play, the more prominent features in the character of this *noble general* are brought out, heightened and relieved, with all the magic art of a painter's pencil. He reveals the excess of sensibility and the horrors of remorse; but, amid the accumulation of his wo, remembers his patriotism and his courage; his feelings as a lover, his spirit as a husband, and his honour as a cavalier.

Having, in this essay, expatiated with an exuberance of enthusiasm on the character of one of the most magnanimous of Shakspeare's heroes, it belongs to the whole of our private plan to declare that Othello is but the herald and harbinger of a dramatic personage, greater, in our deliberate opinion, than the *valiant Moor* himself. The man we mean, who figures in the tragedy now under review; and who is, as we shall prove, one of the most conspicuous characters in any drama, will make his appearance *with all pride, pomp and circumstance*, in the next speculation, which we shall have the honour to address to the attention of our readers.

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#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—MEMOIRS OF HAYTI

#### LETTER XIX.

*The Cape, Island of Hayti, March, 1806.*

You may, perhaps, have been led to suppose from the tenor of my last communication, that travelling through the country from one part of the Island to another, is attended with much insecurity. This however is not the case. Our countrymen are almost daily passing from one port to another, with many thousands of dollars, laden upon the backs of mules under their

protection, without ever experiencing the least interruption on their journey. The usual style in which a stranger travels is on horseback, furnished with a brace of pistols, and if he pleases, a sabre by his side, accompanied by a guide who is accoutred with similar warlike implements. These guides, who are mulattoes or negroes, are honest trusty fellows, and are at times employed as expresses, to convey letters when private opportunities are wanting. One of these men will perform the route between this and Port au Prince, a distance of about one hundred and sixty miles over a mountainous country in the course of two days and an half, which renders the want of a regular mail establishment scarcely to be felt.

The confidence of security in the performance of a journey, is certainly one of the greatest sources of enjoyment, which the traveller can experience. But there are other causes of satisfaction which are requisite to complete his comfort, that are not to be found in this Island. The most important of these is, the convenience of *public houses*, without which it would seem almost impossible to travel with any great degree of pleasure. Taverns, or in fact any species of house, where fare and accommodations are expressly provided for travellers, are not frequently to be found in the country. The houses of private individuals are indeed a substitute, but a miserable one. There is a certain kind of liberty, that of consulting his taste, to which a man is entitled at a public house and with which mine host is expected to conform, that cannot possibly be exercised in a private one. The food is generally of the plainest sort, the wine of an inferior quality, and the lodgings not the best. In some towns a traveller may be accommodated at the house of a man of quality, as at Limbé, where general Romain has frequently entertained Americans who have stopped at his mansion. In such cases no charge is regularly made by the master of the house, and his civility has the appearance of a mere exercise of the duties of hospitality, but it is always understood that his lady will by no means be offended, to find in the chamber of the guest after his departure, as many dollars as he has felt disposed to leave upon the table. This mode of paying a bill is so universally understood and practised, as seldom to be omitted, but the amount is not so

determinate, as that varies according to the liberality of the traveller from two to eight dollars for a night. The want of bridges is also another serious inconvenience in travelling. The rivers of the Island are usually narrow, many of them being no wider than what we call creeks, and in common times of such a depth as to be easily fordable on horseback. But they are excessively rapid, and during the rainy seasons, acquire such impetuosity with the increase of their waters, as to render them impassable. The unwary traveller is sometimes deluded by the apparent gentleness of the stream, and instances are not rare, wherein he has been swept away by the current, without the ability to save himself from drowning even where the depth of water has not exceeded three or four feet. In the course of the last month I had an opportunity of acquiring some little experience in travelling, in a short journey I made to Port de Paix, whither I was invited by some commercial prospects. The particulars of this expedition I recorded with attention and will now proceed to give you a description thereof.

On the 18th of February, at about mid-day, I set out with my companion who was to act the part of a servant as well as that of guide. *Lorent* was dressed in a sort of uniform jacket, a large brass scabbard, with a sword in it for aught I know, a fierce *chapeau* in the style of what we call *shoot the moon*, bare-footed, and in many other particulars quite *en militaire*. One of his heels, after the manner of the inferiors of the country, and in perfect imitation of his worthy predecessor, *Hudibras*, was armed with a trusty spur of good old iron, for the honest soldier like the humorous knight well knew that

———"could he stir

To active trot *one side* of's horse,"

there was no danger that the *other side* would lag behind. His nag was a small creole pony, and like its master in every respect handsomely caparisoned for the expedition. His holsters were well supplied—not with pistols, as a fighting man would be led to suppose, for *Lorent* had no stomach for fighting—neither with "ammunition, bread and cheese" but with the more inoffensive order of fire-arms, *cigars*. The long decorating tails of our chargers which did not disdain at their full length to

sweep the ground, were carefully folded up in plaits to prevent, as is the supposition, the animals from giving out through fatigue.

In this style we sallied forth, I in the advance and *Lorent* at a respectful distance in the rear—sometimes indeed too respectful, for I discovered him at times perhaps half a mile behind, holding parleys with the acquaintances he encountered on the route. Having rode about two leagues, I overtook a black soldier gently pacing along on mule-back. I joined company with him, and finding him to be very civil and polite I introduced subjects of conversation. The politics of the nation were touched upon, and I found him like the great body of his fellow-countrymen excessively virulent in his sentiments respecting the French, and resolutely determined to hazard his life in defence of his country. “Should the French again attempt,” said he with fervour, “to reduce the island to slavery, this child (pointing to a lad of about eight years of age who was mounted behind him) shall carry a musket.” Such expressions of devotion to the cause of liberty (phantom as she is to all in Hayti but the great) are every where to be heard, and it seems as if the youth, like young Hannibal, the moment they are able to lisp, are made to swear—eternal enmity to the French nation.

My fellow traveller soon left me to take a by-road, and I continued slowly on, without meeting with any occurrences worthy of remark. At eight o'clock we were saluted by the sentinel of a *corps de garde*, with the usual question of *qui vive?* It was now so dark that the horses could scarcely keep the road, and any kind of accommodations appeared to me preferable to proceeding further. I accordingly inquired of the soldiers if they would permit us to lodge there, and whether they had any thing eatable for man or horse? to all this they replied in the negative, and as there was no choice left, we were obliged to proceed. Port Margot, which was two miles off and out of our route, was the nearest place where we could expect to find a lodging or a supper, and we immediately shaped our course for it. When we arrived near the town, which we discovered by the glimmering of lights, I sent *Lorent* forward to procure accommodations; supposing him to be acquainted with the people.

He knocked at a door, from which an old woman soon issued, and in answer to his inquiries replied, that she had nothing in her house to eat. He went on and produced from his next call an old man, who supposing him to be a *pauvre diable* like himself without a penny to pay for his lodging, informed him, that he had no spare bed. By this time I had reached the door, almost in despair from hunger and fatigue, when as soon as the honest gentry discovered that *Lorent* was not travelling upon his own account, but was the quarter-master of one who had the appearance of being able to pay the club of both, they instantly changed their tune. They said they could very comfortably accommodate the *capitaine Americain*, that as for supper, there was no such thing in the town as a loaf of bread, but that if I would promise to pay them *five quarters of a dollar*, they would provide me with an omelet, some plantains and a bed. Had my kind host have asked me for as many dollars, he would have been sure to have received them, for I was in such a state of weariness, that I would have acceded to almost any proposition. Why this odd sum was named as a preliminary to our bargain, I never could divine, unless the poor landlord had owed some importunate dun exactly that amount, and had had his mind so harassed, as to be always ruminating upon it. I dismounted, and after having seen the horses fed, sat down to my stipulated meal and then retired to my *chamber*. Fancy yourself in a hut made of large twigs interwoven in the manner of a basket, plaistered with mud, and floored by simple nature. A bundle of corn stocks or sugar cane, sewed up in a large sack for your bed, a portmanteau for your pillow, and a surtout to defend you from the night air, which had plentiful circulation by means of the *transparency* of the house. A thin wax taper, stuck in a fracture at one end of an old table, and a bottle of bad claret wine, standing with tears in its eyes at the other. Such was my chamber, and such its furniture. Sleep however soon commenced his balmy operations, and deprived me from longer enjoying the *delights* which such an unrivalled collection of domestic comforts afforded.

On the following morning before day-light, *Lorent* had prepared the horses, and after having taken my cup of coffee, which answers in this country to the Virginian *julep* or anti-fogmatic, we proceeded. After travelling a few miles over muddy and

mountainous roads, we reached a ferry at a small river called *Sal*, over which we passed in a scow. At nine o'clock we reached *Le Borgne*, a town of about a hundred houses, a few of which are stone and log, but the rest of the same kind of wicker-work as the one at which I lodged the preceding night. Here I breakfasted upon part of a fowl, some goat cutlets, bread and wine. Mine host was a right respectable looking old black gentleman. He was a judge of the peace, kept a kind of inn for the convenience of travellers, and a billiard table for the amusement of his townsmen. *Le Borgne* is situated in a bay very near the open sea, and is remarkable for the frequency with which its inhabitants are attacked by the loathsome disease called scurvy. A considerable quantity of fine coffee is transported from this town to the Cape (from which it is distant about ten leagues) in boats which are constantly plying between the two places.

Soon after leaving *Le Borgne*, a range of high mountains extending for fifteen miles, commences. The roads over these are scarcely passable, for rocks and mire, and in no part of them would admit a carriage. In one spot the path is cut through a huge rock, and so narrow, that a single horse can just pass. As you may suppose, there are not many inhabitants in this neighbourhood. Here and there you may see a hut, surrounded by a cluster of plantain trees, and a few sorry looking peasants. But if scenes of grandeur can be imagined, of wild and terrifying prospects, they are here to be found. Frequently the path winding around a peak of the mountain above the clouds, presents to your view the raging ocean beneath, dashing his angry waves against its base, and threatening with ruin the whole pile. In other places, horrible precipices commencing immediately with the margin of the road, menace with destruction the trembling traveller.

The appearances exhibited by the clouds in this climate afford an object of pleasing speculation. Falling weather is always preceded by their *visible* descent, and we see on such occasions large volumes enveloping the tops of the mountains and concealing their summits from view. At other times a large body is seen stationary, perched upon a peak, and at others boldly sweeping along the sides of the mountains. This latter appearance is exceedingly beautiful, especially when the cloud highly char-



ged with the electric fluid, plays its whole artillery upon the hills *en passant*, and resembles a ship of war bidding defiance to a line.

After much fatigue and unpleasant travelling, we reached *L'Ance Polin*, a small village of about twenty wicker huts situate upon the very border of the ocean. Here we stopped and procured some punch for refreshment, of an old negro woman who lived upon the road side. After continuing our route until seven o'clock, we arrived at St. Louis, another small town upon the margin of the sea, about three leagues distant from Port de Paix. The approach of night determined me to proceed no further. I had heard of the hospitality of Mr. Lleland, a man of colour, *proposer* or deputy *ordonnateur* of this quarter, who resided at this place, and although I had no letters of introduction to him, I made no hesitation in going to his house. I was received by him and his family with much civility, provided with an omelet, some bread and claret for my supper, and after having enjoyed this frugal repast, I retired to my lodging room, which had a ground floor, where a comfortable matrass spread upon the tops of two tables, was prepared for my accommodation. This town contains about forty houses, the best of which are of log and the rest of the basket kind. It has also a church, and on the following morning before day-light I heard its bell summoning the pious portion of its inhabitants to matins.

At an early hour after leaving upon the table in my chamber, the usual *bonus*, I departed, and at eight o'clock, after passing over a level and pleasant road, reached the place of my destination. Immediately on arrival, I fulfilled the requisite formality of waiting upon the commandant of the place to report myself, but he not being at his office, his assistant examined my passport and endorsed it with the official notice, *visé*. From my knowledge of the extreme unhealthiness of Port de Paix I did not feel disposed to continue in it any longer than my business absolutely required, which was but a few hours. As soon therefore as it was concluded, and I had visited two of my countrymen who were sick, and dined with two others who were well, I set out at four o'clock on my return. We lodged at St. Louis, and after having repassed the same rugged mountains and roads which we had encountered the preceding day, arrived at Le

Borgne, on the following afternoon. I here saw a young Frenchman whose appearance attracted my attention and with whom I entered into conversation. His age was apparently about four and twenty, his person handsome, and his countenance interesting; but sorrow was depicted in such glowing colours in his looks and deportment, that one could not but sympathise with him upon the wretchedness of his situation. I found him to be a man of liberal education, and gentlemanly manners. His clothes were rather upon the threadbare order, but at a single glance one might perceive that mean apparel was not adapted to the style of his address. He informed me that he was an European, that he had been in the Island about three years, that his life had been spared because he was generally liked by the inhabitants of the town (being I presume what they call in terms of endearment *un bon diable*), and that he was the only white man left there. He also stated to me, that Christophe had wished him to perform upon the stage at the Cape, but that he preferred to drag on his miserable life in his present situation as a clerk in the *proposer's* office, rather than subject himself to the slavery which such an occupation would impose upon him.

On the following day I returned to port Margot, and thence took a different road from the one I had before travelled, which led me to Limbé, a small town, regularly laid out, but composed, with two or three exceptions, of wicker houses. Here I breakfasted about noon, and amused myself whilst the meal was preparing with a game of billiards. This species of amusement is the principal one, to which the Haytian gentlemen are attached, and so prevalent is the fondness for it, that there is scarcely a town in the island of any moderate extent, which has not its billiard-table. From the constant practice of this game, many expert players have been produced, and perhaps there is no country in which they can be excelled.—Having but six leagues to travel to the Cape, I soon set out, and completed my expedition, late in the afternoon. I arrived just in time to join in the festivities of a splendid entertainment given by an American in commemoration of the day which gave birth to the illustrious Washington. Almost all the officers of distinction as well civil

as military, resident at and near the Cape were present to partake of the sumptuous banquet, and to express their congratulations on the return of the day which gave cause for this proud celebration. The name of Washington is well known in Hayti, as the chiefest pride of an American, and when I see men, strangers to my native land, venerate the memory of that immortal hero of whom they have only heard as the champion of liberty, I shrink with pain at the recollection, that there are, in the United States, *vipers* who owe the free air they breathe to the virtues of that great man, yet who would be happy if his name could be buried in eternal oblivion.

The appearances exhibited to the view of a traveller, when surveying the face of the country, are of a melancholy character, and cannot fail to excite in his mind the most gloomy sensations. He beholds, all around him, the remains of the princely mansions of the ancient proprietors of the soil, fast crumbling to dust. He sees the tottering pillars on which still hang massy gates of iron, almost eaten up by rust; walls, pyramids, marble statues, and many other vestiges of magnificence and splendour falling to decay. Instead of these proud structures, the devastation of which has been accompanied by such horrible transactions, a mean solitary cabin is presented to the sight. Instead of the comforts and luxuries which here once so highly abounded, a miserable horde of ignorant negroes, scarcely enjoy the necessaries of life. These uncheering appearances are eminently conspicuous on the *Plaine du Cap*, which extends many miles to the southward and eastward from the Cape, and which was formerly so abundant in luxurious gardens, fertile plantations, and splendid edifices.

But the gloominess attendant upon such scenes of destruction, is in some measure alleviated by the civility, which one meets with from the peasantry in travelling. There is a strong contrast between the insolence of the soldiers, who are stationed in the large towns and the politeness of the simple cultivators. Not an individual passes without taking off his hat with the friendly salutation of '*salut monsieur*' or '*bon jour capitaine*,' which latter appellation is the one indiscriminately given by the lower class of people, as well in town as country, to all white men who,

they perceive, are not Frenchmen. Thus a negro speaking to a merchant, captain, supercargo or sailor, never forgets to entitle him *capitaine*, that appellation with him being synonymous with *stranger*, and at the same time the most dignified and respectful title for a private citizen, which his vocabulary affords. The females are equally polite, and never fail in passing to drop a low curtsy, and with a modest smile to greet you with "*bo jou moucher.*"

The peasantry of Hayti exhibit a sad spectacle of the effects of a mistaken policy. They are miserably poor, and live in wretched hovels. The clothing of the men consists of a shirt, and sometimes a pair of pantaloons, made of coarse German linen, and their food of cassada bread, yams, and roasted plantains, seasoned perhaps with a salted herring, which answers the purpose of being *pointed at*. The women, particularly those of the younger sort, are like the ladies of the city, extravagantly fond of ornaments, and elegant rings are frequently to be seen pendent at the ears of a damsel, who has scarcely any other dress to appear in, but a *chemise*.

The produce of the plantations belongs *one half* to the proprietor, who is usually some officer who has laid claim to the soil on account of his services, *one fourth* to the cultivators, and the remaining *fourth* is paid to the government for the duty of *subvention*. On the arrival of any coffee in the sea port towns, to which it is transported in bags, upon the backs of mules, horses or asses, it is taken to the office of the *directeur des domaines*, where it is weighed and the duty paid in kind. A certificate is then granted, called a *papier de subvention*, which states that the duty has been paid upon so many pounds, and that the owner is authorized to sell it. Without this paper it cannot be shipped, and at the clearing out of a cargo, certificates must be produced for the whole quantity intended to be exported. Still however there is a considerable deal of fraud practised. Coffee is often brought to market, which is purchased without this certificate, and as a pretty large quantity is smuggled on board of the vessels, it is not difficult to procure subvention papers.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. EDITOR,

The defence of American genius against the aspersions of misrepresenting foreigners, has of late, been so frequently and so ably undertaken, that an exemplification of its excellence may perhaps be unnecessary to its support. All, unbiassed by prejudice for the old, or speculative contempt for the *new* country, have at length been convinced, from the authority of fact, that unlike any people that ever existed, we have not required the progressive advances of time to mature our taste, or give expansion to our talents. We burst forth, like the Minerva of poetry, fully equipped and perfect. The causes which have operated to produce an effect so unprecedented, must be obvious to any one acquainted with the history of the United States, and therefore unnecessary to be mentioned here. Our Barlows, our Ramsays, and our Henrys, have flourished already—and be it mentioned with pride, though kingly patronage has seduced a West from our shores, we have Stuarts in abundance to rival and excel him. Truth, however, can never be too forcibly proved—and patriotism alone will prompt us to announce every occurring instance that may contribute to exalt us in the estimation of our proud cotemporaries. Eager as I find you are to encourage native genius, in whatever shape it may appear, and anxious myself to add one more testimonial to my country's superiority. I offer for publicity the following sketch relative to a man, hitherto but little known, equally deserving as he is industrious. The exertions lately made, to infuse a spirit and love for what are justly and emphatically denominated the fine arts, among the citizens of Philadelphia particularly, having proved in a most unexpected degree successful, I am induced to believe that the introduction of a new artist to notice, will not be unproductive of pleasure to many, and benefit to others.

Jacob Eichold was born at Lancaster about the year 1781. He early evinced a natural turn for drawing, but the solicitude of parental foresight, or the severity of prejudice, prevented en-

couragement, and debarred the means of improvement. Notwithstanding these obstacles, however, though compelled to adopt a trade, stabilitating a future and lasting maintenance, his moments of relaxation, during the apprenticeship, were employed agreeably to inclination, in depicting, with a piece of common chalk, the resemblances of his companions upon the wall, or with a stick delineating their features in the dust. At Harrisburg, where he commenced the copper-smith, the accidental circumstance of a few cattle collecting round his shop, drew forth some specimens of his talent. But, however gratified with the praises of a few friends, the unhealthiness of the situation, which had introduced sickness and disease into his family, induced his return to Lancaster—where, with a disposition somewhat versatile, he entered into the manufactory of tin. The pots and kettles which he then offered for sale, were generally ornamented with some fanciful painting of his own. But the celebrity such trifling daubs acquired among the phlegmatic Dutch, was not sufficient to satisfy a man like Eichold. He professed himself the limner. Nor was it till after the ill treatment of one, who obliged him almost to resort to legal compulsion, to extort a moderate compensation for his labour, that he perceived his incapacity, and dejectedly threw the brush away. The occupation of his shop now filled his mind entirely; and for some time his ingenuity wasted itself upon the construction and beauty of his tin vessels. Mr. Woollet not long after, made his appearance in Lancaster, and by his profiles obtained some reputation, and considerable money. Eichold visited him, attentively observed his method of proceeding, and again declared himself desirous of public patronage. His prices were small—his likenesses great. He knew not to be sure the necessary art of mixing his colours and his oil—but though hitherto accustomed only to a boot-jack as a pallet, and any thing in the shape of a brush, he succeeded in turning the tide of approbation from Woollet to himself. This almost unhopd for victory encouraged perseverance and labour. His natural modesty united with an ardent, unfeigned desire of amendment, invited amicable criticism for his improvement. Corrections in his pieces were willingly and obligingly made, and continuing to reap the bene-

fit of occasional, though defective instruction, he rapidly advanced to the first line of portrait painting. Eichhold however, had heard of others. The fame of Stuart and Sully had reached the ears of this humble imitator, and though nature had done much, he thought the lessons of a master in the art might do more. His wishes were gratified. Accident carried our favourite Sully to the tinman's shop, and with a liberality that does honour to his heart, the more so as it is uncommon, he encouraged, criticised, and amended. The glaring faults of intuition were developed, while the beauties of an original and peculiar style were applauded. Eichhold now may well be called the pupil of nature and of Sully. As from that hour he has progressed with a rapidity scarcely credible, which promises an early arrival at perfection. Still, however, doubtful as to his eventual success, and resolved to resign the employment entirely, unless opinion shall support him, to his utmost expectations, he has never been prevailed upon to forsake his established trade. A visit will soon be made to Philadelphia, and some specimens of his powers placed at the Academy. So that it rests upon its inhabitants, whether they will, by their patronage and approbation, confirm his predilection for an art that has done our country so much honour, or by their neglect drive him again to an ignoble and obscure profession.

RUSSEL.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## ON THE GENIUS OF THE CHINESE.

ESSAY IN PART I.

THE history of nations, in the earliest periods of their existence, when knowledge is too limited, and prejudice too inveterate to allow Philosophy and Reason to dispel the mists of superstition and ignorance, is involved in difficulties almost insuperable: and blended with fiction so absurd and improbable, that astonishment

ceases, to find Argument engrossing the attention of the learned, and Credulity confounded at the suggestions of Reason.

As the remoteness of the real or pretended original of nations, has rendered it difficult or impossible to investigate facts, and arrive at truth, extravagant assertions have been hazarded without fear of exposure; and devout veneration, for the remains of antiquity, has obtained, and been inculcated, till the forefathers of a depraved generation, have been exalted *in imagination*, to the nature of the *gods*, and deified with *prayers, sacrifices, and frankincense*: so inveterate is that propensity of the mind, to indulge in conjecture, and invent fable, when it cannot attain fact; and resolve what is invisible and distant, into supernatural agency, and divine attributes.

The title of the *Chinese* to a higher antiquity than other nations, appears grounded on as much reason, and worthy of the *same belief*, as that of the *Greeks* and *Romans* to *divine origin*: and that they have no claims to more is shown, on the one hand, by their being destitute of consistent and reasonable facts, to substantiate their vague assertions, and on the other, because this ridiculous belief is perceived distinctly to flow from the same springs, *Ignorance* and *Superstition*. This, did no other reasons present themselves, for rejecting their assumption to so remote an antiquity, would sufficiently protect us from the imputation of *skepticism*, but others of a more positive nature may be adduced to corroborate our position, *that the Chinese cannot be so ancient as many other people*, among whom may be placed the *Egyptians*, and *Assyrians*. In the discussion of this subject, numerous arguments will be alleged to evince the fallacy of such a supposition, as that of *the Chinese*, which will show the infatuation of those, who implicitly believed in assertions, evidently the effects of a barbarous system, and contracted policy.

In the history of every people, who have attained civilization and made any progress in the arts, we can trace with sufficient accuracy, the steps of gradation, by which they *ascended*, in the remains that may have been *preserved*: and however tardy may have been their advancement, are at no loss to conclude the probable period, in which the dawn of Science and Reason, first irra-



diated the way to comfort and refinement. The human faculties, unless impeded in their efforts, by other than physical causes, will be uniform in their progression to knowledge; and though nations may not be contemporary in fame, they may attain an eminent degree of knowledge in nearly the same period of time. Hence, we perceive that both *ancient* and *modern* nations, differ little in the period, in which they carried the arts and sciences to a moderate degree of perfection.

To judge, therefore, of the probable era of the Chinese, from the progress made by them in learning and the *arts*, ample allowance should be given for a state of political abasement, and profound superstition, which restrains genius from deviating into new and untrodden paths; and prevents the culture of liberal sentiments, by the fear of ideal degradation, or the dread of corporal chastisement. This will the more readily be granted, when it is considered, that their solitary and selfish maxims obstruct the entrance of foreign improvement and inventions, and shut out the possibility of correcting their errors, or adding refinement and taste to the fruits of native genius, and industry. And though their late acquisition of many foreign improvements, have been blended with *their own imperfect and crude inventions*, it is not hard to distinguish them, as their vanity induces, and their language compels them, to attach a peculiarity which cannot be lost, to every production and every article.

But making every *reasonable deduction*, for a state so unpropitious to the culture of science and the advancement of the *arts*, we shall still find the *Chinese*, far from so refined a condition, as other nations have reached, in a period not bearing any proportion. For allowing the *empire of China* to have been founded or settled *two thousand years antecedent to the christian era*, which by the way we do not believe to have been so early, how long a time would they have had to emerge from the darkness of barbarism, to the light of civilization and refinement? And how superior ought to be the lustre of their wisdom and learning, if their advancement had been commensurate with the improvement of other nations? Were we to form a judgment of their age from their wisdom, therefore we should aver, that they were more recently settled, than any

other primitive people. Setting aside the particular nature of their language, however, which cannot be denied to indicate antiquity, upon a superficial consideration, but which when we inquire into the *causes that produced it*, instead of surveying it as an *effect of their age*, we shall perceive the possibility to exist, of forming a language which bears no analogy to any other, without the supposition of antiquity, or superiority of reason.

The invention of letters is hid in such impenetrable obscurity, that to whom the honour of it properly belongs has never been decided. The introduction of the Phœnician or Syrian letters into *Greece* by *Cadmus*, in the year of the world 2549, is the first we hear of them with certainty; though the Egyptians, from being the most learned nation at that period, claim the invention of them. Nor is it surprising that the author should remain unknown, if they were invented by *one individual*, which is very improbable; for letters being nothing but the constituent or elemental parts of words, which words express *ideas*, it is apparent that they are pure arbitrary signs, at the option of individuals; and more likely to be formed by caprice or accident, than by facility of expression, or a sense of utility: and as the meaning of these *symbols* could never be conveyed by signs equally as strange and unintelligible, it is obvious that letters must have been subsequent to *oral language*, and that the universal adoption of them as signs, must have obtained gradually, from one man to another. These signs however, in the first stage of society, would represent abstractedly the thing itself, intended to be understood, as by hieroglyphic writing; yet would be superseded, as refinement was acquired by a more concocted and scientific *character*. Hence the alphabet must have been formed by some people, already advanced to *refinement* and *literature*, in a moderate degree. And that *the language* of nations destitute of an alphabet, must have been established, when their knowledge became so enlarged, and their inventions so numerous, as to render the use inconvenient, and the meaning obscure and confused, of hieroglyphic symbols, will appear very apparent, when it is remembered, that even in English, the most copious language known, most of the words to express *ideas purely mental*, are borrowed from some

analogy or resemblance subsisting, or imagined to subsist between material and immaterial objects. Thus it must be very difficult, if not impossible, to express notions, very general or abstract, by symbolic signs, taken from material objects; and hence we discover in the history of every civilized people, who *primarily*, used this method of writing, that it progressively became obsolete, as they advanced in *science and literature*. For as it is a mode of expression, suggested by nature, for representing the simple conceptions and objects of uninstructed minds; and as it is a concomitant of ignorance, so it is incompatible with learning and knowledge.

That the Chinese character was in its primeval state, entirely hieroglyphic, is therefore rendered very probable, from the nature of the *human mind*, and the expedients it would instinctively have recourse to, to make known its conceptions, before it attained an eminent degree of cultivation. And that some indistinct traces may still be perceived in the Chinese characters, is an additional proof of this hypothesis. Nor does the unwillingness of *Mr. Barrow*, to discern *this resemblance*, however faint it is, invalidate our assertions; for he seems unconsciously to have alleged an argument, subversive of his own position, and corroborative of ours, by acknowledging, what in reason he could not deny, "*That Nature herself would suggest the use of hieroglyphic characters, in the dawn of civilisation,*" of which we have sufficient evidence, by their being discovered to subsist among the aborigines of America, and the Hottentots of Africa, people destitute of every qualification or acquirement, but barbarity and vice. Now we must either imagine, that the language of China is a *modification of hieroglyphic character*, or that the Chinese were never an ignorant people, but elevated *miraculously*, without any tedious degrees of gradation, to their present acquirements.

Though we could allege many passages from *Mr. Barrow* as additional arguments for our opinion, to avail ourselves of one is all that we are willing, and more than will be required; for one good reason is assuredly preferable, and more cogent, than fifty bad ones. The passage we shall presently quote, is not

however, a *bad reason* for our opinion, but being sufficiently fortified, it will not be insisted on; but mentioned, merely to show, that that language which would most readily meet a universal adoption, and prove most permanent, must be founded on principles inherent in the mind, and common to every man; and that this universal principle is implied in a language such as *the Chinese*, which expresses *things*, and not sounds. Mr. Barrow, page 172 says, "The sounds and various inflections incidental to languages in general, are not necessary to be attended to in the study of the Chinese characters. They speak equally strong to a person who is deaf and dumb, as the most copious language could do to one, in the full enjoyment of all his senses. It is a language addressed entirely to the eye and not to the ear. Just as a piece of music laid before several persons of different nations of Europe, would be played by each in the same key, the same measure, and the same air; so would the Chinese characters be equally understood by the natives of *Japan*, *Junquin*, and *Cochin-China*; yet each would give them different names, or sounds that would be wholly unintelligible to one another. When on the present voyage, we stopped at Pulo Condore, the inhabitants being *Cochin-Chinese*, had no difficulty in corresponding, by writing, with our Chinese interpreters, though they could not interchange one intelligible word."

That "*the principle on which the Chinese characters are constructed seems to have maintained its ground*," as Mr. B. observes, "*and has not undergone any material alteration for more than two thousand years*," evinces only the peculiar nature of the language and the selfish maxims of the government, which have tended to strengthen principles already vigorous by excluding the entrance of foreign words, and preventing the adoption of a mingled phraseology. Dr. Johnson in his unparalleled preface to his Dictionary, has unintentionally accounted for this peculiar preservation of their original dialect; in speaking of the causes which operate to vitiate and corrupt a language, he says: "There are likewise internal causes equally forcible. The language most likely to continue long without alteration would be that of a nation raised a little, and but a little, above barbarity, secluded

from strangers, and totally employed in procuring the conveniences of life; either without books, or, like some of the *Mahometan* countries, with very few: men thus busied and unlearned, having only such words as common use requires, would perhaps long continue to express the same notions by the same signs. But no such constancy can be expected in a people, polished by arts, and classed by subordination, where one part of the community is sustained and accommodated by the labour of the other. Those who have much leisure to think, will always be enlarging the stock of ideas; and every increase of knowledge, whether real or fancied, will produce new words, or combination of sounds. When the mind is unchained from necessity, it will range after convenience; when it is left at large in the field of speculation, it will shift opinions; as any custom is disused the words that expressed it must perish with it: as any opinion grows popular, it will innovate speech in the same proportion as it alters practice."

With such arguments in our favour, we are therefore earnestly inclined to believe, that the constancy with which the Chinese have preserved their language from innovation, and given it an unalterable durability, is to be ascribed, rather to the tyrannical disposition of the government, and the inflexibility of their customs, than to a great antiquity of its origin; and that though it possesses some of the features of a universal character, it is too unwieldy for the quick advancement, or abstruse investigation of science, as the length of time necessary to its acquirement hinders the one, and its extreme ambiguity effectually prevents the latter. And notwithstanding the pertinacious adherence of the Chinese to whatever they adopt, the learned in their correspondence, have been compelled to alter the form of the letters, to diminish the labour of writing, and omitting many others to lessen its inconvenience, and this in so great a degree, as to confound its identity, to those not intimately versed in the language.\*

In every nation distinguished for its attainments in literature, a taste for reading and science has been common among the people; new efforts have been incited by competition and jealousy, and learn-

\* *Barrow*, Page 167.

ing not suffered to languish for want of inquirers after truth. It was this thirst after knowledge, and a power of discrimination, augmented by practice, that elevated the Athenian people to be the highest of the literary Republic; and enabled them to conquer the hearts of their enemies by the fire and eloquence of their poets, when the valour of their arms was restrained by the shackles of slavery: and it is a truth attested by the experience of ages, that the growth of genius and learning, will ever be in proportion to the degree of civil liberty and freedom of discussion allowed to the people, and the means they might have, for the facile acquirement of the language. That the Chinese are debarred from the first by the nature of their political institutions, the writers on their government, most partial to their customs, and prepossessed extravagantly in their favour, have unwillingly acknowledged;\* and that the genius of their language does not admit of the latter, is evinced, by the difficulty of its attainment, even by those who exclusively addict themselves to study and erudition; and such cannot obtain a competent knowledge of it, in a shorter period than twenty years,† hence the extreme ignorance and superstition of the people, the limited knowledge of the literati, and the unimproved state of the arts.

To account for the origin of this isolated people, much learning has been displayed, and ingenuity exerted; but happily for philosophy, the former was confined in its researches to reason, while the latter degenerated to absurdity. Here it shall only be considered, as it conduces to elicit some light on the probable antiquity of the people of the eastern hemisphere; and though the fables which their vanity induced them to foist into their pretended history, has imposed a false antiquity on the credulous curiosity of Europeans, whose avidity for whatever is novel, has not seldom perverted their judgments; yet I hazard the asseveration, that upon a philosophical investigation of their claims, they will be discovered to be founded, rather on the vain fancy of the sovereign and his courtiers than the undisputed veracity of

\* P. Du Halde's History of China, compiled from the accounts of the Jesuits and Missionaries.

† Mr Barrow's China p. 177.

historical facts. In proof of this, we need only advert to the absolute control of the emperor, which gives him the power, as his vanity suggests the inclination, to stifle the recital of such incidents, as would either detract from his reputed wisdom, or asperse his immaculate virtue; and consequently contradict, what their religion obviously implies, that the prince is indued with the attributes of divinity, and invested with power, which deserves implicit obedience. And that the execution of so unreasonable a command would encounter no impediment in its course, is sufficiently exhibited in the disposition of courtiers and the people; the dread of punishment and degradation impelling the former to falsify, what the awe and superstition of the latter, would compel them to believe. And that the above account is not a bare supposition, invented for the support of a favourite hypothesis, is abundantly evinced, in the fabrication of the fable, in the history of *She-whang-te*.\* who to augment his own glory and reputation, is said to have issued an edict, commanding on pain of death, the destruction of all books, except those that related to physic and architecture.† That such an event ever happened to the Chinese we utterly disbelieve, because in the first place, the same pretended history of *She-whang-te* relates, that previous to this act, he had caused to be erected one of the *most stupendous works in the whole empire*, and sufficient in their estimation to have immortalized his memory.‡ How contradictory and absurd, then do these actions appear; as if in one moment he would have endeavoured to immortalize himself, by the greatest effort of human wisdom, and in the next to have perpetrated the blackest action of a tyrant: to endear the hearts of unborn generations to him *on one day*, and on the *next* to entail on his memory, the execrations of the world, to the latest time? And in the *second place*, it is unworthy the slightest credit, because it is in perfect consistence with the politic deception of the *Sacred Mountain*, in the province of *Fo-kien*; and the doctrine inculcated by the *great philosopher* Confucius, that the souls of the departed, will embody themselves to partake of

\* Du Halde, page 340, vol. 1. † 237 years before Christ. ‡ Du Halde, vol. 1. p. 340.

the offerings made at the sacrifices, to their memory; which should they even condescend to do, they would share the worst of the feast, for as Mr. De Pauw observes, 'The visible assistants take care to have the best portion, like the Laplanders, who devour the flesh of the victims, and afterwards present the bones to the gods!'

That the Chinese are not, as has been conjectured, the posterity of a colony of Egyptians, is irrefragably demonstrated by two observable facts; *the total dissimilarity of their religion,\* and the essential difference of their physical qualities and constitution*; the former will be shown, when we touch in another Essay on the religion of the Chinese; the other we pronounce indisputable, from the concurring authority of several intelligent travellers,† who represent them as a *distinct and not a mixed race*; strongly expressed in their countenance and figure, which is remarkably unlike the ancient Egyptian. But independent of the latter argument, which however is of considerable importance, we shall insist more emphatically on the first, as it is a truth sanctioned by the experience of mankind, that religious impressions are more permanent in their existence, and less obnoxious to be effaced, than any other sentiment of the mind, or propensity of nature. That the fervid constitutions and peculiar genius of Oriental Nations, is more favourable to the perpetuity of religious dogmas, and superstitious ceremonies, than any other human right, law, or privilege; in evidence of which I shall only adduce the history of that unfortunate people, the Jews, who in the remotest corners of the globe, to which destiny and persecution forced them, always inviolably maintained their religion, in opposition to malignity, and in total neglect of the highest indignities. In China they have preserved it as in other parts of the world, unvitiated and entire.

It is alleged by those who affirm the Chinese to be the descendants of an Egyptian colony, and who are puzzled to discover that analogy or resemblance in their religion or nature, which

\* This is evinced in Mr. De Pauw's Philosophical Dissertation, to which I refer the curious reader.

† See Staunton's Embassy. Barrow's Journey, &c.



would sustain their system; that there is perceptible a perfect coincidence in many of their habits, and in some respects in their manners. And it was thought a conclusive argument in favour of this cognation, that the people who navigate the barks on the *Nile*, wore round and pointed *bonnets*, similar to those used in *China*;<sup>\*</sup> and that the Egyptian boats should bear some resemblance to the *Chinese junks*; not considering, that nations exposed to the same inconveniences, and endued with the same faculties, would naturally have recourse to the same expedients to guard against, or remedy their effects; and that the same wants would suggest similar necessities. For we do not deny that all men are the *descendents of Adam*, or *sprang from the same human stock*; but that the *Chinese* are not the posterity of the Egyptians.

When a plausible hypothesis is confuted, or a pernicious system overturned by the arguments of reason, the mind instinctively expects that some thesis will be established in its stead, or an expedient proposed to remedy or meliorate the evil: but as it is easier to object than to reason, to discern folly than acquire wisdom, so it is more difficult to establish facts, than subvert fallacy. That *China* however was never visited by a colony from *Egypt* is indubitable; but that the inhabitants are of *Scythian* or *Tartaric* origin, is rendered almost certain by the perfect similitude subsisting between them, and the *Man-tchoo*, and other Tartar tribes, on the borders of China. In attestation of this genealogy, an ingenious philosopher† adds, the strict conformity of *their religion, superstitious ceremonies, and fabulous traditions*. The idiocracy of the *Tartars* and *Chinese* likewise tends to strengthen this position: for it is an eminent circumstance, that the physical qualities of these people, is of itself convincing evidence of a distinct origin from the *Egyptians*; and sufficient to preserve their identity unmingled with people of distant regions or opposite natures.

To endeavour to account for the origin of the Tartars or Scythians, would neither throw light on the subject, nor recom-

<sup>\*</sup> Abbé Barthélemy.

† M. De Pauw, vol. 2. p. 179.

pense labour by any accession of knowledge. Mr. Barrow, who has observed the manners, and recorded the peculiarities of the Chinese, with a precision implying a spirit of true philosophy, has in attempting to account for the original of *this primitive people*, run into idle and futile conjectures, without reflecting, that the investigations of the philosopher must always terminate in principles insoluble, and phenomena beyond the reach of finite ingenuity to resolve. He however appears to have no inclination to be inferior to other philosophers, in learned absurdity, and unfathomable penetration; and accordingly with the utmost facility of supposition, he brings the *ARK*, and *the whole family of Noah* from mount *Ararat in Armenia*, to the bleak mountains of *Tartary*, inhabited by the *Eleuths*; and leaves *Noah* and his descendants to wander thence through the *perishing regions of Kamtschatka*, to people *America*; and through the immeasurable extent of country, which lies between *Tartary* and the remote nations of *Europe*: thereby throwing as much obstruction in the way of those philosophers, who shall attempt to account for the original of the American aborigines, as he has so easily cleared from his own path. Nor were these puerilities easy to be avoided on so dark a subject, where the indistinct and glimmering beams elicited by the inquirer, tend rather to perplex than instruct; to show the magnitude of his difficulties, without giving him the means to remove or lessen them.

From the annals of the Chinese, it is almost impossible to guess the period to which we should refer the commencement of their existence as a nation; so blended with childish fables, and ridiculous events, is their whole history; and so confused and contradictory is their boasted chronology. Who would believe, for instance that there ever existed such a being as *Fo-hi*, the first emperor, when they read that he was called the *Son of Heaven*, because he invented the *eight Koua*, or symbols of three lines each, and taught the people how to apply these characters, in which his laws were written; and to give the greater force to which, "*he declared that he had seen them traced upon the back of a dragon-horse, which rose from the bottom of a lake; he called it a dragon-horse, because it had the shape of a horse, and the scales and wings of a dragon.*" And that with

no more than these eight general symbols, he should create a mandarin, called the *flying-dragon* to compose books; a *hidden-dragon*, to make the *calendar*; and a resident dragon to take the superintendence of the buildings. The *third emperor*, *Hoang-ti* was likewise, a son of *Heaven*, having been delivered on a mountain by his mother, when she was much disordered by the sudden percussion of Thunder. Of a like complexion is most part of their history; and at what period the *first seven Emperors* reigned, cannot be ascertained, their chronology not being intelligible till the time of Yao, the *eighth prince*, from which the most vehement advocates of their antiquity date their epocha; being about 2200 years antecedent to the birth of Christ, in their chronology.\* Allowing then the accuracy of this era, of which many reasonable doubts are entertained, we shall find them only coetaneous to the Assyrians, whose empire was founded 2304 years before Christ; and of the same age with the Egyptians, who like them absurdly conceived that their origin was lost in the mist of infinite ages, and as they could not penetrate its obscurity, they reasonably determined to fix its duration, at *twenty thousand years*; reasonably I say, in comparison to the Chinese whose historians are not satisfied with a shorter period, than a *million of millions of years!*

There are however, many forcible arguments in favour of the conclusion, that the Chinese are posterior in age to both the Assyrians and the Egyptians, and that their origin cannot be fixed so early as the reign of Yao. In the History of every people, we perceive distinctly, a considerable void between their first settlements, and the invention of the arts and sciences; and instead of rising to perfection in the course of one reign, we find them to have been polished by successive generations, and refined by laborious investigation, and continued experience. This is the method of Nature, exemplified successively in the Assyrians, and the Egyptians, the two first nations of the world eminent in science, down to the Greeks, and Romans, and lastly in Modern Europe. But we in vain seek for similitude in the Chinese, to other beings; and consequently discover them, to be possessed of more knowledge, endued with superior sagacity, and withal, sunk in

\* Du Halde, 1. p. 282

the greatest barbarity, in the reign of the first emperor FO-HI, than they have been since able to acquire; and could not degenerate into the same barbarism because they have never been refined. Although they ascribe to FO-HI the invention of astronomy, and the discovery of the calendar, which knowledge was so greatly improved by Hoang-ti, the third emperor, that he was capable of predicting the changes of the weather, and the temperature of the atmosphere.\* Yet notwithstanding this divine perfection, in the *first three reigns* of their history, before other nations would have emerged from the obscurity of ignorance, we perceive their chronology confused and erroneous, in the middle of the seventeenth century, being destitute of even the first principles of *astronomy*, and as unable to calculate an almanac, as to foretell an eclipse.† Their extreme ignorance of *geography*, implies their want of *astronomical* knowledge, as it is hardly to be imagined, that a nation versed in the latter, would consider the earth square, and their own empire the middle space, like those people who supposed that the sun made his course from east to west in the day; and when the veil of night concealed his resplendent rays, returned the same way to the east, to be ready to perform his diurnal peregrination the next morning!

The searching eye of the curious traveller in perambulating the unbounded plains of China, explores in vain to discover the monuments of that antiquity, which their tradition records, and their superstition magnifies; he can discern no venerable remnant of former grandeur, to awaken his sympathy, or excite his admiration; no memorial of the illustrious dead, recalls the wisdom of the sage to his remembrance; and no field made sacred by the conquest of liberty inspires his breast with patriotism: the only monument to verify their past existence, is in the tyranny of the government, the degradation of the people, and the inveteracy of their customs. The sepulchral monuments of their sovereigns, being badly constructed with wood, have perished with the bodies which they enclosed, and no vestige remains of their ineffectual ostentation; and even the *walls*, the

\* Du Halde, 1, p. 275. † This subject will be discussed more particularly in another Essay 'on the Chinese Sciences and Arts.'

only durable works to be perceived, are rather to be admired as the stupendous effects of a fearful disposition, than as exhibiting scientific notions of architecture, or displaying a refined taste. Their productions exhibit both the ingenuity of civilization, and the rudeness of barbarity; and though they disprove their high antiquity, show them at least, not to be destitute of genius; which however seems to have exerted its power only when impelled by necessity, their mental subjection begetting incapacity, and unwillingness for the spontaneous exercise of their faculties.

PROCLUS.

NOTE.—In thus endeavouring to demonstrate that the *Chinese* are posterior in antiquity to the ancient *Assyrians* and *Egyptians* many arguments are necessarily grounded on questions, which will hereafter be discussed and evinced, and the reader is desired to suspend his judgment, till the whole is terminated. In subsequent essays, we shall review respectively, the *arts and sciences*; the *morals*; the *manners, and habits*; the *religion* and the *political state*, of this extraordinary people; and thence induce, *the degree of importance they hold in the civilized world, and their claims to the title of a wise people.*

(To be continued.)

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#### CRITICISM—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. EDITOR,

THERE is no propensity of the human mind more inveterate, or, at the same time, more alive to reproof, than an itch for writing poetry. While the youthful candidate for the bays of Parnassus trembles at the anticipation of criticism, and is chilled to the heart by the least token of disapprobation, he is seldom prevented from persevering by the most decided warnings of disappointment and failure. He shrinks from the opinion that would arrest his career, but seldom suffers it to turn him from his course.

It is remarkable, that whatever turn genius may take, when matured and guided by education and experience, it generally first displays itself in writing verses. Many men

who have afterwards distinguished themselves in various departments of literature and science, have given the first indication of superior mind in attempts at poetry. Such efforts evidence habits of study and reflection; a desire of distinction and an ardency of brain that most frequently lead the possessor to some seat of honor in society.

Permit me to introduce, with these observations, a short notice of a Poem, published in your last number, entitled "ORLANDO," said to be the production of a youth not yet seventeen years of age. In the lives of poets there are not wanting many bright examples of amazing precocity of genius; which have rendered *school boy verses* no longer an object of wonder, except to *papas and mammas*. Indeed most of our poets have given pretty unequivocal proofs of the "fine frenzy," at a very early age.

What have we a right to expect from a young poet, and what ought we, in candour and kindness, to excuse? We should expect much irregularity and wildness; an inattention to the chastened rules of composition; extravagant figures expressed in turgid language, and many harsh and bad lines. And we should excuse all these faults, if they are the honest product of the pen that claims them, and are accompanied with occasional testimonials of those original and inventive powers which are the attributes of true genius. But if a young man (or woman) shall mistake a fondness for reading poetry for the power of creating it; and, after having stuffed his memory with the spoils of industry, shall cast them out half digested and deformed, as the productions of his own brain, he acquires no right to the indulgence which is due to the fair and legitimate candidate.

I would not absolutely discourage your correspondent's young friend, or apply to him the whole force and extent of these remarks; but it may not be useless to him and his partial friends to make a fair estimate of his claims to the meed of poesy, so far as they depend upon the specimen now before us. There are undoubtedly some passages in *Orlando*; which testify genius; but, in general, this production bears witness more to an attentive perusal of other poets, or rather of *another poet*, than to any powers of original invention. The plan, machinery, and metre of *Orlando*, were, evidently supplied by *Dr. Beattie's* ce-

lebrated "MINSTREL;" and indeed many of the lines and phrases, and most of the prominent ideas are distinctly taken from this poem. I will point out some of them, with a hope of inducing this young author to rely more upon himself in future, or to be more candid in acknowledging the aid he receives from others.

In the first four lines there is so much confusion, added to some grammatical error, that I cannot say I comprehend its meaning—

"Some men there are, cold as the winter's snow,  
 "Whose souls were never touched with poet's strain,  
 "Rapt in the sacred dream, from earth below,  
 "And ride aloft on heaven's azure main."

It is not very clear what is "rapt in the sacred dream"—whether the "poet's strain" or the "souls" just before mentioned; and I am still more at a loss to find the nominative case to the verb *ride*, in the fourth line; there is a want of harmony and sweetness, too, in the whole: but these are in the class of faults I would excuse, on the terms mentioned.

I cannot see the propriety of the sentiment in the second stanza; that the man who is so unfortunate (for a misfortune it is) as not to be "touched with poet's strains," can have no "feeling friend;" or that he shall be sooner forgotten, when "inhumed," than another—much less can I agree that his children shall be discharged from all natural and filial obligation, and so deeply resent his want of taste as to shed no "pearly tear" on his tomb; the "village hinds" may withhold their "wild flowers" if they please, for they have long been the licensed decorators, exclusively, of poetic graves; but our children, I hope, will not so scornfully refuse to pay us some tribute of affection and respect, although we may not feel the raptures of poetry as Orlando does.

To proceed in pointing out the instances in which our author has drawn from the stores of others.—The course of thought and collection of figures which make up the second stanza, are entirely familiar to every reader of elegies and sonnets; and perhaps, as a sort of common poetic property, Orlando has as good a right to them as any body that has used them for the last

five hundred years. We come, then, to cases more direct and palpable.—

In the fourth stanza of Orlando,

“ Not deeply skilled in human lore was he.”

In the Minstrel,

“ As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore.”

In the sixth stanza,

“ I ween Orlando was no vulgar boy.”

In the Minstrel,

“ And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy.”

Orlando has, in common with Edwin, a skill in music, and a fondness for “visionary joy.”—They both too found delight in rising early in the morning, and in roaming over the “lonely mountain’s head” and through “untrodden groves.” In short, these young gentlemen are as like each other, even to their parentage, educations, dispositions, and amusements, as twin brothers. Your Dromios and Socias are nothing to them; and Viola and her brother Sabastian, are absolute antipodes in comparison with Edwin and Orlando. To proceed regularly “to point out faults and beauties alike”—the scenery in the seventh and eighth stanzas is very picturesque and beautiful, especially in the latter—the following lines, if original, will of themselves, almost entitle the author of Orlando, to the name of a poet:—

“ Here oft reclined, beneath the arching vines,  
 “ That formed o’erhead a high luxuriant bower,  
 “ He read some native poet’s am’rous lines;  
 “ Or twin’d around his harp full many a flower,  
 “ That grew in rich profusion everywhere;  
 “ Then sudden strike, as will’d his fancy wild,  
 “ His decorated harp.”

I particularly remark the four last lines.

In the ninth stanza,

“ And distance gaze them far a sweeter sound.”



In Collins' ode to the passions,

"In sounds by distance made more sweet."

In the eleventh stanza,

"Why should anticipation chill the present hour,

"Is not fair *Hope's* all-cheering power thine!

"Is not to thee the angel *Fancy* given?

In the Minstrel,

"But why should foresight thy fond heart alarm?

"Perish the lore that deadens young desire!

"Pursue, poor imp, th' imaginary charm,

"Indulge gay *Hope* and *Fancy's* pleasing fire."

The thirteenth stanza meets the particular applause of your correspondent; and not without reason. But if he will turn to the nineteenth verse of the first book, and the seventh verse of the second book of the Minstrel, he will find the prototype of his friend's effusion.

The fourteenth stanza is filled with beautiful imagery, but unfortunately not belonging to Orlando:

"Or gain some dell, where Alpine heights arise,

"Where nought was heard to break the silence deep,

"*Save the bold eagle soaring in the skies,*

"*Save the wild chamois bounding up the steep;*

"Or hoary goats upon the mountain's brow;

"Here some reclin'd, abroad there others stray'd,

"A moving speck on the eternal snow,

"While all around them clouds, and shadowy billows play'd."

This whole whole stanza is evidently compounded from the following passages in the Minstrel:—

"Oft when the winter storm had ceased to rave,

"He roam'd the snowy waste at even to view

"The cloud stupendous, from th' Atlantic wave

"High tow'ring sail along th' horizon blue."

Again,

"And oft he trac'd the uplands to survey."

\* \* \* \* \*

"And now he faintly kens the *bounding fann*."

Again,

" Along this narrow valley you might see  
 " The *wild deer sporting* on the meadow ground."  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 " And from the summit of that craggy mound,  
 " The *perching eagle* oft was heard to cry,  
 " Or on *resounding wings* to shoot athwart the sky."

And again,

" And oft the craggy clift he lov'd to climb,  
 " *Where all in mist the world below was lost*,  
 " What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,  
 " Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,  
 " And view *th' enormous waste of vapour tost*,  
 " *In billows*."—

In these passages we have the hero going to a height to command the scene—we have the noise of the "eagle soaring in the skies."—For the *chamois bounding*,\* which is claimed as original, we have the *bounding fawn*, and the "*wild deer sporting*;"—and the last line,

" While all around them clouds and shadowy billows play'd,"

is found in Beattie's

" Enormous waste of vapour tost in billows;"

and in the preceding line,

" Where all in mist the world below was lost."

The *goats*, some reclined and some wandering,

" A moving speck on the eternal snow,"

is all that is left of this stanza, for the author of Orlando; and even this remnant, if it be truly his, entitles him to praise; but we are apt to suspect the honesty of one, so often detected in pillaging, and to doubt his right to what may really belong to him. I should not wonder at finding another owner for these goats.

\* In Wieland's Oberon we have the *chamois bounding*.

The fifteenth stanza,

" Dear was to him, the hour of early morn,  
 " When every flower puts on its bloom anew,  
 " Each shrub, with sweet fresh blossoms is adorned,  
 " And every lime tree glitters in the dew;"

and the last line,

" How sweet upon his ear the birds' wild music flows."

Now, in what does this differ from the Minstrel,

" Even now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow  
 " As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,  
 " Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,  
 " When thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,  
 " A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are borne."

The *smoking streamlets* and the *ruddy tints*, acknowledge the same master.

The sixteenth stanza,

" The milk maid carols forth her simple lay,  
 " The brisk young peasant whistles o'er his plough,  
 " The shepherd drives his snowy flock away,  
 " Or tunes his lute beneath some shady bough.

In Beattie's description of the morn, we also have

" The lowing herd—the sheepfold's simple bell,  
 " The *pipe of early shepherd* dim descried  
 " In the lone valley;"

and also,

" Crown'd with her pail, the tripping milkmaid sings;  
 " The whistling ploughman stalks afield."

The objects displayed in the scenery of the eighteenth and nineteenth stanzas are not the same with those introduced by Beattie, but the general view is so much so, as to leave no doubt of its origin.

Every reader will instantly recognize Gray, in these lines in the twenty-first stanza,

" The sheep-bell tinkling in the distant fold,  
 " The lowing herds."

And here too, *the shepherd with his pipe* is placed in the *vale*, as by Beattie in the foregoing extract.

The return home of the ploughman in the twenty-second stanza, and the trudging of the shepherd with *weary step*, will scarcely leave the patronage of Gray for that of Orlando. The *chattering swallows*, if they have any discretion, will also abide with their old master; and *the dusky twilight* and *silver moon*, belong to every body.

In the twenty-third stanza, we have, as original poetry,

"The silver moon does rise,

"And sweetly sleeps upon the bank around,

"Her mellow light reclines on tree and bower.

This idea has particularly delighted our poet, for he repeats it in the twenty-sixth stanza,

"When sweet the moon-light on the green bank lay;"

and in the thirtieth stanza,

"Soft plays the moon-light on the checkered grass."

If I supposed our young poet had got as far as Shakspeare in his "rapt dreams," I should charge him with getting these lines from the immortal bard:

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank."

says Lorenzo to Jessica.

But as Orlando appears to me to have held closely to the Minstrel, in recounting his adventures, I rather refer the theft to that source—where we find

"The yellow moon-light sleeps on all the hills."

The same silence too pervades the scene in the Minstrel, which Orlando has chosen for his contemplations. The ghosts, fairies, &c. which are brought together to terrify the young Orlando, in the twenty-fourth, twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth stanzas, are of the same family with those which claimed a similar acquaintance with Edwin; the only difference is, that Orlando

caught them *dancing*, and Edwin at *their revels*. Edwin also

“ Heard tales of old traditionary lore,”

the same, it is presumed, which were afterwards repeated to his successor Orlando; the visits too, *near ocean's waves*, were performed with equal punctuality and solemnity by both of them; and their prospects from *the sounding shore*, very much the same. The rustic dance described in the thirtieth, thirty-first and thirty-second stanzas, follows, even to tune and figure, the dance of former times, when Edwin ruled the song.

In the thirty-sixth stanza, our young poet has made a nibble at Collins, but not so as materially to injure that poet or benefit himself.

While the materials of Orlando are thus evidently gleaned from the Minstrel, it is admitted there is some skill displayed in putting them together. If the candour of the juvenile adventurer had been equal even to the humble merit now allowed him, his claims to indulgence would have been better founded. But he can hardly be pardoned for imagining that nobody had read the Minstrel but himself; or, that his plunder from a poem so universally read and admired, could pass without detection.

JUSTICE.

March 10, 1811.

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#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—THE MERRY WORLD.

STEVENS, who, though a very unfortunate, and a very imprudent man, was one of the most favoured in the Court of Comus; and, beyond all compare, the most original song writer of his age, has prefixed to one of his collections, the following Prologue, as he terms it:

“ Through gloomy grove, along the lawn,  
Or by the still brook's side,  
When the day's sable shroud is drawn,  
Then ghosts are said to glide.

"The paly moonshine's silvery gleams,  
Seem dancing down the glade,  
Mingling mid shadowy forms its beams,  
Which scare the trembling maid.

"The traveller oft is apt to see,  
Through twilight's dusky veil,  
A giant, in each hedge row tree,  
While phantoms fill the dale.

"So rambling readers may condemn  
This book of medley rhimes,  
Whose errors will appear to them,  
A list of giant crimes.

"But why should critics carp at songs?  
Or classic scales apply?  
To them alone my book belongs,  
Who'd rather laugh than cry.

"For neither pedant, nor for prude  
These Sonnets took their birth,  
But are dish'd up as pleasant food,  
For Sons of Social Mirth."

The following voluble lines addressed to a lady, are justly attributed to the honourable R. W. Spencer, a man of rank and a man of fashion, yet neither so fastidious nor so dissipated, that he shuns the service of the Muses.

"Too late I staid, forgive the crime,  
Unheeded flew the hours;  
How noiseless falls the foot of Time,  
That only treads on flowers!

"What eye with clear account remarks,  
The ebbing of the glass,  
When all its sands are diamond sparks,  
Which dazzle as they pass?

"Oh! who, to sober measurement,  
Time's happy swiftness brings,  
When Birds of Paradise have lent  
Their plumage for his wings?"

At different periods through the progress of this Journal, we have preserved many specimens of the ingenuity of the inimitable DIBDEN. The following *excellent new song* is so characteristic of a genuine British tar, that we fancy some of our readers will soon have it by heart.

Why what's that to you if my eyes I'm a wiping?  
 A tear is a pleasure d'ye see in its way,  
 'Tis nonsense for trifles, I own, to be piping;  
 But they that han't pity, why I pities they.  
 Says our Captain, says he, (I shall never forget it)  
 If of courage you'd know, lads, the true from the sham;  
 'Tis a furious lion, in battle, so let it,  
 But duty appeas'd, 'tis in mercy a lamb.

There's bustling Bob Bounce, for the old one not caring,  
 Helter skelter to work, pelt away, cut and drive;  
 Swearing, he, for his part, had no notion of sparing,  
 For as to a foe, why he'd eat him alive!  
 But when that he found a poor pris'ner, he'd wounded,  
 Who once sav'd his life, as near drowning he swam,  
 The lion was tam'd, and with pity confounded,  
 He cried over him all as one as a lamb.

That my friend Dick, or Tom, I would rescue from danger,  
 Or lay my life down for each lad in the mess,  
 Is nothing at all; 'tis the poor wounded stranger,  
 And the poorer, the more I should succour distress.  
 For, however their duty bold tars may delight in,  
 And pefil defy as a bug-bear, or flam,  
 The lion may feel surly pleasure in fighting,  
 But feel more, by compassion, when turn'd to a lamb.

The heart and the eyes, you see, keep the same motion,  
 For though both shed their drops, 'tis all to the same end;  
 And thus 'tis that ev'ry tight lad of the ocean,  
 Sheds his blood for his country, his tears for his friend.  
 If my maxim's discas'd, 'tis disease I shall die on;  
 You may snigger, and titter, I don't care a damn!  
 In me let the foe feel the paw of a lion;  
 But, the battle once ended—the heart of a lamb.

I have searched in vain for the name of the quaint inditer of the subsequent stanzas, and am persuaded that he either timidly hid himself, or was *lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity*. Though his name is concealed, his merit is very conspicuous in this composition, which though written in a strain of peculiar simplicity, has for its vital principle, pure and practical philosophy.

“ My mind to me a kingdom is,  
Such perfect joy therein I find,  
As far exceeds all earthly bliss,  
That God or nature hath assign’d:  
Though much I want, that most would have,  
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

“ Content to live, this is my stay;  
I seek no more than may suffice:  
I press to bear no haughty sway,  
Look, what I lack, MY MIND SUPPLIES.  
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,  
Content with what my mind doth bring.

“ I see how plenty surfeits oft,  
And hasty climbers soonest fall,  
I see that such as sit aloft,  
Mishap doth threaten most of all:  
These get with toil, and keep with fear,  
Such cares my mind could never bear.

“ No princely pomp, nor wealthy store,  
No force to win a victory,  
No wily wit to salve a sore,  
No shape to win a lover’s eye.  
To none of these I yield as thrall,  
For why? my mind despiseth all.

“ Some have too much, yet still they crave;  
I little have, yet seek for more,  
They are but poor, though much they have,  
And I am rich with little store:  
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give,  
They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.



"I laugh not at another's loss,  
I grudge not at another's gain;  
No worldly wave my mind can toss,  
I brook what is another's bane:  
I fear no foe, nor fawn no friend,  
I loathe not life, nor dread its end.

"My wealth is health—and perfect ease,  
My conscience clear, my chief defence:  
I never seek by bribes to please,  
Nor by desert to give offence;  
Thus do I live, thus will I die,  
Would all did so, as well as I.

"I take no joy in earthly bliss,  
I weigh not Cræsus' wealth a straw;  
For care, I care not what it is,  
I fear not Fortune's fatal law.  
My mind is such as may not move,  
For beauty bright, or force of love.

"I wish but what I have at will,  
I wander not, to seek for more;  
I like the plain, I climb no hill,  
In greatest storms, I sit on shore.  
And laugh at them who toil in vain,  
To get what must be lost again.

"I kiss not where I wish to kill,  
I feign not love where most I hate,  
I break no sleep to win my will,  
I wait not at the miser's gate.  
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich,  
I feel no want, nor have too much.

"The Court nor camp I like, nor loathe,  
Extremes are counted worst of all,  
The golden mean between them both,  
Doth surest sit, and fears no fall.  
This is my choice; for why? I find,  
No WEALTH IS LIKE A QUIET MIND."

Having thus far regaled my readers with the agreeable, though homely verses of a sort of Grub Street writer, I will now strive to make them merry with a very modern Anacreontic. The ensuing song is the sportive effusion of a juvenile bard, by the name of Thomas A. Geary, who adorned Ireland, his native country, with the splendour of premature genius, and, who, by a premature death, accelerated by the vengeance of Adversity, still causes the tears of Sensibility to flow. I know of no festive ode more exhilarating than this; and though the austerer moralist may doubt the soundness of our poet's philosophy, yet the gayety of the sentiment will excite a kindred emotion in the breast even of the sternest. Amid the pining sicknesses, the corrosive cares, and pensive sorrows of our mortal condition, the nepenthe of the Greeks, the poppy of Asia, the falernium of Horace, and the burgundy of France, *must*, sometimes, be *temperately* enjoyed, in happy alliance with our physical power, and our moral consolations.

## THE GLASSES SPARKLE ON THE BOARD.

THE glasses sparkle on the board,  
 The wine is ruby bright,  
 The reign of pleasure is restor'd,  
 Of ease and gay delight;  
 The day is gone, this night's our own,  
 Then let us feast the soul;  
 If any pain or care remain,  
 Let's drown it in the bowl.

This world they say's a world of wo,  
 But that I must deny,  
 Can sorrow from the goblet flow,  
 Or pain from Beauty's eye?  
 The wise are fools, with all their rules,  
 They would our joys control;  
 If life's a pain, I say again,  
 Let's drown it in the bowl.

That Time flies fast, the poets sing,  
 Then surely it is wise,  
 In ROSY WINE TO DIP HIS WINGS,  
 And seize him as he flies;  
 This night is ours, then strew with flowers,  
 The moments as they roll,  
 If any pain or care remain,  
 Why drown it in the bowl.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—AN IDEA IN THE NIGHT.

To night, when I started from the first dreams of the despotism of fancy, I remembered that a favourite friend had, at the noon-tide hour, impatiently demanded of me who is *Horace in London?* To this query I can make no satisfactory response, but the light of my fading lamp, which I have recently relumed, enables me to transcribe, for the delight of my readers, the following stanzas, which will provoke more curiosity to discover the name of that brilliant wight, whose pretensions are so commanding, and whose phrases are so fortunate. The wit of the second stanza, and the description in the fourth and fifth, of the convivial powers of the duke of Norfolk, one of the most jovial of Comus' crew; the classical antithesis, in the seventh stanza, and the Epicurean wish at the close of this festive ode, are all of the Horatian character.

HORACE IN LONDON—BOOK I. ODE XXXI.

TO APOLLO.

*Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem, &c.*

WHAT asks the bard, who first invades,  
 With votive verse, Apollo's shrine,  
 And lulls, with midnight serenades,  
 Thee, male Duenna of the Nine?

Not venison, darling of the Church,  
 Mutton will serve his turn as well,  
 Nor costly turtle, drest by *Birch*,  
 He spurns the fat, to ~~reward~~ the shell

Fearing to trust the dubious stocks,  
He ne'er invests his money there;  
And views with scorn the *London docks*,  
Perched on his *castle in the air*.

Ye sun-burnt peasantry of Gaul,  
Go prune your vines for *Norfolk's lord*,  
His jovial table welcomes all,  
And laughing Plenty crowns his board.

Favourite of Bacchus! see him lay  
His comrades senseless on the floor;  
And then march soberly away,  
With bottles three—aye, *sometimes four!*

My skill in wines is quickly said,  
I drink them but to make me merry;  
Claret and port alike are red,  
Champaign is white, and so is sherry.

When, *safe in port*, the sailor spurns  
The waves of the tumultuous sea;  
With higher joy my bosom burns,  
When humble *port is safe in me!*

Grant me, ye powers, a middle state,  
Remote from poverty and wealth,  
Above the poor, below the great,  
A body and a mind in health.

And when old Time upon this head,  
His snowy bounty shall impart,  
O! grant that he may never spread,  
Its freezing influence to my heart.

## IRONY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

*General rules of good breeding or Chesterfield burlesqued.*

Notwithstanding the popularity of Junius and Gibbon, on this side of the Atlantic, and although few of our polite readers are unacquainted with the style of Swift, yet it most unaccountably happens that the figure, called Irony, is almost always unintelligible to the natives. A paper elegantly written in this style is for the most part literally interpreted by the populace, who being, for the most part, exceedingly doltish and dull themselves, have a very blunt perception of the sparkles of Wit, the fire of Fancy, and the glories of Genius in other men. In fact the taste for wit and humour in America is extremely bad, and those agreeable qualities are, as Dr. Johnson would say, of very rare emergence in the wildernesses of this same western world. Whether it arises from the solemn stupidity of most of our institutions; whether it arises from our partiality to the savage life; whether it arises from the prevalence of fanaticism and the dominion of Avarice, Meanness and Folly, certain it is, that through long epochs of a sort of Egyptian gloom, we sit looking, dismally, in each other's faces, inquiring in vain for Thalia and her laughing crew. The voice of Comedy is nothing but a dronish hum. Lampoon and satire are articles nearly as scarce as Castilian honour, and Lord Falkland's patriotism; levity and irony are grossly misunderstood; the genius of Henry Fielding, of Dr. Arbuthnot, of Colman, and Sheridan, shrinks away from our conventicles and our crowds; and there actually seems to be, sometimes, what Dr. Goldsmith forcibly denominates a *general combination in favour of Stupidity*.\*

\* By whose fond care, in vain deary'd and curst,

\* Still dunce the second reigns like dunce the first."

If a man, with the principles of a cavalier, the simplicity of a child, and the wit of a man should chance to appear and emulate some of the great masters of song, his Muse is reviled, and his character calumniated; and the *vis vivida animi*, the ardour of the soul, and the enthusiasm of Fancy are pronounced to be the effects of intoxication! The madness of a wise man, says that charmer, Edmund Burke, *charming ever so wisely*; the madness of a wise man is better than the sobriety of fools; but for this species of insanity, not many grains of allowance are made by a people, who are themselves often distracted, and who, to adopt the admirable allusion of the orator, while they are groping in darkness, and writhing in

\* Pope, who had a sufficient contempt for the *owls* of his time, thus indignantly describes this sort of supremacy.

Dullness o'er all assumes her ancient right,  
Daughter of chaos and eternal Night,  
Fate, in their dotage, this fair idiot gave,  
Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave;  
Laborious, heavy, busy, bold and blind,  
She rules, in native anarchy the mind.

chains, imagine all the while, like other lunatics, that they are *sovereigns*, judges, and statesmen!

The ensuing sarcasms, the sportive sallies of a man of genius, whose talents resemble those of the younger Colman will please the *few*, and will be understood by the *cavaliers*, the only party we are anxious to please. But they will be sufficiently unintelligible to the great *vulgar* and the small, whose minds we have neither the power, nor the *inclination* to illuminate.

Let the writer be unequivocally understood to make a decided exception in favour of the writers of *Salmagundi* in New York, and the *Monthly Anthology* in Boston.—EDITOR.

Nothing has a finer effect, or shows good breeding and discernment in a more forcible manner, than when you have a stranger at table, to address your wife with, My dear, did you ever see such a likeness as that gentleman is to my cousin Simkins? If the stranger should be a young lady of amiable manners and delicate ideas, let your helpmate open the battery of comparisons; first by staring her out of countenance, and then exclaiming before the whole company, do you know, my dear, what I am thinking of? I never saw any person bear such a resemblance of one to the other, as that young lady does to Nancy Towers, my unfortunate chambermaid, who was guilty of a *fox paw* with our journeyman, Bill Thompson.

If you be fond of music and have occasion to use your handkerchief, more especially if you indulge in snuff, trumpet your nostrils as loud as possible to the overture of *Tekeli*, or the march in *Blue-Beard*.

Instruments for cracking nuts are ridiculous; always make use of your teeth, aiding the operation, by placing your hands gracefully to your cheeks, at the same time distorting your countenance during the exertion.

If you have a party you wish to be very friendly to, heap their plates with viands, pile upon pile, similar to the tower of Babel; and cram the victuals down the people's throats, like an oath administered in a hurry at the custom-house; don't mind their elegant observations of—Indeed, ma'am, I cant bear it, I shall be quite sick; or By *gods*, cousin Thompson, we cant stand any more; wife and I *be* stuffed up to our chins.

When you are drinking a glass of wine, roll your eyes about the room over the brim of the glass, like a felon brought up by *habeas corpus* to a judge's chamber.

Humming a new tune, drumming with your fingers or knuckles has a very lively effect, during the dessert. If you can contrive now and then to break a decanter or wine glass the more agreeable. To loll on *two* chairs, while you are using your tooth pick, has a very careless and elegant appearance.

Some people very foolishly observe, that when carved for, it is but civil to take whatever is offered. No such thing! Always make a difficulty, saying you like some part better; it gives additional trouble, and, of course, shows the carver to better advantage.

To give any thing from your own plate to another, to eat of, shows great good nature, and amiableness of disposition, particularly if on the point of a fork, with which you have been picking your teeth. N. B. a fork is an excellent substitute for a tooth-pick.

Men and their wives recently married, squeezing hands, patting cheeks, ogling, and making love to each other at table, shows a frank temper, and warm and generous constitutions.

If you have favourite dogs or cats, let them be at large at dinner time, and keep them in such a state of voraciousness that they may be ready to run away with all the victuals.

Be sure to place your elbows on the table, like a church warden in a parish vestry.

If there be servants in the room, keep up a conversation with them, as—Ah, Tom, how do you do? What, you have left Mrs. Thingumbob; aye, aye, leave you alone to find out a good thing; got a snug place here I warrant you. All this serves to show you are not proud, but free and easy in your behaviour, and that you understand the art of being genteel and agreeable.

If you have acquired a fortune by trade and retired to your country seat, be sure to recollect your former familiar phrases while presiding at the table, viz. Come; fall to my lads and lasses; two hands in a dish and one in a purse—take the will for the deed; but I hope there's enough. One man's meat is another man's poison. It is better to pay the butcher than the doctor. These sprightly sallies are exceedingly original, ingenious, brilliant and entertaining.

When you are summoned from the drawing room to the dining room, rush all together, like a mob at the pit door, to see Cooke or Kemble; there sit down promiscuously, no matter how, so that each gets opposite his favourite dish; this sometimes occasions inconvenience, but that signifies nothing, provided you gain your point.

Wiping your plate with a large piece of bread, so as to absorb the gravy is very genteel and elegant; also, to pour the gravy from the dish on your plate has a very accomplished air, as you may soon be convinced by dining with alderman Dunderhead.

Be extremely fastidious at dinner, to show the exquisiteness of your taste, now and then observing, particularly if such dishes be on the table:—I cant bear roast mutton: a turkey is very well, if it be tender; but I am sorry to say, not one in twenty proves so; and that before me, I'll be bound for it, will make my words good, &c.

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#### ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

##### HYMN.—GLORY TO GOD.

To thee, PROTECTIVE God I owe,  
All that I have, or hope or know,  
Each ray of mind that seems to shine  
Is but a clouded gleam from thine.

The lust'red heavens present thy zone,  
The peopled earth thy living throne,  
The globe, which nature holds of thee,  
Is bound by thy infinity.

Poor, and unblest'd, not mine the power  
To shield from want one frugal hour,  
Yet from thy rich regard I drew,  
The bread of peace, and promise too.



How vain the pride of man appears,  
 How weak the vigour of his years;  
 But thou one *vital spark* hast given  
 To light, and lead *his hope* to Heaven.

---

HYMN.—SORROW AND SUPPLICATION.

Though dark and deep offences flow,  
 Be the repentant grief sincere,  
 Pure as the falling fleece of snow,  
 Shall the accepted soul appear.  
 Thine is a pitying Parent's care  
 God of forgiveness heed our prayer.

If pierced by many an earthly wo,  
 The breaking heart its peace resign,  
 On Heaven that breaking heart bestow,  
 And be its healing mercies thine.  
 To thee our sorrowing thoughts we raise,  
 God of compassion hear our praise.

From the bright Heaven's transcendent throne,  
 Behold the Lord of life descend,  
 Making the sentenced earth his own,  
 The blessing of his love extend.  
 Saviour and God, from thee we claim  
 The christian's never dying flame.

The mind which rests its hope on high,  
 Though dark as night, as winter cold,  
 Adoring Heaven's protective eye,  
 Shall to its glorious light unfold.  
 The breath of worlds, the soul divine  
 Creative Deity are thine.

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HYMN.—PRAYER AND PRAISE TO GOD.

O thou, who ere the lapse of time  
 Wert glorious, with unfading prime.  
 ENDURING God! thy pity give  
 To me who but a moment live.

Thy strength the elements controls,  
And rests the axis of the poles,  
To me, in sinful suffering weak,  
The words of pardoning mercy speak.

THOU, LIGHT OF WORLDS! whose quenchless ray  
Blooms in the brilliant blush of day  
On me, in darkest error blind,  
Pervading pour the all-seeing mind.

PARENT OF LIFE! to thee we owe  
The nerves that thrill, the veins that glow;  
Me, who descend the oblivious grave,  
May thy absolving goodness save.

IMMORTAL BEING! God alone,  
All-giving Nature is thy own,  
To *thee* her wandered race restore,  
And bid her breathing world adore.

In the last hymn the author has, with a feeble attempt, imitated some portion of the sublime adoration of the American Indian, as—"O ETERNAL! have mercy upon me, because I am passing away—O *Infinite*, because I am but a speck—O most MIGHTY, because I am weak—O SOURCE OF LIFE, because I draw nigh to the grave—O OMNISCIENT, because I am in darkness—O ALL BOUNTEOUS, because I am poor—O ALL-SUFFICIENT, because I am nothing.

#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

##### ODE

On the present degraded state of Sweden. Inscribed to the Revd. Nicholas Collin, rector of the Swedish Church, Philadelphia.

Where has that martial spirit fled,  
The genius of a proud domain?  
Doth Sweden bow her helmed head,  
And basely wear the conqueror's chain?  
Once she had statesmen, O how bright  
In Fame's unsullied scroll they shine!  
She once had warriors, men of night,  
And monarchs of the imperial line.

To guard his much-lov'd country's weal  
From foreign or domestic foes,  
Then gleam'd the watchful hero's steel,  
And all the patriot's soul arose.  
Then princes nobly sought renown  
In suffering for the general good:—  
How awful is the regal crown  
When Valour gems it with his blood!

On Lutzen's plain, at break of day,  
Th' imperial Walstein form'd his line:  
The foe was nigh in dread array;  
And, Sweden, that brave band was thine.  
The trumpets sung, the cannon roar'd,  
The gallant chargers paw'd the ground—  
Led by Adolphus on they pour'd,  
And spread destruction all around.

O Lutzen! thou didst drink full deep  
The blood of many a soldier bold;  
And Sweden's children yet doth weep,  
When e'er the mournful tale is told.  
Gustavus fell!—the monarch shed  
His heart-stream on the fatal plain;  
But Glory smooth'd the hero's bed,  
And distant ages bless his reign.

Where has that patriot spirit fled  
That fir'd the Dalecarlian swain,  
When, from their cavern'd hills, he led  
His friends against th' insulting Dane?  
Is Charles's blood extinct? ah go  
Brave Swede! to Narva—she can say  
How felt the Russ the dreadful blow,  
How gain'd the royal boy the day.

What dire effect from discord springs,  
Unhappy Sweden now can tell;  
Gone is her race of noble kings,  
On whose great deeds she lov'd to dwell;

Her statesmen, sunk with servile fear,  
 Cringe at a vile usurper's throne;  
 Whilst patriots shed the secret tear,  
 And dare not make their sorrows known.

O grasp thy sword, thou hardy Swede!  
 Thy country needs thy slumbering might;  
 In her dear cause tis good to bleed—  
 Then dare th' intruder to the fight!  
 Unfurl thy banners, Swedish youth,  
 A groaning nation hopes in thee;  
 O tell the world this welcome truth—  
*Great Vasa's sons shall still be free!*

—  
 FOR THE PORT FOLIO:

If the following original lines are worthy of insertion in the Port Folio, they are  
 at your service. W.

TO MELANCHOLY.

Hail Melancholy! here—advance!  
 In sable robe array'd;  
 Enwrapt in ever-musing trance—  
 Obscurity and shade.  
 Thou scorn'st each glitt'ring, low delight,  
 To Folly's children dear,  
 And thrones and sceptres, in thy sight  
 But vanity appear.  
 Begone! thou cri'st—fashion, thou gay  
 And airy phantom, flee!  
 Fair, silken pleasure, hence—away!  
 Thou hast no charms for me!  
 For me, in vain, in trophied pride,  
 Triumphal arches bend:  
 With scorn I view gilt temples glare,  
 And palaces ascend.  
 I rather prize the lowly cot;  
 The thick, embower'd glade;

The peaceful, solitary grot,  
For *Contemplation* made.  
Where, by the world forsook, forgot,  
Thou heay'n-descended maid!  
Enlarge, inspire my every thought:  
Each virtuous impulse aid.  
Assist my sentiments to climb,  
My every wish, to rise,  
To thy celestial fount sublime!  
Beyond those vaulted skies;  
Oft will I haunt some sacred gloom  
By sober twilight gray;  
Or, watch around the silent tomb  
At solemn close of day:  
Oft at this season will I rove  
To grass-grown, mossy seat;  
Or, to some spreading, lonesome grove  
The *hermit's* calm retreat!  
Or, on some wide extended plain  
Entranced will I lie,  
And view the splendid, starry train  
That light the realms on high:  
What awful grandeur strikes the sight!  
What grace and order join,  
'Midst heaven's immeasurable height!  
To speak a *Power Divine*.  
Oft, will I wander to the rock  
Whose lofty summit braves  
The fierce tornado's thund'ring shock  
And ocean's mountain waves;  
When on the billowy, boist'rous tide  
The trembling moon-beams beat,  
Or gild the cliff's rough, rugged side,  
The *eagle's* rude retreat:  
And, often near the sandy shore  
Will I enraptur'd stray,  
To hear the distant surges' roar  
In murmurs die away.

Or shipwreck'd mariner to save  
Shall strive my dauntless soul,  
Oft beating back the furious waves  
Which roud me threat'ning roll.  
I, oft will range the desert plain  
In contemplative mood,  
And oft attend the house of pain,  
The minister of good:  
To sooth the wretch, embracing death  
His sole relief from wo;  
To cheer the sufferer's latest breath,  
And Friendship's balm bestow:  
Oft I unbar the felon's cell,  
And heave for him, the sigh;  
Where dark *Despair* and Anguish dwell,  
Is felt my sympathy:  
I love to ease the troubled breast  
That feels the wound of sin,  
And turn the mind, to seek the blest  
Great *Comforter* within;  
And while I thus my hours employ  
To light the gloomy mind,  
I catch a melancholy joy,  
A consolation find;  
To me more dear, congenial more  
Than those from wealth that flow;  
Ambition bright, nor fame, nor pow'r  
Can such pure bliss bestow.  
While, *Melancholy!* scenes like these  
Afford thee pure delight,  
Hope shall unbar the gates of peace  
And joy, and endless light.

W.

*Philadelphia, June 4, 1810.*

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## A MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION TO PERPETUATE THE REMEMBRANCE OF A DEPARTED FRIEND.

STRANGER! if thou canst shed a tear  
Over departed worth, draw nigh,  
Nor be ashamed to shed it here  
Where Honesty and Valour lie.

Beneath this sod his manes slumber,  
Whose memory claims a cordial praise,  
That tribute which in measured number,  
The bard, who knew his merit, pays.

Pause then, I pray, whoe'er thou art,  
Whose vagrant feet this pathway tread,  
And ponder on what, from the heart,  
Now gushes to embalm the dead!

*His* was a courteous spirit, free  
From churlishness of every kind,  
And they who knew him knew that he,  
Was plagu'd not with a bigot's mind.

The nicest sense of honour gaged  
His actions by its golden square;  
War with the feeble he ne'er waged,  
Nor played one game he thought unfair.

His strict fidelity and zeal  
Were known to all that saw him oft;  
His heart each slight repulse could feel,  
For it was gentle, warm, and soft.

All too that knew him will allow  
How strong he felt the moral tie,  
For, reader blush! he knew not how  
To fabricate or spread a lie.

Nor could he, like a hypocrite,  
Blast by surmise, with looks so clean!  
He, if he hinted he would bite,  
Would bite, though danger stood between.

Few were more diligent to stir,  
When any one the signal gave,  
His answer being always "Sir!"  
Or, "Madam speak; I am your slave."

No democrat, nor fed, nor quid,  
Nor partizan to stiff opinion,  
He leagued with none: and what he did  
Betrayed no lust for high dominion.

A water-drinker, mild and frisky,  
He poisoned not, like many a dunce,  
The streams of health with stinking whiskey,  
And drunk was never—never once.

**Reader! if Fame allure thee, pause,  
And screw thy virtues to this notch,  
Who knows but that the same applause  
May follow thee which follows WATCH?**

## THE RECLUSE.

**Seminary Range.**

**FOR THE PORT FOLIO.**

**MR. EDITOR,**

THE following is an extemporary effusion written at sea; it is the production of a youthful pen, and as such is submitted to your ordeal.

*Moonlight and calm at sea.*

When every breeze is hush'd to rest,  
And the soft zephyr of the dappled west  
    Its voice does lose;  
When Dian's silver light does sleep,  
O'er the smooth bosom of the deep,  
    How sweet to muse!



When ocean's swelling bosom bright,  
Seems studded o'er with golden light,  
Of many a star;  
And the wild sea fowls' harsh shrill strain  
Echoing along th' unruffled main  
Is heard afar;

Tis then each rising care does sleep  
With the soft stillness of the deep,  
In sympathetic power.  
Tis then each swelling pulse does thrill,  
And sweetest bliss the heart does fill,  
In such an hour.

The soul too fond is soothed to rest;  
By mild serenity possess'd,  
Nor thinks the storm is nigh;  
But soon the placid scene is o'er,  
And swelling ocean round does roar,  
Contesting with the sky.

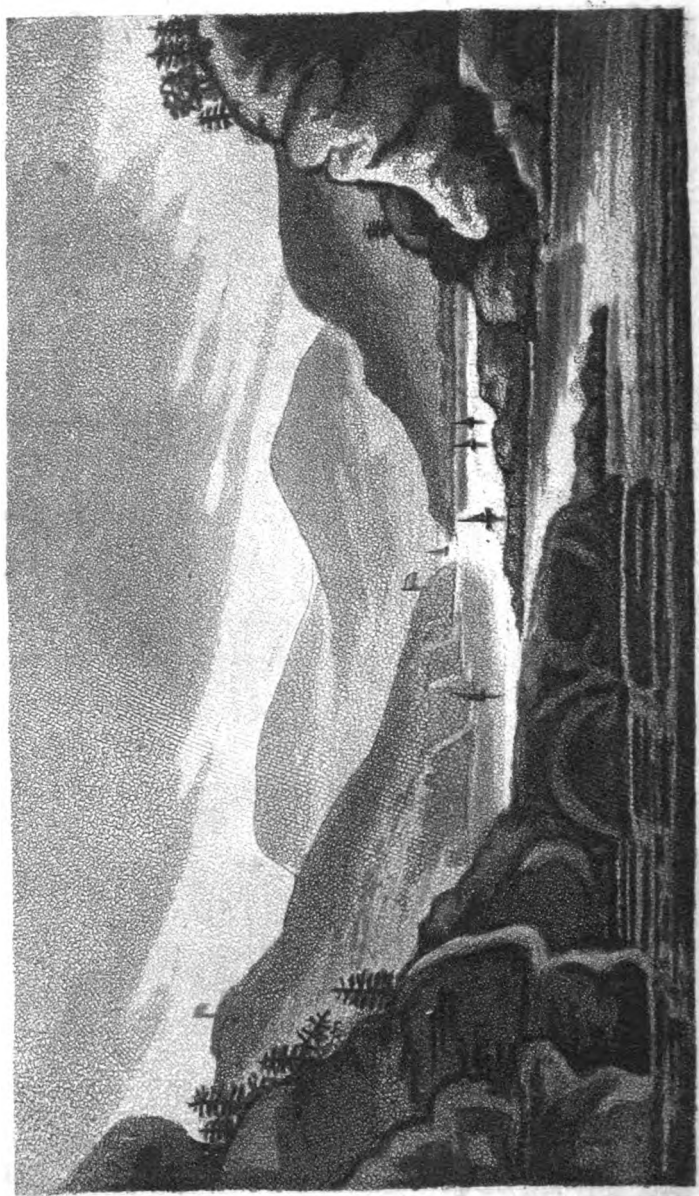
'Tis thus on life's deceitful tide,  
With placid course we seem to glide,  
All free from care;  
But soon the too delusive charm,  
Flies fast away with every calm,  
And prospect fair!

Then happy they, who list'ning hear,  
The voice that speaks the tempest near,  
And arms for every ill;  
The whirlwind blast is then disarmed,  
Of many a shaft that would have harm'd,  
And half the storm is still.

LORENZO.

*Atlantic ocean, June 20th, 1809.*





**FORT PUTNAM WEST POINT**

# THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY JOSEPH DENNIE, ESQ.

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Various; that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.

COWPER.

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No. 5.

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## CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

*Inchiquin, the Jewell's Letters, &c. continued from page 317.*

OF all the ingredients (and they are both numerous and varied) that enter into the composition of national character, there is, perhaps, none more interesting, or more extensively and importantly operative, none that can be turned to a higher account, than a well-regulated principle of national pride. This principle is so nearly allied to the love of country, that it might almost be regarded as another name for that virtuous attachment. No man can sincerely love his country, without being proud of his country—no man can sincerely love his fellow citizens, without being proud of his fellow citizens—no man can love the constitution, laws, and government under which he lives, without being proud of these national compacts. So necessarily does a sentiment of pride grow out of, and identify itself with, a sentiment of affection.

What is it but a principle of national pride?—what but a noble and high-minded emulation of the achievements of his ancestors and countrymen, that nerves the arm of the soldier, and renders his soul invincible in battle? what but this laudable and ennobling sentiment has so long and with such certainty covered the British navy with unfading laurels? The British officers and seamen, it is true, surpass all other people in their knowledge of the science and

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practice of naval tactics. But it is equally true, that, take from them that enthusiastic love, that confident and determined anticipation of victory, which arises from national pride, and their mere superiority in the knowledge of maritime war, would not alone have enabled them to achieve, and would not now enable them to retain, the sceptre of the ocean. For we venture to assert, that those who direct the thunders, and maintain the supremacy of the British navy, surpass the marine of other countries, in national pride, as far, perhaps much further, than they do in the manœuvring of their ships, or the management of their guns. Nor are observations such as these less applicable to the invincible legions of ancient Rome, and the all-subduing armies of modern France. To the numerous and brilliant victories of these two nations, a system of rigid discipline, skill in war, and familiarity with battle, contributed much. But essential as these aids are to military success, they could not of themselves, have ensured the achievement of such an extensive and unbroken series of conquests. A high-toned sentiment of national pride, puts in a rightful claim for no inconsiderable share in the glories of the triumph. The ancient Romans were proud of Rome—So are the modern French of France. And this very principle—this very sentiment of patrial pride, lifting them in *idea* above other nations, has contributed to place them there in *reality*.

But it is not alone on the man of the sword—the man to whom the battles of his country are entrusted, that national pride is thus powerfully operative. Its agency, confined to no class or description of society, is bounded only by the limits of the state. From the chief magistrate himself, whether he be styled emperor, king, sultan or president, down to the lowest of his subjects, vassals, or fellow citizens, it shoots its all pervasive influence. It gives dignity and force to the pen of the historian, renders the inspiration of the poet more divine, and touches with brighter fire the orator's resistless tongue. It electrifies the soul, fortifies the mind, and sublimates the patriotism of the husbandman at his plough, or the mechanic in his workshop, no less than of the minister in his cabinet, or the senator in his council chamber. It is a great, diffusive, sympathetic principle, which quickens, allies, and converts into an unit the whole mass of national population. It is thus that the

nation gains confidence in itself, becomes happy and exalted in peace, and formidable if not invincible in war.

But unless we are taught to regard our country, its inhabitants, and all that belongs to it, in a dignified and honourable point of view, the sentiment of national pride can never spring up, or springing up, must prematurely wither in our bosoms. As we cannot love deformity nor esteem those that are habitually depraved, so neither can we be proud of that which is ignoble and degraded. The individual who can believe, his country, no matter whether his belief be true or false, to be inferior to the surrounding countries of the globe, must immediately devalue himself of national pride, and with it must also resign a certain portion of personal dignity and self respect.

Could we, contrary to the testimony of nature herself, as conveyed to our mind through the medium of our senses, be induced to give credit to the representations of European philosophers, statesmen, and tourists, how could we, as Americans, be proud of our country? How could we even escape the lowest depth of mortification and self abasement? These writers, particularly the latter class of them, declare us to be, in all things, degraded below the level of the human standard—inferior in personal comeliness and strength, wanting in courage and manliness of spirit, deficient in the natural endowments of the mind, in morality, in education, in the virtues of the individual, in social qualities and in all the amiable charities of the heart. Nor is this all—Even of our country itself, they give pictures that are now humiliating and disgusting, now hideous and frightful. Our climate they declare to be constantly torn to pieces by fierce and militant extremes—at one time insufferably hot, again in quick succession tormentingly cold—now arid as Arabia itself, then inundated by torrents of rain—now marked by a sultry and suffocating calm, anon by the most wild and destructive conflict of the elements. In the dismal catalogue of our natural evils, pestilence is admitted to a distinguished place. Our forests are represented as infested by ravenous and ferocious beasts of prey, at mortal enmity with the life of man—the earth as haunted by hordes of serpents ready to infuse into him their deadly poison—and the atmosphere as abounding with myriads of loathsome and venomous insects,

whose stings, bites, and annoyance, swell discomfort even to torture. Add to these, a soil fertile in noxious and unsightly weeds, but niggardly in the production of all that is pleasing and profitable—rivers peopled only by water-serpents and frogs, crocodiles and alligators—here tracts of burning sand where no verdure springs to relieve the eye of the traveller, nor does a fountain break forth to extinguish his thirst—there interminable swamps and marshes, the abode of dangerous and offensive reptiles, and fruitful in nothing but the seeds of disease—Add these, and a few other features equally ignoble and rude, disgusting and terrific, and you have a faint outline of an European picture of nature in America.

And strange as it must seem, it is no less strange than true, that so familiar are we grown with these insulting and malicious fictions—these slanders on ourselves and on nature around us, as not only to tolerate them, but even to admit that they are partially true—that they are, at least, more applicable to the state and condition of things in America, than they are in any of the countries of Europe—We repeat, and we experience a blush of shame mingled with indignation, in making the repetition, that so familiar are Americans grown with the story of their own disgrace, as almost to sit down contented and fancy themselves disgraceful—They do not with that respect which is due to themselves—with that spirit and dignity which the occasion demands, resent and spurn from them—the taunts and jeers that are thrown on them from abroad. A state of things this, tending to the subversion of national pride, national spirit, and every thing that can give us weight and character as a people—tending to destroy our happiness and security at home, and render us an object for the scorn of foreign nations to point her “slow unmoving finger at.”

Under these circumstances it is high time for Americans to awake from their lethargy—It is time for our literary characters, in particular (of whom, as will hereafter appear, we have a phalanx, numerous and refined, brilliant and powerful) to put forth their might, and vindicate their own and their country's reputation—It is time for them to convince foreigners who want information, and such of their fellow citizens as are wavering in their opinions,

that we are not, as represented, a degraded and uncharacterized people—But that, on the other hand, we possess our full share of national spirit and capacity, cultivation and character; and that therefore we have the most ample and solid ground for cherishing sentiments of national pride. For the accomplishment of this, all party distinctions should be abolished, a confederacy should be formed embodying the collective talent of the nation, and every local consideration merged in a noble resolve to become a band of *Americans*, and do signal justice to their country and themselves.

It is to make trial of his prowess and skill, in this high-minded conflict—to break a lance in this patriotic fete of arms, that Inchiquin has stepped forth clothed in a seven-fold panoply of facts, with the blade of reason glittering in his hand, and courteously challenged his adversaries to the field. And truly such is the valiant “acquittance” of his arm as proves him a cavalier of mental and distinction. Wherever he turns a combatant meets inevitable discomfiture. Wherever he directs his course, steeds, knights, and armour, sullied plumes and broken spears, bestrew the campus in promiscuous confusion. But to drop the metaphor.

The leading object of Inchiquin, in the four letters that remain to be considered, is, to vindicate the character of the United States, in relation to genius and literature, eloquence and the arts, with various other points connected with our national standing, in which Europeans have charged us with the want of every thing like excellence, and have even pronounced us below mediocrity. In the course of his inquiry, he proves by unquestionable facts, and in a style of argument not to be resisted, that, in some of these particulars, we are at least equal, in others superior, to the nations of Europe; and that in all of them, we hold a rank peculiarly reputable, considering that we are, comparatively, but a people of yesterday. His defence of America, taken *en masse*, establishes this important truth, that *what we are* constitutes a broad and immoveable basis of national pride, while *what we may confidently expect to be* affords a similar foundation for national hope.

His fifth letter, being the first of those we are now about to examine, Inchiquin begins with a classical but just eulogium on the capitol in Washington. That superb edifice, at which European



pretenders to knowledge and taste in architecture, have affected to sneer, though nothing more than the temple of republicanism, he emphatically and correctly pronounces "not unworthy to be,

———Monumenta regum,  
Templaque Vestæ."

a regal palace or a temple of the gods. After a brief but technical and well expressed representation of the dimensions, style, finish and decorations of the representative hall, the senate chamber, and the hall of justice, he declares that "in no part of the world are nobler edifices, devoted to similar purposes." "Compared to that of the American Commons, says he, St. Stephen's Chapel is a contemptible chamber." Yet

"The main body of the capitol has not been begun, and all these halls are in the wings. The whole pile, when complete, will be enormous. The vestibules, stairways, and galleries of communication, are designed and executed with great magnificence; though at present they are disfigured by scaffolding and patchwork; and the three original orders of Grecian architecture are displayed in the three halls, with perfect chasteness and uniformity."

From this hasty survey of the capitol itself he passes on to a consideration of the purpose to which it is at present appropriated, viz. "public speaking in all its branches, parliamentary, forensic and of the pulpit."

On the state of American eloquence as actually displayed in Washington, his observations are brief and not very interesting. He appears to have attended there, but how often, with what temper of mind, degree of improvement, or portion of delight, he does not inform us, the sermonizing of a "celebrated preacher from New-York." We are informed that he has also played the part of a loiterer in the hall of justice, where on one occasion, he was constrained to listen with "all the torments of restlessness, and a jaded attention" to "the peroration of a well-powdered, ruby-faced forensic spokesman, who was then *in the third day of his speech*"—A compliment this, at least, to the strength, or what a votary of the turf would perhaps call, the *bottom*, of the orator's lungs; though we cannot say that any great homage is paid to the correctness of his head, when it is declared of him,

that so "entirely *extra flammantia mania mundi*" were his digressions, "that it was impossible to keep both him and his subject in view."

In a spirit of great candour, however, and we believe of undoubted veracity, Inchiquin acknowledges that "to adopt either the congress or the forum at Washington, as types of the national oratory, would be doing injustice to the country; for there are, he observes, at the bar, and in the provincial assemblies of many of the states, men certainly superior to any whose exhibition is confined to the capitol." On the subject of American oratory, in general, he alleges that, "to a certain degree, an ability for good public speaking is very common in the United States, where natural fluency, and characteristic fire," cultivated by occasions of frequent public debating, exist on a broader scale, and in a higher degree, than in any other country.

In the following paragraph our author sketches a brief, but we believe a correct, picture of the comparative state of eloquence in Great Britain, France, and the United States. "In most countries of modern Europe, says he, such is the form of government, as to afford few, if any, opportunities for senatorial or popular eloquence; which is hardly known, except in Great-Britain and the United States. The palm of pulpit and academic eloquence, is decidedly due to France: Bourdaloue, Flechier, and Massillon, (*why did he forget Bossuet, who is superior to either?*) have no competitors; and the gratuitous harangues of Thomas are elaborated to a degree of elegance and fascination unequalled in their kind. To the English, would be as decidedly due the pre-eminence in forensic and parliamentary speaking, were it not for the Americans, who are *their rivals* in the latter, and *greatly their superiors* in the former species.

"The English, continues our author, are excellent reasoners, chaste writers, and classical scholars, but seldom fine speakers. A natural talent for extemporaneous elocution does not seem to prevail among them, as it does among the Americans." In both houses of the British parliament, he admits that there are at present, "several men of respectable talents for public speaking. *But there is no orator.* There is no individual with

the acknowledged pre-eminence of Demosthenes and Cicero, among the ancients; or Chatham and Burke, or even Pitt and Fox among themselves; no one with the rank as a mere public speaker, considered apart from his merits as a statesman, which Ames once held, or which Mr. Randolph now occupies in America." Thus far we perfectly concur in sentiment with our author. But we must be rendered insensible to the effulgence of eloquence with which *Erskine* has so often dazzled and confounded the British forum, before we can admit, that "The orators of England will probably very soon be reduced, unless new ones arise, to Chatham and Burke, and perhaps Sheridan."

Taking leave of England in a manner rather hasty and abrupt, at least very uncereimonious, Inchiquin pays his respects and duties to his *magna parens*, the "green mantled Erin" in a pithy and fervid compliment, which we lay before the reader because we think it beautiful and touching, characteristic and just.

"Does love of the land of my forefathers deceive me when I think that Ireland, manacled and chained as she is, has produced some of the finest orators of the age. It was in Ireland Burke and Sheridan lisped the first of those numbers, that were afterwards modulated on the greater but less harmonious sphere of England. It is in Ireland that Curran and Grattan shine. It is there that a constitutional mercurialism and frankness, beating against the shackles of domination, have struck out some of the finest flashes of an eloquence, sublime and pathetic, spontaneous, perhaps irregular, but exuberant, gorgeous, intense and irresistible."

In the same spirit of justice and truth, he proceeds to remark, that though the Americans have never, perhaps, exhibited a Chatham or a Burke—though their most distinguished speakers may want the finish of oratory; yet that the nation at large is characterized by a greater aptitude for public speaking, more generally diffused, and more frequently displayed in flights of bold, nervous, and beautiful eloquence, than any other that now exists—And, ancient Greece perhaps excepted, we are persuaded he might have added, that ever did exist. Though Rome had her Hortensius, her Cæsar, her Cato, her Cicero, and others; yet the nation at large was not particularly distinguished by a talent for public speaking.

Inchiquin closes this letter with the following admirable picture of the mental requisites of an orator—a picture which for beauty, force, and correctness, has seldom been equalled, perhaps never surpassed.

“A fertile and solid memory; not that which retains words, but in which ideas are classed, as it were, in a great repository, waiting the orders of the judgment; a rapid conception, which unites, while it conceives ideas; an intrepid and hardy logic, which seizes analogies, without the process of comparison or deduction; a courage irritated rather than abated by interruptions and difficulties; a happy facility to feel, and yet to restrain the feelings, for passion, which sometimes obscures the intelligence, always fertilizes, when it does not disorder; and a mind enlarged by study, fortified by meditation, habituated by writing to the concentration of thought, and rectitude of expression.”

Though we readily admit, that, even in the United States, where the spirit of party is more obdurate and unrelenting—more leaden-eared and flinty-hearted than it is or ever was in any other nation, all these qualities centered in an individual would be able to do much, yet we can by no means agree with our author, that they alone would be sufficient to place the “destinies of the country at his disposal.”

Considered in its kind, Inchiquin's sixth letter is a production of uncommon merit. Apart from its object, which is not quite so important, (though far from being unimportant even in a national point of view) it is the most interesting paper of the whole collection. It relates exclusively to the chief magistracy of the union—we should rather say to the personages who have held it, with a few collateral circumstances closely connected with that august station. It exhibits sketches of the characters and administrations (more particularly the former) of the three first presidents, Washington, Adams and Jefferson. Its manner is spirited, and its style throughout graphic and sententious, pure and classical. For nervous, correct and clear delineation of character, it might vie with the style of Sallust himself. The figures and features it represents are in general peculiarly distinct, and the relief bold and striking to the eye. In relation to the character it gives of Mr. Jefferson, we are conscious that a

diversity of opinion will prevail. And this diversity will correspond to the diversity of political sentiment in our country. Federalists will contend that the character is too favourable—that our author has thrown into it too many lights and too few shades; that he has made the former too brilliant, and the latter too feeble. They *will* say and *have* said, that he must be a democrat, and that his pen is made the minister of his political principles. But the democrats, with a positiveness equally inflexible, and a zeal even more impassioned, will promptly espouse the other side of the question. They will declare that all the shades thrown into Mr. Jefferson's character, are unmerited—that they should be entirely erased, and the picture appear like the original, spotless in virtue and patriotism, consummate in sagacity and wisdom. As is very generally the case, under such circumstances, *Ibi tutissimus medio*, might perhaps be applied to the present controversy—for truth may lie midway between the two extremes. In forming a decision, however, on a point so delicate, a point, in the discussion of which Reason is so apt to be shaken from her seat by feeling or passion, it becomes us to recollect, that In-chiquin does not come forth clothed in the habiliments of party, professedly to defend the tenets, or fight the battles of either sect into which our country is politically divided. If not himself an American,\* he is at least a generous champion of America as a nation, in opposition to foreign prejudices and aspersions. His object is to defend the new world against the licentious calumnies of the old, not to engage in a party conflict—not to avenge himself on an adversary he hates. He speaks, therefore, of Mr. Jefferson's character, as an enlightened American, free from all political bias, might be supposed to do, when defending his country and countrymen against gross and unmerited defamation and obloquy. He speaks as such a character would be likely to do in a foreign country, on hearing Mr. Jefferson underrated and defamed, for no other reason but because he first drew breath west of the Atlantic. And considering the

\* This critique was written before Mr. Ingersoll had avowed himself the author of In-chiquin's Letters, and has not since been revised or altered.

subject in this point of view, we are by no means convinced that he has exceeded the bounds of justice and truth. Though conscientiously attached to federal principles, and irreconcilably opposed to the measures of the late and present administrations, we would, notwithstanding, feel ourselves justified in accompanying Inchiquin perhaps to the full extent of his encomiums, were we defending Mr. Jefferson's talents and character as an American. We believe, and always have believed the character of that distinguished personage, to consist of a strange antithetical compound of militant ingredients. Some good and some bad—some exalted and some groveling—some beautiful and some deformed—some on a scale unusually expanded, and others contracted to Lilliputian dimensions. We believe he possesses great virtues blended with not a few faults—perhaps we might call them vices—wisdom and firmness, with weakness and indiscretion—great apparent candour dashed with real insincerity; lofty talents with cunning and intrigue—towering ambition with undignified desires—patrician pride with plebeian lowliness—benevolence of heart with vindictiveness of temper—imposing munificence with unbecoming meanness—wildness of theory with steadiness of practice—system with irregularity—eccentricity with perseverance—suppleness with inflexibility—some elegance mingled with a studied plainness of manners, and principles of sound patriotism entwined with inordinate foreign partialities. His knowledge of books is surpassed only by his knowledge of men. With much affected simplicity of character, he is an adept in the science of the human heart. Though attached in appearance to a free commutation of thought, he is notwithstanding worthy of the first honours in the art of concealing his own sentiments, while he skilfully draws forth the sentiments of others. In consequence of the combined influence of these and other qualities, we regard Mr. Jefferson as a great and truly original character—as a perfect paragon and master-piece in his kind, calculated to move in an elevated sphere, and to sustain a distinguished part in the transaction of human affairs. We believe with Inchiquin that he is one of the most consummate political leaders that ancient or modern times have produced. As

an evidence of the truth of this, he acquired and maintained, (perhaps still maintains) by mere address and management, that despotic ascendancy over his followers for which others have been indebted exclusively to the terrors of the sword. Even Washington himself, with all his transcendent weight of character, could never, had he attempted it, have become such an absolute dictator in politics as Mr. Jefferson.

On the subject of Inchiquin's eulogy on Washington, we shall say but little. Yet we delight to dwell on and repeat that father of his country's name. It is without affectation we declare, that to us there is something in the sound beyond the fascination of music itself. The character of that wonderful man, equally above the reach of detraction and praise, is literally *novum monumentum in terris*, a new and unheard of monument on earth. With the beams of glory playing around it, its basis is an empire, its top is in the heavens. It throws its effulgence on the remotest nations, and is a beacon-light for the direction of virtuous ambition. In contemplating an object so stupendous and dazzling, Panegyric becomes dumb, Imagination abandons her search after imagery, and Fancy throws aside her colours in despair. The pen and the pencil were formed for common purposes—for the portraying and decoration of common subjects. But the character of Washington passing the widest boundaries of nature, swells to a prodigy and is all but miraculous. With perfect truth is it said of him that "though he relinquished the first place, the first name in America continued, and ever will be Washington." He was in reality one of those "prodigious men, who appear at intervals, with the character of greatness and domination. An unknown, supernatural cause sends them forth, when required, to found, or repair the ruins of empires. In vain do such men keep aloof, or mix with the crowd; the hand of fortune raises them suddenly, and they are borne from obstacle over obstacle, from triumph through triumph, to the summit of authority. Inspiration animates their thoughts; an irresistible movement is given to their enterprises. The multitude looks for them in itself, but finds them not; and lifting up its eyes, they are beheld in a sphere resplendent with light and

glory. No monarch on his throne was ever so great as Washington in his retirement."

We shall dismiss Inchiquin's eulogy on the American patriot, by informing that elegant writer, should these remarks ever fall into his hands, that we have perused with great satisfaction *Eloge funèbre de Washington, par Fontanes*. And we extract from that performance the following eloquent and beautiful passage: "*Au milieu de tous les disorders des camps, et de tous les excès inséparables de la guerre civile, l'humanité se réfugia sous sa tente, et n'en fut jamais repoussée. Dans les triomphes et dans l'adversité il (Washington) fut toujours tranquille comme la sagesse, et simple comme la vertu.*" Inchiquin can decypher this extract himself, and will clearly comprehend our meaning in admitting it to a place in our review of his letters—*Verbum sapienti*.

Though unwilling to mar the beauties of this letter, by too frequently introducing disjointed extracts from it, we cannot withstand the temptation of laying before our readers the following correct, elegant, and well supported contrast between the characters, administrations, and fortunes of presidents Adams and Jefferson, "once political rivals, now political shades."

"Mr. Jefferson's character and administration each present a larger field than those of Mr. Adams. They were more original and better sustained. Mr. Jefferson's nature was enthusiastic, but equable; Mr. Adams's dryer, but subject to gusts of temper. The one was visionary, but never capricious; the other resolute, but unstable. The deportment Mr. Adams affected was difficult and invidious; Mr. Jefferson's familiar and popular. But the former was becoming, though it failed; and the latter too often contemptible, though it succeeded. When the Spanish ambassadors found the Dutch deputies squatting on the ground, eating herrings with their fingers, one of their first impressions must have been disgust at the unseemliness of this republican festival; and the sentiment of every mind favourable to republicanism, at reading the account of this occurrence, which historians have taken care to set forth in all its particulars, must be a sentiment of contempt for so paltry an affectation of republican simplicity.

"Jefferson's life was one continued course of experimental republicanism, conceived and executed on so large a scale, that it must benefit or injure extensively. Whereas Adams did little or no injury to his country, though he



lost himself and dismembered his party. His was a stormy course, now dazzling, now overcast, shortlived, and setting in discomfiture and obscurity. After an eccentric, but, successful career, Jefferson retired powerful, if not serene; and though partially shorn of his beams, yet leaving the national horizon, even after his departure, marked with the radiance of his influence. His defects are concealed in the glare of his success. Mr. Adams's virtues obscured in the gloom of his fall."

The subjoined sketch of the character of col. Burr, we also regard as a model in its kind. "Burr, says our author, was a man of unquestioned abilities, but unbounded ambition. Brave, munificent, insinuating, and artful; fond of pleasure, but fonder of glory; accessible, affable and eloquent; like Rienzi and some other demagogues, studious and laborious; calm in success, undismayed at reverses; poor, in debt, subtle, popular and intriguing." And again, "His country lost in him (*Burr*) a citizen of masculine and aspiring spirit, of infinite address and excellent acquirements, who, had he succeeded (*in his schemes of ambition*) might have been the American Cæsar; but, as he failed, is hardly entitled to the infamous celebrity of Catiline." This is drawing a likeness in living encaustic—in "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

We regret that Inchiquin should have contented himself with such a "*bird's-eye view*" of the character of general Hamilton—That he should have scarcely written the name of him whose praise should pierce the skies. Of that distinguished statesman, he gives us nothing but the following brief memento. The general, says he, was "a man of splendid and versatile talents, of a romantic temper, and noble sense of honour, but imprudent." This is indeed the truth, but not the whole truth—It is not *decima decimarum*, the tenth part of the tithe of tribute due to the memory of that illustrious man.

Next to Washington himself no man of the age was more worthy, nor was any better calculated, to add richness and splendour to the biographic page. The mind of Hamilton was formed by Nature in one of her happiest, brightest, and most energetic moments. It was cast in a mould sacred to greatness and consecrated to glory. His soul was quickened by an un-

sual portion of Heaven's purest and most vivid fires. His bosom was the shrine of unsullied virtue and high-minded honour, into which nothing low or unworthy, profane or vicious, was ever suffered to intrude.

For fervour of mind, persevering industry, extent, elevation, and versatility of talents, it is doubtful if any country or age has produced his equal. Assuredly his superior in these respects is no where to be found. Here and there, indeed, thinly scattered through time and space, individuals have perhaps appeared no less distinguished for particular endowments, no less conspicuous in certain given spheres of action. One has shone with equal splendour in the field, another in the cabinet—This in the senate, that in the forum—One in genius, another in learning—This in the force and elegance of his pen, that in the irresistible powers of his eloquence. But Hamilton, towering above individual endowments, and alike pre-eminent in all, united in himself attributes of greatness natural and acquired, sufficient to confer distinction on many. This is not panegyric, in the usual acceptation of the term—it is not exaggerated praise; it is humble truth. A military leader equal to Hamilton, might become at once the glory and terror of his age—A financier of equal integrity and powers would be the boast of his country, and his great example might be a blessing to the world. A legislator so virtuous and profound would be entitled to the highest honours of the state. So eloquent an advocate, so able a defender of the rights of his fellow citizens, would rise to fame, attract admiration, and be crowned with the choicest benedictions of thousands. A patriot so pure in heart, so inflexible in soul, so indefatigably vigilant for the welfare of his country, would have been rewarded, in the best days of Rome, with a civic wreath. A writer so able and accomplished would receive the homage of his cotemporaries and the gratitude of posterity, while an orator so argumentative and forcible—so persuasive and fascinating—so inexhaustible in matter, so overwhelming in manner, might mould the minds of the multitude to his purposes, and rise to the summit of popular renown. How vast, then, how inconceivably pre-eminent must have been the character of him, in whom so

many features of greatness were united!—How dazzlingly bright must have been his effulgence, in whom so many beams of radiance concentrated! If the poet has been applauded for applying the terms *ipse agmen, a host in himself*, to his favourite Achilles, whose chief excellencies were swiftness of foot, strength of person, a daring courage, and pre-eminent dexterity in the use of the javelin and sword, how much more applicable is the phrase to the illustrious Hamilton, who possessed such a constellation of superior endowments!

Had the western hemisphere never given birth to an individual of eminence, except Washington, Hamilton, Adams, Jefferson and Burr, these five personages would be alone sufficient to rescue it from the charge of having effected a degradation in the character of man. But we could add the names of hundreds of other distinguished Americans, whose virtues, talents and public services, turn into ridicule and trample into scorn the narrow minded aspersion. For let it be clearly understood, that though the vices of Burr, the faults of Jefferson, and the weaknesses and tergiversations of Adams, unquestionably detract from the pyramids of their renown, they still leave them monuments of individual greatness—*montes altitudine, perenniora ære*, lofty as mountains and more durable than brass.

As the two remaining letters of Inchiquin relate to matters in which our national reputation is vitally concerned, we shall reserve our analysis of them for a future number. For that number shall we also reserve our notices of certain points in which we consider the work not altogether free from faults.

C.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—THE SALAD, NO. V.

BY CHRISTOPHER CROTCHET.

— Nil cupientium  
 Nudus castra peto; et transfuga divitum  
 Partes linquere gestio.                      HOR. lib. 3. ode 16.

Far from the quarters of the great,  
 Happy, though naked, I retreat,  
 And to the unwishing few, with joy,  
 A blest and bold deserter, fly.                      FRANCIS.

My friend, Lyttleton Honeysuckle, has lately removed out of town, to prove the blessings of retirement. We have resolved, however, to maintain a regular epistolary correspondence, on fashionable topics, and as his leisure effusions may be of some service, particularly to my fair readers, I shall consult their benefit, without regarding the suggestions of fastidious casuistry.

TO CHRISTOPHER CROTCHET, ESQUIRE.

Agreeably to the determination, I communicated to you, over the last dish of coffee and toast we enjoyed together, I have fixed myself at the little villa, where I intend to lay my bones. An old bachelor, who exists *ex tempore*, and owes no obligation to futurity, save such as concerns his conscience, should surely be contented in any place, and trust me, dear Christopher, I have not come hither, through spleen or disappointment. My ancestors all spent the evening of their days, amid those very groves, which now surround me; and as I meet in my rambles a venerable oak, that has survived the rude tempests of ages, under whose shade, peradventure, those honest patriarchs may have refreshed their spirits, from the fervour of midsummer, I hail it as a friend, who recounts with rapture, scenes long passed away, and brings tidings of a life of innocence and ease.

Having shuffled off two score years among the polite frivolities of the town, it is this kind of life, to which I shall dedicate myself hereafter. But do not imagine, that I intend to divorce

cheerfulness, and assume the austerity of an ascetic. Heaven forbid! Laughter is one of our particular characteristics, and I proudly appreciate myself, for belonging to the sect of laughing philosophers. The world is a farce, and he, who plays his part most merrily, should bear the palm of wisdom.

My chateau has been standing more than one century and a half; yet time does not appear so much in her ravages, as in its antique style and ornaments. It is constructed of brick, certainly the first manufactured in America according to approved tradition. The windows are high, small, and arched after the Saracenic model. Its walls are hung with tapestry, which records the whole biography of the most famous demigods; whilst the parlour ceiling gives in high relief, the melting tale of Niobe and her children, or a full chronological series of family portraits, hangs around in sullen fresco. Over the dining-room fire-place, between two ancient salmon-coloured Chinese mandarins, rests the Dutch pipe of my grandfather. He was an humourist; and had this very pipe, with three tobacco leaves, engraved upon his tomb, as an emblem of the greatest blessing beneath the stars. Does not this look like a reflection upon my grandmother?

A pleasant streamlet which meanders over beds of pebble, and presents the most picturesque scenery, forms the eastern boundary of my grounds. On a neighbouring rock of granite, there appears something like an inscription, that has puzzled the whole band of cognoscenti and dilettanti throughout the land. A certain worthy sage with a monastic cap upon his head, who had travelled to the pillars of Hercules, and inspected every rarity between Dan and Beersheba, declared it was an Hebrew sentence, and demonstrated beyond doubt, that part of the flock of Abraham had visited our continent long before Colon or even prince Madoc. My uncle *Trismegistus*, who bequeathed to posterity, five books on the tails of tadpoles, three on the wings of grasshoppers, two on a Roman sixpence, found at the bottom of the Tyber, and twelve on the pyramids and obelisks of Egypt, maintained the aforesaid inscription to be Greek, and unless he was mistaken, it would seem, the very hand writing of Pencil

himself. But a hoary-headed sachem among the Indians resolved the mystery by informing us, that his tribe had always sharpened their arrows on this identical rock, and occasioned those ambiguous characters in the operation.

Within the neighbourhood of my chateau, our fair country-women are peculiarly remarkable for every grace of beauty and endowment of the understanding. The precepts of education fall on their minds, like dews distilling upon the mulberry of Calabria and producing the most delicious manna. Indeed it fills my old heart with ecstasy, when I mingle among those interesting females. Here, you never behold the ociliad of coquetry or the simper of affectation, the wrinkle of ridicule or the forehead of pride, the floating attire of wealth or the rags of slothful poverty. Envy is excluded by general competence; and the arts of imported politeness appear unknown. What a contrast to the manners of the city! There, Fashion and Folly hold divided sway, glittering in the pomp of gewgaws, and charming with the melody of French airs and Italian madrigals. All kneel before the toilette, and Sylphs are the saints of their worship.

Amurath, califf of Bagdat, was distinguished throughout the east, on account of his splendour and magnificence. His robes exhibited the most gorgeous tissue of gold and silver; his turban contained in front, a crescent, where the topaz and amethyst the sapphire and ruby lent their rays to dazzle every eye. During his visits to the mosque, an old bonze frequently crossed his course, and gazed with fixed enthusiasm. At length falling prostrate before the califf, he fervently expressed his gratitude, for being afforded gratuitously such a spectacle of grandeur. Agreeably to this estimate, how liberal are your belles publicly emulating peacocks and butterflies, and wearing in jewels, a thousand beeves upon their bodies, when the gallery of the mountebank commands its price, and every raree show-box gains its shilling for a peep.

Not many evenings ago, I met at a rustic wedding, some of my old acquaintances from town. Among the rest, that pink of gallantry and paragon of taste Belinda Blossom. Miss Lucretia Lovelace had likewise received a card. She however lamented

that the recent death of her nephew compelled her absence. Oh! how impolite, how outrageously undutiful to dress up in mourning weeds, a damsel, that would have shone in the splendid pieballed trappings of the ton. How little resembling the magnanimity of *Democritus*! When the philosopher of Abdera was labouring under his last affliction, he overheard his landlady sorely grieve, that she should be prevented from partaking of a rich banquet with her neighbours, as there would be a corpse in her custody. Wherefore, although his extremities foretold that fate was nigh, he took a loaf of bread, newly baked, and pouring Falernian wine into it, lived upon its odour, until the feast was finished; when he willingly resigned a spirit, always reluctant to mar the mirth of his companions.

Miss Belinda Blossom is eminently conspicuous in balls, squeezes, routs, or simple tea-parties, and always presides as queen at every Twelfth-night entertainment. It is said, she charitably supports half a dozen French milliners, out of her own *ridicule*, and manages a correspondence with each important city of Europe, that she may receive the earliest advices of any change or revolution in the costume of its courts. Accordingly, she is the first to display the model of an imperial slip or birth-day curricule. Her wardrobe cost more than the famed Bodlean library; and, in truth, might be converted into the cabinet of a virtuoso. Among other precious commodities, she exults in the possession of a brooch of Anne Bulleyn, the pearls and owches of lady Dorset, and the nose-rings, ear-bobs and feathers of the princess Pocahontas; being paraphernalia, that have descended through three generations of the Blossom family. Every element and clime have afforded their tribute of decoration.

Upon the present occasion, she wore a flaming red velvet, thickly bespangled, and being pretty nearly of the same admeasurement, both as to her polar and equatorial diameters, looked for all the world, like my grandmother's big *levee* pin-cushion. This accomplished belle, notwithstanding she has cleared out seven winters successively; on a voyage to Newyork and a market, still remains among the catalogue of maidens. An eminent lord high chancellor of England, during the reign

of Harry the Eighth, was offered by his friend, the choice of three daughters in matrimony. The youngest was his favourite; but to prevent any mortification, which might arise from slighting the claims of seniority, he obligingly bestowed his hand on the first-born. This punctilio of parlour chivalry, being obsolete among the courtiers of modern days, Miss Blossom, although the eldest of five sisters, has been postponed to all of them. Her failures she attributes entirely to the pitiable rotundity of her figure; and loudly exclaims against her mamma and papa, declaring that two such chunky, budgetty, turnip-shaped, squash-formed animals as they, should never have thought the tythe part of a moment, on marriage. What a pity, dear Christopher, that your good old theorising progenitor cannot raise up his head from the grave, to explain to her one of his favourite projects!\*

Miss Belinda, however, suffers the neglect of our sex, with the fortitude and philosophy of Patient Grizzle; and to show the

\* NOTE BY MYSELF.

Friend Lyttleton here alludes to a curious project of my grandfather *Cad-walkader*, for imparting every endowment of perfect beauty *mathematically*, without any reference, however, to the harmonic triangle of Pythagoras. The hint was perhaps originally derived from lord Verulam's *Sylva Sylvarum* or *Natural Philosophy* (Cent. 1. 28.) and is withal so curiously extended, that I may in some future paper, descant upon it. At present, let the following extract suffice.—Parents, it is true, are highly responsible for the form and features of their children. But there is no necessity of taking the pains to match man and wife, that Frederic of Prussia used to get a corps of grenadiers. Hymen may throw size ace, or two aces together, and yet the hit be good. The Chinese manufacture the sweet little feet of their females, in iron slippers—Bears *lick* their cubs, into the most marvellous symmetry—The ancients framed the *macrocephali*, or lank and lean-headed logicians, by manual pressure—Apples may be made to assume the configuration of pears; or pears, that of apples—Our faces and limbs are just as plastic—By due art and cultivation, daughters may prove as fair as Lais or Aspasia; and sons graceful as Apollo or Alcibiades. After the same management, I can bestow on ambitious personages, the stutter of Demosthenes, the wart of Tully, the crooked neck of Alexander, the bandy legs of Marius, the altitude of John of Gaunt, the belly of Cardinal Wolsey, or the hump-back of Richard.—Crochet's miscellanies, in manuscript, No. XLV.



sweetness of her temper, during her matin devotions at the mirror, *coaxes* a smile upon her lip, which lasts until dinner-time. She is distinguished throughout her neighbourhood, for the salt of her sayings, and the smartness of her repartees, yet as honest Tom Brown would pronounce, *her humour is like the spirit in a blind horse, only serving to risk his shins.*

Nam quæ docta nimis cupit, et facunda videri,  
Crure tenuis medio tunicas, succingere debet,  
Cedere Sylvano porcum, quadrante lavarîs. Juv. 6 sat.

Even wit's a burthen when it talks too long;  
But she, that hath no continence of tongue,  
Should walk in breeches, and should wear a beard  
And mix among the philosophic herd. DRYDEN.

An elegant French writer observes, that *spiders* might wear Italian gauze, or lustrings, or changeable silks, if they could associate in friendship together, instead of spinning out their cobwebs. So Miss Belinda Blossom, *that pink of gallantry and paragon of taste*, would be a seraph, an angel of the seventh Heaven, if she were not guilty of certain monstrous faults and unseemly foibles.

With regard to our country married ladies, they sufficiently answer every qualification. *Who can find a virtuous woman, for her price is above rubies? She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor, yea, she reacheth forth her hand to the needy. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. Her children arise up and call her blessed: her husband also, and he praiseth her.* Situated in the centre of conjugal bliss, a sigh will oft prevail, when I reflect, that I am a lonely being, without an object to engage my affections, and make cheerful by her smiles, the dark winter of age. Hope once spread before my eyes, a harvest of joys, whose fruition would prove a foretaste of Elysium, yet the wanton gossip soon laughed to scorn my easy credulity, and fulfilled her promise to a rival.

Moralists, who would direct our steps in the pursuit of happiness, and virtuous men, who proved by experiment, many modes of human life, have regarded retirement, as fraught with peculiar felicities. Seneca inculcated this doctrine, and eloquently petitioned his imperial pupil, that he might practise it. Marcus Agrippa, the illustrious leader of the armies of Augustus, relinquished without a sigh, all his honourable preferment, for the solitude of Lesbos. Every contemplative mind turns with rapture, from the pomp and refinement, that prevail in cities, to the simplicity of rustic manners. Here, Nature seldom appears otherwise, than in her primitive loveliness; and although Tiberius, may have extended the example of his licentious court amid the rocks of Capræa, yet there seemed a guardian genius, ever watchful to save the sylvan shades from any lasting pollution.

Luxury is more baneful than pestilence or the sword, and always selects for its ravages, that scene, where they may prove most extensive. Its victims are not entangled in any thicket where age may have wandered alone for recreation, or youth through pastime. They themselves voluntarily prepare the sacrifice—their own hands bind them to the altar, and present the instruments of immolation—An ascendancy gained, its progress is accelerated, until it break into corruption. Then every vice predominates; reason is bewildered; the heart debased, and this noblest work of God sinks from his rank in the creation.

If we examine the books of Tacitus, a picture is presented to our view, at which the soul recoils with horror. Rome displays herself in the full maturity of sin—All the laurels that bloomed around the tombs of her heroes are trod into the dust—her triumphal arches form a gray and drooping ruin—her temples only mock the glory of ages that have passed—Virtue is proscribed—Philosophy inculcating its divine precepts, expires in the bath—Conjugal affection is stigmatised with obloquy, and Love, resisting Lust, provokes the knife of venal Murder—*Nero* is beheld on the house-top of Mæcenas, chanting blithely to his harp the siege of Troy, whilst the flames of palaces and towers cheer his song;

or *Messalina* publicly practises her meretricious endearments, making a pride of prostitution. God forbid, my dear Christopher, that a similar spectacle should ever be exhibited any where in our beloved republic!

Yours,

LYTTLETON HONEYSUCKLE.

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MEMOIRS OF HAYTI.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTER XX.

*The Cape, Island of Hayti, April, 1806.*

I HAVE mentioned to you upon former occasions that the Haytian chiefs have directed a considerable portion of their attention to the construction of fortifications in the interior of the country, in order that should the conquest of the island be again attempted by the French, strong holds might be reserved for the retreat of the native troops, in the event of their being compelled to abandon the coast. One of these forts I have lately had an opportunity of visiting, and as I was exceedingly astonished at its extent and apparent security, I shall describe it as well as my recollection will enable me. Much particularity however cannot be expected, for in a country, where a continual suspicion is entertained of the views of foreigners, prudence requires, that great caution should be exercised in an examination of its political state.

Early in the last month, three or four Americans, of whom I was one, were invited by colonel Joysin to take a ride with him into the country to visit the fort called *Le Ferrier*, situated about seven leagues from the Cape, in a southwardly direction. Such invitations are extremely rare, and of course the one with which we were favoured, was eagerly embraced. This officer commands the second regiment, and is the same man I have in one of my early letters described in very unfavourable terms;

but as his conduct towards me since my present residence here, has been of a friendly character, I have thought it not unadvisable to make the best use of his civility. On Sunday, the ninth of March, the party set out at 4 o'clock in the morning, on horseback, in company with the colonel who was attended by his guard of dragoons. We crossed the ferry near the town, and putting our horses upon a gate which exhibited more the appearance of a race than a jaunt of pleasure, we continued our route through the pretty little village of Petit Ance, and in less than two hours, reached Millot, a small town about fifteen miles distant from the Cape. The road thus far, being across the *Plaine du Cap*, was almost as level as a bowling green, and I think I may with safety assert, that in the whole distance, there is not one spot of ground which is elevated twenty feet above the rest. The road is of solid earth in most places, but the surrounding lands are principally soft and marshy, and are well calculated for the cultivation of sugar. The fields of the plantations are separated by ditches and hedges, which supply the place of fences, and many of the roads are well shaded by rows of trees.

Millot is the place of residence of our military companion, and is also the spot which has been selected by the general in chief for his country retreat. It is a delightful little village, containing besides the general's mansion, several neat houses, and is situated at the very foot of the ridge of mountains, upon the summit of one of which the fort is erected. We stopped at the colonel's villa, which is a small house pleasantly situated with a piazza in front and a flower garden in the rear. We found the parlour ornamented with a number of engravings, amongst which were the likenesses of six or eight of the most distinguished French generals, and that of our great Washington. The colonel soon after entering the room, pointed the good old chief out to us, and emphatically remarked, "*there is a man.*" During our stay at the colonel's, a soldier was brought before him, charged with having struck an *unarmed* man a severe blow on the arm with his sabre. The prisoner endeavoured to exculpate his conduct, but Joyain provoked at the fellow's cowardice, as he termed it, ordered him immediately to the dungeon at the fort, there to

await the punishment which "his excellency" the general in chief would inflict upon him for his base crime.

After having taken some liquid refreshment, we saw a regiment of infantry reviewed, and such a collection truly it was, that had they been under the marching orders of Jack Falstaff, he could not but have repeated his old honest confession—"If I be not asham'd of my soldiers, I am a souc'd gurnet." This operation being finished, the colonel provided us with a set of fresh horses and mules, and at seven o'clock we resumed our journey. In the vicinity of Millot, the mountain is indented by a cove, on one side of which the road ascends, until reaching its extremity it winds around and passes on the opposite side. Without such a circuitous direction the mountain could not be ascended on account of its steepness. Five miles of continual ascent brought us to a *corps de garde*, where we stopped and left our horses under the care of the soldiers. The fort was yet half a mile distant, situated upon the pinnacle of a peak of the mountain, of such steepness, as to be accessible only by means of an artificial road cut in a serpentine form. This part of the route was scarcely passable for the horses, and it was on that account we left them below. After much labour and fatigue, we at length reached the gate of this stupendous structure, and with the colonel at our head, gained ready admission.

During our progress up the mountain, we very sensibly perceived the variation of the atmosphere from heat to cold. We at first saw the clouds above us, whilst the power of the sun was exceedingly oppressive, then beheld them all around us, when assailed by their chilling influence, and lastly observed them floating beneath our feet. From heat almost insupportable, we were introduced to a state of such coolness as was calculated by the contrast to excite our astonishment. In one case we found the soldiers perspiring at their labour with scarcely any clothes upon their backs, and in the other the sentinel at the fort wrapped in a blanket and shivering as though he had a fit of the ague.

The *Ferrier* is the pride of Christophe, and has engrossed the principal part of his attention since its commencement upwards of two years ago. The chief architect whose talents have

been exercised in its construction is, I believe, Blanchet, a citizen of the Cape, who is considered as a man of colour, but who is of so light a complexion, that he might readily pass for a white man. The fort is built entirely of stone, the outer walls are about six feet thick, and perhaps twenty high, of an evident solidity, and enclose an area, as nearly as I can estimate it, of about three to four hundred feet square, which is all neatly paved. The terraces are well mounted with pieces of heavy artillery of such weight, as one would scarcely believe it practicable to convey over such rugged and steep roads. The magazine is well stored with ammunition and small arms, and every arrangement appears to have been adopted, to render the place, in the fullest sense of the word, a strong hold. In the centre of the area is a spacious government house for the residence of the general in chief, should he ever be compelled to retreat to the mountains, a strong prison for malefactors and disorderly soldiers, and a sufficient number of other buildings to accommodate those who are eventually to share in the security to result from this extensive asylum.

The prospects from the batteries of this fortification, are of a character truly sublime. On the north is a complete view of the town of the Cape, with the shipping in its harbour—the sea-coast as far as the eye can reach, and the immense and fertile *Plaine du Nord*, which extends from the foot of the mountain to the coast, and parallel to the latter from west to east farther than the sight can command. On the west is a tremendous precipice, commencing with the very base of the walls, and extending down the side of the mountain, which in that place varies so little from a perpendicular that a rock projected from the walls, would descend at least a mile before its progress would be impeded. On this side of the fort also, are extensive views of plantations, some of which are so near, that the cultivators labouring in the fields, appear to be immediately beneath you. The rural scenery of the whole, when thus beheld from an elevation, affording so complete a bird's eye prospect, is truly picturesque and beautiful, and cannot fail to excite in the mind of the spectator the highest gratification. On the east are stupendous mountains accessible only by the road we travelled,

and on the south, ridges entirely impassable to an army, but which might possibly offer to the mountaineers of the country a passage to convey provisions to the fort, in case it should ever be so closely besieged as to require additional supplies.

The cold temperature of this elevated and pure atmosphere, sharpened our appetites. We sat down to a breakfast consisting of a sort of beefsteak, a salt mackarel, some salad, yams, plantains and cassave, enlivened by a glass of good claret, and some-icy cold water, of which latter, there is a copious supply obtained from the rains, and preserved in cisterns. Whilst upon this visit, we had an opportunity of seeing female industry in the greatest perfection. The women of the country who reside in the vicinity of the fort, are called upon in turns to perform a tour of duty there, which continues about a week. It consists in carrying sand, mortar, lime, and other articles requisite for building up to the fort, from the spot where I informed you we had left our horses, that being the steepest part of the road and entirely impassable for loaded animals. A daily task is set them of twelve loads, at the conclusion of which, they are at liberty to dance for the remainder of the day. We saw about fifty from the ages of fifteen to half a century, black and yellow intermixed, engaged in this arduous and severe employment. The poor wretches seemed to bear their hardship with perfect resignation, and by way of supporting their spirits, chanted a Creole chorus, similar to the songs they are accustomed to in their dances, when accompanied by the harmonious melody of the tambourine. One of the party preceded the troop bearing an old standard, composed of a stuff that looked as if it might once have been blue calimanco. Upon viewing these industrious labourers, I could not help remarking to the colonel, that I thought it a great reflexion upon his gallantry, to employ the *fair sex* in an occupation so extremely coarse, and so ill adapted to the softness of their delicate nature. He replied, that the fort was constructed as much for their safety as that of the men, and that of consequence it was no more than just they should contribute in some degree to its establishment. This is the fort, to which in the early part of the year

1804, the women of the Cape were compelled to carry bullets in the manner I once described.

About the time of our leaving Millot in the morning, the regiment which had been reviewed, set out on foot with heavy loads of brick and sand, upon their heads, for the fort, or rather for the foot of the steep hill, at which the women receive their burdens. "In these piping times of peace," as there is no military employment for the troops, they are constantly occupied in this species of *amusement*, and it is by such a laborious mode of conveyance, that the materials for the construction of the fort, have been thither transported. I was truly astonished at the indefatigableness in ascending steep roads, exhibited by these soldiers, and in one instance rode in sight of a boy apparently not more than fifteen years of age, who proceeded near three miles, with a heavy load upon his head, without stopping to rest. So accustomed indeed, are both men and women in this country to carry weight upon their heads, that it is attended with little inconvenience, and a basket of sand or bricks is carried as firmly, as though it were nailed to the fellow's crown who bears it.

Having satisfied our curiosity, at 10 o'clock we left the fort on our return, and in about one hour reached Millot. We were there invited to breakfast at the house of a major Poul, a mulatto officer, by whom we were treated with much civility. *Père Cornuille*, the jolly French priest resident at the Cape, who occasionally preaches at this town, was of the party, and after having given us a specimen of his claim to the title of *bon vivant*, he favoured the company with a song. The general in chief's band of music attended us at the luxurious repast, and it was not until 3 o'clock that we arose from the breakfast table. We soon mounted our horses, and in a couple of hours reached home, well pleased with our jaunt.

I have heard it remarked, that a French marquis and a French barber make use of precisely the same kind of complimentary language. Whether this be true or not, certain it is, that the lower class of people among the French are possessed of a degree of polish in their manners, entirely unknown to



those of the same class in England or America. The Haytians, from their former domestic intercourse with the Frenchmen, have acquired a considerable similarity in their customs, and have been so successful in their imitations, that many of them fall little short of their ancient masters in polite address. An instance wherein the truth of this position was evinced, occurred at the fort, to our great diversion. It was a complete specimen of a French *congé*. A mulatto man who had been some days confined, was ordered to be liberated. The prison door was opened, and the poor devil rejoicing at his good fortune, issued forth. As soon as he had tied up a small bundle of clothes in a handkerchief, he turned round to his fellow prisoners, who were gazing at him through the iron-grated windows with a wistful look, and with all the air of *politesse*, which a man of quality would use, on suddenly leaving a party of his fashionable friends at dinner, says "*excusez mes freres.*"

Various opinions have been entertained relative to the future state of the island, and the probability of its being again subjected to the dominion of France. I have devoted some reflection to the subject, and as the result thereof, am inclined to the opinion, that the colony will never be reduced to a peaceable submission, by any invasion of an European army. This belief is founded upon considerations which I shall proceed to state.

The animosity against the French, which now exists deep-rooted in the breasts of the whole people, will always be superior to any domestic dissensions which may in time arise. Should therefore, the ambitious views of aspiring chiefs ever plunge the nation into the horrors of civil war, the first intelligence of a French expedition against the island, would be the means of restoring internal tranquillity. The contending parties would bury for the moment, their factious enmity, and co-operate with their united forces to crush the common foe. The chiefs have sworn to be cruel to every one who should "dare to talk to them of slavery," and they have also pledged themselves by a solemn oath, never to suffer a Frenchman to exist in the island, under the title of "proprietor." *Liberté ou la mort* is the motto of the government, and although the great body of the people have never yet tasted much of the sweets of liberty, they have con-

tracted certain notions and habits which are entirely incompatible with the system of colonial slavery. This national prejudice against the French is cherished and encouraged by various means, and in order that the rising generation, who were too young to witness the sanguinary events produced by the revolution, may partake of the spirit of their sires, the children are taught to consider a Frenchman as the deadly foe of their liberty.

In case of the invasion by a French army (an event which is considered here as *certain*, whenever a peace shall take place in Europe) every advantage which appertains to a complete knowledge of the face of the country, but particularly of its mountainous parts, would be in favour of the Haytians, and such an advantage would by no means be an unimportant one. Their avowed determination, as soon as a French fleet is seen approaching their shores is, to set fire to their sea-port towns and consume them to ashes, to devastate the gardens and plantations in the plains, and to retreat to the heights. They make little calculation upon meeting so formidable an enemy as the French, in a pitched battle, as that mode of warfare is not adapted to their military genius. From the number and security of their strong holds, which are constructed principally on mountains, they will have the command of all the plantations. The coffee, which is an inhabitant of the hills, they can destroy at pleasure, and the immense fields of sugar-cane in the low grounds can be conflagrated with less labour. Of what use then to the invaders would be the possession of the sea-port towns, where even houses would not be found with roofs to shelter them from the nocturnal air and vapours? Without the produce of the soil, their conquests would avail them nothing, and therefore to obtain this, the enemy must be pursued and destroyed. Here then commences the triumph of the blacks. They are concealed in ambush every where throughout the country. The invincible troops of Bonaparte fall in heaps by invisible hands, as they pass along the roads. They reach the foot of a mountain; they ascend with the pleasing hope of storming the fort which they behold upon its summit, and of putting to the sword its rebellious garrison. But they are deceived. They are met near the top where the ascent is steepest by rude batte-

ries of cannon "vomiting death" in their faces. Huge rocks and musquetry accompany the unwelcome salutations of the grape shot and langrage, and regiments of heroes are crushed into atoms or swept down by the torrent of balls. The sides of the mountain are crimsoned with the gore of dying armies, and the retreat of those who have not yet been sacrificed, is cut off by the treacherous system of ambuscade.

On these mountains, the plantain grows in great profusion. It is the food of negroes, morning, noon and night, and affords them an inexhaustible store of provisions. The European troops on the contrary, after the consumption of the provisions brought with them, would have to depend for a supply of food upon importations. They would find none in the island, for even the plantain which would at best afford them but a miserable sustenance, would be cut off from their reach.

But a more powerful and dangerous foe, than the desperation of men shut up in their strong holds, or the system of surprise could present, would oppose an invading French army. I mean the *climate*. The paralyzing arm of fell disease, can with a single blow destroy more veteran soldiers than a whole legion of conquerors, and it is sufficiently well known that her ravages are extremely favoured by the *torrid temperature* of the West-Indies. By taking a retrospective view of the effects produced by this destructive warrior, you may be enabled to form a pretty correct estimate of what would probably be the result of another campaign. I have been assured that during the expedition under the command of Le Clerc and his successor, Rochambeau, at least thirty French generals lost their lives, most of them by sickness. If you then consider the proportion between the number of general officers and their men, and take into view the advantages which the former enjoy from their rank, in point of attention, over the miserable wretches who are crowded by platoons into the confined rooms of an hospital, you may draw very fair conclusions as to the total loss of the invaders upon this occasion. For my own part, I should presume that thirty or forty thousand lives would not be too low a calculation.

It is true that that expedition was basely and miserably conducted. The commander in chief and his principal officers had

nothing in view but their own aggrandizement. They went to St. Domingo, not so much for the purpose of reducing it to the state of a colony, as to gain wealth—not so much for the purpose of military renown, as to indulge in the luxurious ease and dissipation so congenial to the climate. They had heard that Hispaniola was a sort of paradise, and they were desirous of attesting the truth of the assertion. But they met with disappointment. Splendour and luxury could not be attained without means, and they found that wealth could not be so easily grasped, as they had anticipated. They were led too to believe, that the native rebels as soon as they should perceive a powerful French army land upon their shores, would instantly surrender up their arms, and retire peaceably to their accustomed labours; but in this expectation they were also deceived. The visionary prospects which dazzled their eyes before their departure from home, were transformed into melancholy realities. But they must be rewarded in some way for their toils; and for the promotion of the grand object which had governed all their actions, they oppressed and despoiled the very people for whose relief they had been sent. The merchants were called upon for heavy sums of money, which they were compelled to pay, and in one case, Mr. Fidon, of the Cape, was shot, by the orders of Rochambeau, for not instantly complying with his villainous demand. The inhabitants generally were plundered of their goods under the lawless pretext of *requisition*, and the property of American merchants (without which the French army would have perished with hunger,) was *forcibly purchased* of its owners, for bills upon the French government, which have never been paid to this day, and probably never will be. Such a disgraceful system could not long be pursued. The remaining French chiefs from their vile conduct, had deservedly excited the detestation of the citizens, and at the expiration of two years, with the miserable remnant of their troops, had the mortification to embark for Jamaica, as prisoners of war to the British.

But I contend, that however ably commanded, and however well disciplined in the science of war, no European army of an hundred thousand men, or more, for the greater the number the

more extensive the mortality, could effect the object, for which Bonaparte had sent their predecessors. They would most certainly share a similar fate, and if the climate and the fortune of war, would not destroy them in two years, it would in three.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## ON THE GENIUS OF THE CHINESE.

### ESSAY I. PART II.

"Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam  
 "Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas  
 "Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum  
 "Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne;  
 "Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici?  
 "Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ fore librum  
 "Persimilem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vana  
 "Fingentur species; ut nec pes, nec caput uni  
 "Reddatur formæ."

HORACE.

"Suppose a painter to a human head'  
 "Should join a horse's neck, and widely spread  
 "The various plumage of the feather'd kind  
 "O'er limbs of different beasts, absurdly joined;  
 "Or if he gave to view a beauteous maid  
 "Above the waist with every charm array'd,  
 "Should a foul fish her lower parts enfold,  
 "Would you not laugh such pictures to behold?  
 "*Such is the book, that, like a sick man's dreams,*  
 "*Varies all shapes, and mixes all extremes."*

FRANCIS.

THE great wall, which separates China from Tartary, has next to the peculiarity of their language been esteemed the most conclusive evidence of their high antiquity. But this stupendous fabric was, agreeably to their own records, constructed by the commands of *Chi-hoang-ti*, so late as *two hundred years*

before *Christ*, and cannot therefore be alleged to prove a more remote age. Its magnitude, it is true, is astonishingly prodigious, being fifteen hundred miles in extent, and of the breadth of *sixty feet*; and though it is an irrefragable argument for the *populousness* of the country, and the *tyranny* of the government, yet cannot be warped, by any subtlety of reasoning, to evince their great age, or superior sagacity. Objects are immense or diminutive, as their local situation or comparative position augments or diminishes their importance. And happily for the *fame* of the *great wall*, the Chinese are destitute of every monument which might attract notice for its *beauty, taste, or stability*, or derogate from the mightiness of this huge memorial of folly, and loss of labour. That it surpasses in bulk any of the works of refined Europe, luxurious Asia, or scientific Egypt, cannot add to its utility or importance; and is worthy of attention, only as it exhibits the power of aggregated labour. As a means of defence it is imbecile and inefficient in its purpose, and shows evident marks of that barbarity, in which the *Chinese* were probably immersed, at the time it was constructed, for we find that these walls were common as a means of defence, both in *Africa* and *Asia* in the *earliest periods of their history*;<sup>\*</sup> and we likewise perceive the sturdy *Britons* using the same method to guard against the irregular incursions of the ferocious *Picts*; and we may form a reasonable conjecture of the state of the *Chinese*, at that time, from the known ignorance, imbecility, and want of conduct in the *Britons*; who though possessed of valour, were totally destitute of auxiliary means to render it effectual; and too ignorant to devise resources to avert the dangers which incessantly threatened them.<sup>†</sup>

From having held at a former period, similar notions of the antiquity and civilization of the Chinese, with the credulous and idle, we are induced to apprehend from *this experience*, that those who so readily give their assent to hyperbolical and vague assertions, are too supine to investigate into their foundation, or too timid to exercise their reason. In a conversation some

\* See De Pauw's Dissertation.

† Hume, vol. i p. xi.

time ago with a physician of this city eminent for his talents, and remarkable for his genius, we stated with ingenuousness our sentiments respecting this *unique people*: that those sentiments were diametrically contrary to those now maintained, is true; but at that period, we had neither read nor reflected much on the topic, but believed upon the authority of fallacious representations, what an acquaintance with the subject has impelled us to discard.

The question regarding the great age of China, has been discussed with more attention, because it involves the supposition of their possessing in the *sacred archives of state*, any *science* or *knowledge*, of which other civilized nations are destitute; and which it has been imagined could only be ascertained in the course of future ages; when Europeans would acquire a knowledge of the language, and the Christian religion be diffused through that immense empire, agreeably to the prophecy of our *Lord*, of its universal adoption by all the nations of the earth. But the possibility of their having any *science* or *knowledge* peculiar to themselves is wholly destroyed by these two circumstances: the extreme superstition and credulity of their *philosophers* and *literati*, if a few trite maxims can constitute the *one*, and the absence of literature the *other*; and, secondly, because if they had had possession of such *knowledge* or *science*, it is reasonable to infer, from the disposition of the people, and the inflexibility of their customs, that they would never have violated a *fundamental law*, and jarred the prejudices of the vulgar, by the admission of *foreigners* to the first literary posts, to the exclusion and injury of *natives*, equally endowed with the requisite qualifications. What inducement could actuate them to so contradictory a scheme, which could not superadd to their reputation, but would indubitably lessen them in the eyes of all civilized nations? To preserve the people in a state of ignorance and degradation, suitable to slavery, might have been a reasonable policy of a tyrannic prince, for circumscribing the extension of letters, by the employment of foreigners, who are beheld with a jealousy, and watched with a vigilance, which effectually precludes a frequent or secret correspondence with the natives. That this was not the motive however is incontrovertibly eviden-

ced, in their endeavours to initiate the Chinese youth in the knowledge and mystery of their language, which is the only requisite attainment for admission to office, and ascension to power.

The necessary qualifications for eligibility to office, likewise demonstrates their profound ignorance, and the total absence of every principle implying science or refinement. The process necessary for the induction of a candidate, is this: being strictly searched by the superintending officers, to prevent the concealment of writings, which would give facility or beauty to their compositions; a theme is given to each, with the requisite implements for writing, and they are shut in separate apartments; within the time limited a discourse must be produced, whose excellence is judged of according to its consonance with these three rules:

*That every character be neatly, and accurately formed.*

*That it be chosen with propriety, and not used by the common people.*

*That the same character is not twice expressed in a similar sense, in the same discourse.\**

What principle of science, degree of judgment, or propriety of language is there manifested in these three absurd rules, which indicate not order and classification of thought, adaptation of parts, nor conception of the sublime? These are the *three indispensable requisites* in the mere formation of a congruous treatise on any topic, and in these we find them wholly wanting. Nor can it be alleged as an objection against this argument, that the above rules related merely to the *diction* and not to the *sense or method of the discourse*; for we are told that these were the only tests by which their excellence was determined, and the authors of them promoted.† Besides these characteristics of their writings, betray too palpably on the outside, the *character* and *disposition* of the government, which ordains such literary examinations, to allow the truth of them to be dissembled or doubted. In the neat *letters or characters*, in their not being in vogue among the vulgar, and in not occurring twice in the same

\* Barrow, p. 177.

† ib. 178.



writing, we see distinctly the *magnificent, haughty and formal* features of the government, and their devoted attention to the external and ornamental trappings of state, more calculated to inspire awe and admiration, than to be productive of utility and happiness. *If* therefore they have the great age ascribed to them, they must at least be allowed to be *old in ignorance*, and to have spent their age in useless endeavours to inspire the people with notions of their divine power and wisdom; and neglecting the proper means of approximating to these celestial attributes, by cultivating a love of wisdom, promoting the diffusion of happiness, and protecting the people from oppression.

That the Chinese can exhibit no indubitable proof of their antiquity, is itself sufficiently evictive of the fallacy of their claims; for it is very observable, that every other nation can undoubtedly attest their age, by the memorials they have kept of their youth. Yet the *Chinese more vehement* than any other people on *this subject* can adduce only fable to sustain asseveration; and as their vanity is more inflated by this circumstance than any other, it might be expected without extravagance, that they would strive to perpetuate, what yielded such extraordinary gratification; for their pretensions are not peculiar to *one age or dynasty*, but pervade their history from *Fo-hi to Kien-long*. It may be said on the opposite side that it was needless to preserve or exhibit evidence, of what the superstitious ignorance of the *Chinese*, induced them to swallow with avidity, without inquiring into its origin, or doubting of its authenticity; and that it was impossible *they* could foresee a denial of what they esteemed it a sacrilege to doubt; or not doubting themselves, never apprehended disbelief in others. Yet in reply, it may be emphatically observed, that the scrupulous attention which they devoted to the preservation of *more minute circumstances*, implies no propensity to disregard *less trivial objects*; that as knowledge is circumscribed in its bounds, attention to trifles becomes habitual, and that when vanity augments the importance of them, they are kept with sacred care: and if a *personage* such as their *Fo-hi* ever had existence, would it not have been as feasible to preserve his *slippers*, made sacred by the feet of the *Son of Heaven*, as to save from destruction the *jacket of Mahomet*?

Even the learned among the *Chinese*, who by the way have little right to that honourable appellation, cannot agree in one opinion respecting their chronology; some imagine *Fo-hi* to have been the founder of the monarchy, and that the anterior ages are involved in doubtful obscurity and many carry their origin no higher than the reign of *Yao*, the fifth emperor from *Fo-hi*. To express a doubt of its less ancient date, would be to incur death, without the consolation or hope of bettering their condition or dispelling their absurdities.\* But the total privation of intellectual energy effectually hinders the creation of a doubt; and were the most salutary effects to flow from the sacrifice, there could be found none willing to suffer for, though capacitated to judge of the fallacy of their assumed age. It is not therefore surprising to find the *jesuits* and *missionaries*, so forcibly insisting on an event, which to have denied or contradicted would have subjected them to banishment, or exposed them to the indignation and insult of the populace.† They joined in an imposition which they could not with safety oppose, and which they imagined would not be credited by any but barbarians, and would be rejected with derision by the scrutinizing reason of refined Europe. That in *China*, the most extravagant fables should be implicitly assented to, will excite admiration in the minds of none the least informed of the condition and state of the people: and when we perceive the terror of death added to the dread of an offended *Deity*, and evil *fate*, we should be surprized not to find all acquiescing in a *dogmatical* belief so early inculcated and so forcibly maintained: but we cannot repress our admiration at the infatuation of those, who not liable to the *same evils for disbelief*, should adopt opinions as much entitled to credit as the *infallibility of the Romish Church*, or the hypothesis of an EMINENT AMERICAN POLITICIAN respecting THE VARIETY OF THE HUMAN SPECIES!

There is nothing which has a greater tendency to excite doubt, than the inhibition of inquiry, and investigation of facts; and this in minds before biassed to the reception of such senti-

\* Du Halde. vol. ii. p. 3.

† Ib.

ments: and *that* opinion propagated, or confirmed by the denunciation of *death*, may with reason be affirmed to be false and unfounded; for why *constrain* the mind to believe *prescribed* sentiments, when they would be embraced with willingness and alacrity, if grounded on truth; though keen sagacity might engage in discussion, and prudent foresight require conviction to believe, yet the most captious would be baffled in their objections, were they founded on the immutable basis of *truth*. But these *sons of light* prefer for *very obvious reasons*, rather to stifle the exertions of understanding and ensure the persuasion of their dogmas, than permit reason to discuss the propriety, of what it might, upon examination, eject as absurd, and condemn as fallacious.

To read the arguments alleged by *father Du Halde* to evince the antiquity of this people, and not to admire the force of his genius, and the logical nature of his deductions, would indeed betray greater ignorance, and more inhuman insensibility, than we are willing to have attributed to us: and we accordingly, do sincerely admire the *magician-like* ease with which he demonstrates their age. Quitting the different systems of their authors, for his infallible notions, he alleges it is certain CHINA was inhabited above 2155 years *ante Christ*, because it is demonstrable by an *eclipse* that happened that year, and which is recorded in their astronomical observations in the CHINESE history, and other books in the language. We have already stated the reasons which induced us to conclude their total ignorance of *astronomy*; to those we shall now add others, quite as convincing, and prove it highly improbable that they could ever have possessed a knowledge which in the *thirteenth century* they had wholly lost, and which they do not now hold in sufficient abundance to make the aid of *foreigners* dispensable.

The ceremonies observed on the occasion of an *eclipse* of either the *sun* or *moon* imply the grossest ignorance of these *phenomena*; they imagine the *dragon* to have seized upon the obscured luminary, and to frighten him from his hold, or to charm him from his prey, they alternately beat the *brazen gong*, and play their dissonant instruments. Nor is this conduct con-

finer to the vulgar; for on an eclipse of the sun which happened in *seventeen hundred and ninety-five*, the emperor secluded himself from public view for three days, the court for that period went into mourning, and a universal suspension of festivity was strictly maintained through the empire!\* And I have been apprised by a respectable gentleman, that when a tempest arises accompanied by thunder and lightning, they hide their heads in the darkest corner, to shelter them from the wrath of the offended gods, whose *ire* they imagine to be visibly expressed in the fire of the clouds, and the roaring of the thunder!

But independent of their ignorance of astronomy, and the impossibility of their predicting eclipses at that remote period, the argument of Du Halde is extremely futile, as he grounds it on data which cannot be rationally admitted, that the *Chinese* history is true and legitimate;† nor can the eclipse recorded in *their annals*, be accepted as testimony, till the disputed veracity of *their annals* be confuted; and we might with greater discretion believe the *whole tenor of their story*, than the prediction of this *phenomenon*. Besides it is ascertained by the calculation of a learned astronomer,‡ that such an eclipse could not have occurred at that time, in the latitude of *China*; setting apart their incompetency to foretell it. The opinion of sir George Staunton, on this object, whose talents and veracity give conclusive authority to his sentiments, accords with that expressed above; he says: “to judge by the state of astronomical science at this time in *China*, it is most likely that if the Chinese had been ever able to predict eclipses, it must have been by the means of long and *repeated observations*, and *not by calculation*,” and we must either allow them, therefore, *a thousand years* more than they claim, by which they might have made “*long and repeat-*

\* Barrow, 191.

† That their history is composed chiefly of fables, for a politic purpose, is rendered more probable by their inveterate propensity to falsehood, and their total disregard of truth. Mr. Barrow, speaking on this subject says: “*They have no proper sense of the obligations of truth. So little scrupulous, are they indeed, with regard to veracity, that they will assert and contradict without blushing, as it may best suit the purpose of the moment.*” p. 127.

‡ Cassini.

*ed observations,"* and by practice and experience have attained some degree of accuracy; or imagine with more reason and probability, that they were destitute of science, and not in existence at that youth of nature.\*—But granting that the accuracy of this is certain, and that the errors in their chronology prevent its agreement with our calculations, may it not reasonably be supposed that they would hold it of sufficient importance, to calculate these *appearances retrograde, at a late period*; to fabricate some decent evidence for their absurd systems? which by the way, they can scarcely maintain, by the multiplied means of deception, the force of education and habit, and the dread of death.

The development of history which had been lost in the tumults of war and discord, or buried beneath the rubbish of intervening barbarity and ignorance, has given more occupation to over-curious historians, and enthusiastic antiquaries, than it has yielded recompense for their labour: and in disentangling incidents and events, as uninteresting as uninstrusive to mankind, have lost themselves in such an abyss of inquiry and conjecture, as to dispute the authenticity of historical facts which are detailed with minuteness and perspicuity; or do not require the aid of *overburdened intellect*, to render them intelligible to the most common understanding. And how pitiable do the faculties of that man appear, whom we perceive vehemently insisting on events, implied in the almost obliterated date and expression of a medal, or coin; while he reviles the most sacred and indubitable histories, because they accord not with his fantastic notions, and are too simple to be true.† It is not therefore astonishing to find the cavilling spirit of *Voltaire*, who has entailed ignominy on the name of philosophy, as prostituted to his abominable purposes, acquiescing with readiness and approbation, in all the chimeras of Chinese imagination, without apparently adverting to his exposure thereby, or being conscious of his egregious inconsistency: it was sufficient for his conviction that their history was doubtful; and favourable to his doctrine, that they

\* 2155 years A. C. † See Gibbon's Roman Empire, Voltaire, &c. &c.

had no other than *natural religion*, corrupted by the follies of the people, and innovated by the policy of the sovereign.

Such abuses, however, do not detract from the credit of any historic evidence, whether implied in the characters of a *coin*, or expressed in the page of story; if not perverted from truth, and rendered improbable and obscure by futile conjecture. It is esteemed ample testimony, by the enthusiastic admirers of *China*, in favour of their early existence, that they possess coins denoting to have been struck in the first dynasties, or rather supposed to have been, as this proof like every other of the kind, is very defective, these *ancient coins* having been discovered in the banks of the *Yellow River*; and it is sagaciously fancied, that as the *characters* are obliterated, if any were ever imprinted on them, as none can now be discerned, that the earth must have a corrosive quality, so as to have destroyed the metal\*; and but for this vile earth, they would probably be enabled to sustain their system by this evidence. Yet from the nature of the inscribed character were it even legible and entire it would be difficult, if not impossible to assign the particular dynasty to which it belonged, and to determine its exact age; for it is thought derogatory to the dignity and sublime nature of the prince, that his image, by being engraved on the *coin*, should be profaned by the touch of the vulgar and ignoble; and consequently they have inscribed only some pompous title on the coins made in the different years of their reign; and which from the vanity of the *nation*, may be applied with equal certainty and reason, to every sovereign in their history. Thus were there no other objection to these vague memorials of their age, they would only evince that they were made in *some propitious year of one of the emperors*, and would leave us ignorant of the *time*, or *the dynasty*, without recurring to *their history* for information, which *history* they are alleged to *prove* and to *authenticate*. Hence it is obviously perceived that such *coins or medals* cannot demonstrate the supposed antiquity of this people, as their probable signification rests upon their *fabulous records*, which they are adduced to corroborate. That the emperor *Cang-hi*, whose cabinet

\* Du Halde, History of China, vol. 2, p. 290.

of *ancient and modern coins*, has given the *missionaries*, and *credulous travellers* such great cause for wonder and amazement, should have experienced no difficulty, with the assistance of the *Mandarin Tsiang*, *president of a learned academy*, in ranging these *ancient coins* in the proper order of the dynasties, is not astonishing in the least, for it is surely as easy a matter for the *emperor and court*, to make one absurdity consonant with another, as to unite a *history of preceding ages which never existed*; or establish the belief of it by the dread of *strangulation and of torture*. This supposition is authorised by the *facts alone*, and the difficulty of otherwise accounting for such a coincidence; for it is certain that the *coins* could not be referred to their respective reigns in which they were *struck*, by the mere vague inscriptions on the face of them, and some of them destitute of any. But in support of this opinion, we shall cite the account of the missionaries themselves, who not unfrequently contradict their own statements, as is apparent in this instance. Father Du Halde, after noticing the loss of all the *coins* of the first dynasties, or of the earliest ages of the empire, says: "*But they have supplied this deficiency with PASTEBOARD MONEY, made according to the idea the ancient books give thereof. The proportions are so well kept, and the colours of the metal so well imitated, that THIS COUNTERFEIT COIN SEEMS TO BE TRULY ANCIENT.*" The ancient books he here mentions are the fabulous histories of which we deny the authenticity, at least it is reasonable to apprehend that they are of the same complexion, and entitled to the same degree of credibility. Here is an exposure of an *imperial cheat*, which would sanction any allegations of deceit, falsehood, and fabrication; and we cannot hesitate to believe, that a people and prince so totally devoid of truth and honesty in the advancement of their interests, and the gratification of their vanity, would be studiously pertinacious in sustaining what they had once advanced; and would never relinquish any dogma or absurdity, which would tend to elevate them in the eyes of others, or please their vanity, by conceited superiority.

In the detail thus terminated, of the claims of the *Chinese* to so great antiquity, we have studied as much conciseness as was

consistent with perspicuity, on a subject which is interesting only to very few, and to many arid and unpleasing. Their assertions we have endeavoured to disprove, by the facts which were accessible to us, without adhering to the restraints of system, which we disregarded because our aim was truth. That these facts are not always as full and explicit, as philosophy might desire, or indolence wish, is rather to be ascribed to the *policy of the government*, which is the subject of them, than to want of inquiry or attention in the travellers who have visited the court of China, or explored the country. Indeed much more is expected from this people, than they possess to give; and as whatever is hid from research, by the restraints of care or jealousy, is magnified by the imagination to an unnatural bigness, so the paucity of objects in China, respecting *science*, arts, history, politics or poetry, has, by being withheld from the inquiries of the curious, augmented to possessions, which if real would stamp them the first of nations; but which by diminishing to barbarity, in the pregnancy of hope and expectation, lessens even the importance they deserve to hold in our estimation, as a people, debased by tyranny, immersed in superstition, and sunk in vice.

From these considerations, it is apparent, that it would prove no less difficult to conjecture the precise date of their *origin*, or settlement in China, than to account for the origin of the *American aborigines*; for as one part of their history is equally entitled to credit with another, and as all of it abounds in fables, and is disgraced with puerilities, there is no ground left on which a supposition might reasonably be formed. Some light however may be elicited from a *comparison of the Tartars* with the Chinese, from which they are evidently descended,—as their *features, nature and constitution* sufficiently evince them to be of one common stock; and that *China* was anciently settled by the wandering hordes of this people, who were impelled by necessity to seek for that subsistence abroad, which the immensity of their numbers, and the sterility of the soil, denied them at home; and which,

“Drove martial horde on horde with dreadful sweep,

“ And gave the vanquish’d world another form.”



An industrious traveller, in proof of this similarity and identity of the *Tartars and Chinese*,\* has given in his work several inscriptions in the *Tartar character*, which were discovered on a rock, which from its situation and form, he conjectures to be a sepulchre; these characters have a great resemblance to the *Chinese* in their form, though they are less complicated; and denote a language inferior in copiousness and refinement to the *Chinese*, though obviously derived from the same root of hieroglyphic symbols. But he draws a curious inference from this coincidence, imagining that the *Chinese* in the earliest ages, sent colonies into *Scythia* and *Tartary*, which in the course of time was too closely assimilated with the natural *Scythians*, to be discriminated. This conjecture is however highly improbable; for who would migrate from the congenial and friendly plains of China, where a comfortable subsistence might be obtained with less labour, and enjoyed with more happiness, to the cold and sterile soil of *Tartary* and *Scythia*, where labour is scantily recompensed, and enjoyed with discomfort? It is likewise more natural that language should acquire refinement, as age and civilization advanced, than that it should degenerate by change of climate, or become simplified by the sagacity of exiled barbarians. Nor is there any reason to conclude, that China was at so early a date, crowded with inhabitants to so great a degree as to induce them to quit their native country, for either want or convenience in foreign parts: and to exchange the renovating beams of a summer sun, for the frigid regions of the north.

Had the climate of *Italy* been as unpropitious to the disposition and wants of man, as the country of the *Scythians*, *Mians*, and other northern nations who inundated the Roman empire in the fourth century, Rome instead of being subverted by barbarians, would have been probably left to self-annihilation, by her vices and voluptuousness. But the deliciousness of its climate invited invaders from less congenial soils; and as the possession of wealth entices the robber to his prey, did the salubrity of the Roman empire lure the arms of the north to its destruction.

\* Strahlenburgh, p. 376. In which work the curious reader will find many antiquities corroborative of this theory, and much to interest and gratify him.

And to the same *causes* may we not ascribe the conquest of *China* by the *Tartars*, in the *thirteenth century*; for though the restless and turbulent disposition of this people is proverbial, it is rendered highly probable, that they never would have made an effort to subjugate *China*, had not the softness and fecundity of the country promised a happy recompense, and the vices and dissensions of the people, given expectations of a successful issue.

At what precise period the *Chinese* descended from the heights of Tartary, to settle and cultivate the plains of that fruitful and extensive country, cannot now be ascertained, and the paucity of authentic facts on which to make an opinion, prevents even conjecture from fixing with any reason and certainty the precise date. But what can be known, is very unfavourable to the high age they claim; but as our arguments on this object will be founded on *truths* which have been ridiculed by some, and by many wholly disregarded in their passion for novelty, theory, and system, they may appear to some as the ebullitions of a pious devotion, instead of the reasoning of a philosopher. Yet as we hold these two characters not only compatible, but absolutely inseparable, we prefer incurring the disapprobation of men, to the displeasure of infinite benignity.

It is a fact remarkable for its extreme discrepance with the sentiments and professions usual with the unfathomable profundity of a certain description of historians, and its repugnance to reason, that those who are the most captious and skeptical, should in some instances, be the most passive and credulous. This anomaly is not however, hard to explain. Bishop Berkeley imagined he had demonstrated the non-existence of a material world, and from thence induced conclusions favourable to the immortality of the soul, and corroborative of the truth of Scripture, and the nature of God! Mr. Hume from the same premises infers a conclusion totally opposite. That the contrariety of their inferences ought to be ascribed to nothing but the bias on the mind of each, and their anxiety to establish a system, who can doubt, when they understand the subject? Thus we find geniuses of the greatest acumen and learning, betrayed into the same prejudices which they profess to avoid, and which the ig-

norant and unlearned would not imbibe; and skeptical philosophers have in this spirit been led into the most absurd belief of extravagant fable, even while they were rejecting the highest incontestible, infallible truths on record, those of the divine writings. Perhaps it did not accord with their propensities, or their pride, to allow what was most palpable, and the transposition of a word, or the error of a date, were sufficiently demonstrable, in their estimation, and highly gratifying to their desires, to invalidate the authenticity of a history, whose precepts were repugnant to their passions, and whose predictions destroyed their professed hopes of annihilation.

Gibbon is the foremost in the train of Voltaire, D'Alembert and co. to declaim with petulance and puerility against the truth of scripture; and in consonance with this disposition we find him ridiculing the possibility of events therein recorded. He cannot comprehend the prodigious increase of populousness in the German and northern nations so soon after the flood, and though it is apparently repugnant to his reason to affirm them to be *Indigene*, or the spontaneous production of the earth, yet he is rather willing to allow, what he acknowledges irrational, than to adhere to the truth of the *books of Moses*, which affirm Noah and his family, to have been the regenerators of the human race. It is not surprising therefore, that he should readily allow the early populousness of remote *China*, without his usual preciseness of inquiry, or cavilling propensity; Voltaire had done the same before him, and it must surely indicate superior acumen, and keenness of wit, to follow in the track of the *prince of infidels*.\* Indeed, in the declamations of the whole tribe, raillery is substituted for reason, and inclination for conviction; there is little to be perceived, which even the most abandoned can admire, but much to deprecate and abhor. Those endued with genius, have not exhibited it on this theme; and it is an extraordinary fact, that here alone they appear to more disadvantage, than those less favoured in their faculties on other topics; nor do they appear the least so, on that of the Chinese antiquity.

\* Voltaire was chosen president of the *Æconomists* in Paris, a society of philosophers, in an abused sense of the word, whose labours and endeavours were the destruction of religion, and the abolishment of all order, subordination and distinction; but those of wit, and learning, and debauchery!

In the implicit acquiescence of the christian world in the fables of the Chinese story, these writers of insubordination and discord, encountered a disposition more favourable to their nefarious machinations, than even their vanity had whispered them to hope. It was not easy for the curious and ingenious mind, quietly to believe their antiquity, without endeavouring to account for so singular an age; and as the verity of their pretensions was wholly irreconcilable with the inspired history of the first ages, the latter was perverted and sacrificed for the labour-ed maintenance of the former. The ark of Noah and his family were not only translated from *Ararat* in Armenia to the Tartarian mountains, but the universality of the deluge has been denied and attempted to be proved,\* but the attempt was as ineffectual as the motive was reprehensible. It is notwithstanding not adverse to their hopes, that the Chinese fables should still continue to find believers and supporters among those who ranked themselves the followers of Heaven, and not the advocates of an abominable system of materiality. The least superstitious, and most unprejudiced of their *historians* or *nobles*, date their origin so early as 2200 years before Christ; nor can they but in violation of the laws and the *forfeiture of life*, bring it down to a later period. According to the Mosaic history, Noah and his sons "*went forth out of the ark*," in the year 2348 before Christ, which leaves *one hundred and forty eight* years for his posterity to penetrate into the remote parts of *Scythia*, there to multiply to *millions*, and afterwards to emigrate to *China*, and establish a monarchy more vast and populous than any modern nation of Europe, or the world; and all this in the short, very short space of *one hundred and forty eight years*:—how prodigious; how impossible an increase! By what method of arithmetical progression, then, do these zealous friends of a monstrous system, account for the establishment and populousness of the Chinese empire, at a period when the human race were once more bursting into existence, and from the family of one man, repopulating a desert earth? It is apparent, hence, that the books of Moses must either be rejected as apochryphal; or the *fictions* of the people of China, viewed in their legitimate character, and allowed a portionate degree of credit and authority.

\* See Voltaire, Gibbon and others..

I have searched with diligence the records of the Tartars, or rather the histories relating to them, but compiled, if not fabricated by others, for some beam of light which might direct us in assigning the probable time of the settlement of China; but I have searched without success proportioned to my labour, or finding the little which an antecedent knowledge of the barrenness of their early or even recent history had disposed me to look for. Whether such information can at all be accessible, is rendered highly problematical, if not certain; a people fired with no ambition, but that of pillage; ignorant of all glory or fame, but the transient reputation which superior bodily energy, or persevering brutality bestowed; sheltered by no permanent habitation, but ranging from place to place, from clime to clime, as necessity urged, or a restless disposition suggested; whose lives passed in successive generations undistinguished by actions worthy of emulation; who knew no leisure, as they never were industrious, or had no time for reflection, because perpetually occupied in providing for subsistence, to supply present appetites. Such a people would never mark the course of passing ages, which they were conscious had existed, only from the certainty of their own feeling, and not from the recollection of events, made memorable by the sublime discoveries of philosophy, or the astonishing exploits of genius, intrepidity and valour. Divided into distinct separate tribes, or hordes, bound to observe no common law, and shackled by no moral or political obligation, each provided the means of subsistence for itself, unconcerned for and neglectful of one another; they continued tenants of the same portion of ground, only while it yielded its spontaneous fruits, to gratify their desires, and support their flocks, and it is therefore extremely probable, that, as intercourse was so rare, and the cords of society so loosely thrown about them, that little interest was excited for the welfare, or much regret manifested for the disappearance of a neighbouring horde, known to its brethren only by the same physical qualities, which serve to distinguish and separate even the beasts of the forest. The migration, therefore, of many tribes, would be disregarded by those remaining, and the settlement of a proximate country effected without the knowledge of those hordes, who wholly engrossed by

their own interest and wants, cared not to inquire after the fate of others, allied by no ties of propinquity, or attached by no endearments of kindness and friendship.

We are, under such considerations, not surprised that the Tartar records are devoid of facts to show the time, manner, or course of those emigrations, which were so frequently made by scattered hordes, to people more congenial countries; among the first of which China may be ranked, as holding more allurements, and promising higher remuneration to the stranger, than is common to other climes: that it would consequently be the first settled, is very likely, if it were the first known; and till it is discovered that the *Tartars* were early acquainted with it, no certain conclusion can be made of its *early establishment into an empire*.

That it requires neither an higher age nor a superior sagacity, to produce uniformity, in the manners, and beget equality in the minds of a people, is very apparent from this circumstance, that reason as it is excursive in its range after objects and its sentiments, is proportionately capricious and fanciful in its selection; that as occasion is denied for the improvement of the mind, and the means wanted for acquisition, intellectual disparity will be created; and that reason and learning will of consequence be more equally distributed, or rather equally absent to all, as all approximate more or less to instinctive capacity. Of this latter complexion are the Chinese, and that it can evince a high antiquity, it is neither reasonable nor specious to affirm; for though long continuance may radicate a custom, it must primarily be produced by some inherent propensity or defect of the mind, which though it may in some instances be factitious from moral or political causes, is nevertheless quite as effectual in operating the result. But to aver that China is so many thousand years old, because the people are more uniform in their minds, manners, and customs, than other nations is equally ridiculous with the assertion of a French philosopher, who insisted that he had travelled to the *moon* by the way of *Canada*!

From these facts, therefore, though few, yet weighty; stated as succinctly as perspicuity would allow, we shall induce only the fallacy of the pretensions of Chinese authors and history-makers.

of credulous missionaries and inquisitive pseudo-philosophers; without claiming such abundance of penetration as to assign the precise period of the radical establishment of *China*, and the exact age it has attained. What we have endeavoured to demonstrate, and what we presume has been satisfactorily evinced; we could insist on with more arguments than have been used: but as these are needless, we shall conclude in the words of one celebrated as well for his Asiatic knowledge, as his great erudition. He says and it encounters our implicit concurrence, that "Their letters, "if we may so call them, are merely the symbols of ideas; their "philosophy seems yet in so rude a state as hardly to deserve the "appellation; *they have no ancient monuments from which their "origin can be traced, EVEN BY PLAUSIBLE CONJECTURE;* "their sciences are wholly exotic; and their mechanical arts have "nothing in them characteristic of a particular family", nothing "which any set of men in a country so highly favoured by "nature, might not have discovered and improved†."

PROCLUS.

#### CRITICISM—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS, A SATIRE BY LORD BYRON.

THE literary world has long been expecting a bout between Gifford and Jeffreys. The former, is an Englishman of strong and muscular joints and limbs, athletic and robust. He has long been known as a champion of approved power and activity.—He formerly had a boxing match with Della Crusca, who was at that time believed to be no insignificant opponent. The moment these two doughty champions were brought into the field and stripped for the combat, Gifford viewed his adversary with an eye of contempt. He declared that he was ashamed to cope

\* In regard to their mechanical arts, we differ in sentiment from this philosophical author, and differ with regret.—Their arts as far as they are native, and that most of them are so appears highly probable, are stamped with a peculiar characteristic, which is imparted to every thing in China whether original or exotic. This subject, however, will be minutely discussed in another essay, which shall not here be anticipated.

† Sir William Jones.

with him; that if victory followed his blows, he should only be accused of breaking a butterfly upon a wheel. This modern Entellus, seemed at that time to have his knuckles fortified with the cœstus of Hercules. In the first round he laid his adversary sprawling in the dirt. In the second round his blows were directed with such dexterity, and so well "put in" that in the language of the profession, poor Della was "doubled scientifically." Unable to maintain the contest, he was carried off in much the same manner that his predecessor Dares was, and with as little pity, from the contest. There had been at this time a noted bruiser by the name of Peter Pindar. Not satisfied by the exercise of his muscular strength on those whose rank in society was as despicable as his own; he assailed indiscriminately women and boys, painters, poets, kings and bishops. Every character was solicitous to avoid a contest with the sturdy Peter, whose audacity at last became so notorious that he seemed to outrage all decorum and honour by special license. The bully was considered as invulnerable to shame, and the amazing disparity in a contest between a man who is delicately alive to such impulses, and one too callous to feel any, has not been sufficiently regarded. In such men there must be an entire renovation of character before the parties meet upon equal terms.—The one possesses a standard of moral integrity by which he measures his own actions;—the other has long abandoned that standard, and rests fully confident that nothing worse can be said of him than what he has actually done. This security that infamy confers, is a coat of mail in comparison with which the armour of Achilles is but a cobweb. Thus armed and accoutered this bully of Parnassus, proceeded with entire safety in the exercise of his vocation. He at last challenged Gifford to the field, and that challenge was accepted. The bets ran high, and the chances were considered nearly equal. After a little squaring, the parties set to. Peter was carried off almost exanimate and has never recovered to the present day. As soon as he was able to appear abroad again in the public streets, he did not seem inclined to wield against his opponent the cœstus of the muse.—He therefore provided himself with a stout oaken sapling, determined to inflict a more vigorous chastisement than the muses were capable of giving. His ill fortune threw his old adversary



once more in his way, and the result of the rencounter was a second edition of Peter's disgrace; he retired from the field with a broken head, to console him for his broken reputation.—Peter now affected prodigious contempt for his antagonist, represented him as altogether unworthy of a gentleman's indignation, as the outlaw of all decorum and honour. Sentiments like these from the lips of Peter Pindar, whose whole life had defamed all decency, were regarded by the community as they ought to have been, as the efforts of a base and cowardly mind writhing under the pressure of its own shame and disgrace. This Gifford had long been a pupil in the school of the great Roman boxer Juvenal. By long study and practice he became uncommonly expert in the science, and had learned the master strokes of his profession. There was one John Williams, better known by the name of Anthony Pasquin. He came to London to set up his conscience at market, and found it for a long time a very profitable trade. He subsisted comfortably on his wages, and derived a very decent emolument. These golden days however were destined to be of but short duration. Indeed the world is so sadly corrupt, so wedded to its ancient prejudices, so inflexible in its attachment to those old terms, integrity and honour, that it is much to be apprehended it will require the efforts of a still greater genius than Anthony Pasquin to give the death blow to follies so deep and inveterate. So long as the world is priest-ridden, and mankind are simpletons enough to believe that honour and honesty are words of real meaning and import, Anthony Pasquin cannot expect to receive the due reward of his labours. Anthony ventured to stand as a champion in opposition to Gifford; but as it unfortunately happened, the disciple of Juvenal proved himself too expert for his antagonist, Anthony not finding such treatment altogether to his liking, resorted to a legal tribunal for satisfaction, or in homelier dialect "took the law of Mr. Gifford." The action which was instituted for a libel, was tried before lord Ch. J. Kenyon. Gifford had audaciously declared that Pasquin's "acquaintance was infamy, and his touch poison." It did so happen that by the conjunction of some malignant stars, or inauspicious planets, both the court and the jury entertained the same opinion and sealed by their verdict:

so atrocious a calumny as this, that "Anthony's acquaintance was infamy, and his touch was poison." What rendered the verdict more provoking was this, that the jury never retired from their seats. He then indignantly turned his back upon a country so unworthy of him, decamped to this country and made Boston the theatre of his glory. He then became a patriot of the first brilliance. He had undergone persecution; for in the cant of the present day, justice and persecution are convertible terms, and produced this very verdict as a proof of his integrity and honour. This was evidence too strong to be doubted, a certified copy from the records of Old Bailey is decisive testimony of transatlantic patriotism, or in legal phraseology, is the highest evidence that the nature of the case will admit. That venerable mansion has often been the asylum of "oppressed humanity," and there seems a sort of sympathy between modern patriotism on this side of the Atlantic, and the walls of that august university on the other. The streams of Isis and of Cam although sparkling and transparent, are found peculiarly inhospitable to the growth of that noble plant, designated freedom; but the moment it is fed by the redundant fountain of Old Bailey, it starts up into wild, luxuriant and exuberant foliage. Naturalists have observed of the Nile, that when it overflows its banks, it leaves a rich redundancy on all the country washed by its inundation. Crocodiles spawn with a fecundity before unheard of, a species of animals once worshiped as the guardian deities of Egypt. This was a type of the veneration we now pay to the animals which Old Bailey inundations waft upon our shores. Here we find every quality of the bounteous Nile modernized; there is the overflow, the exuberant fertility, the rich redundancy, and animals of the same species as abovementioned left behind, and we had better abolish our idolatry, before we venture to laugh at the Egyptians for theirs. Anthony Pasquin's patriotism for some cause or other, met with a sad mishap in this country; it had a mushroom celerity of growth and decay. The old commonwealth of Massachusetts unluckily did not see with the same optics of John Williams. The Old Bailey recommendation so long and so often regarded as the test of genuine patriotism, were looked upon in rather an equivocal light, and the

more strictly they were scrutinized the more suspicious such vouchers became. In process of time, poor John Williams was compelled to carry both his conscience and his patriotism to some more favourable market. Where he has now gone is a matter of little curiosity, and of far less importance to inquire. Such were the redoubtable exploits of William Gifford. The Caledonian champion Jeffreys has long been known as the leading editor of the far famed and far dreaded Edinburgh Review.—English authors have for a long time submitted without appeal their claims to immortality to the decision of this tremendous forum. Here these unhappy wights are cut up, carved and mangled with such dexterity and adroitness, that they seem to write for no other purpose than to provoke laughter and scorn. One would suppose from reading this Review, that genius had entirely abandoned its ancient domain, and was incapable of finding a residence any where but on the cold mountains of Caledonia. The well known jealousies between the English and the Scotch, arising partly from natural, but more immediately from political causes, have aggravated and inflamed the animosity of the critics. It is a whimsical fact, and somewhat diverting to an American who feels no national partiality for either, to observe the different vibrations of the critical balance. When the English critics are able to lord it uncontrouled, Scotland is sure to be made the victim of their vengeance. The literature of that country is represented as participating in its natural poverty; a nation of sturdy paupers, both externally and internally. Such have been the philippics and sarcasms thrown against a nation, which in the language of Curran is at once “cool and ardent, adventurous and persevering, winning her eagle flight against the blaze of every science, with an eye that never winks and a wing that never tires, decked with the spoils of every art, and crowned with the wreath of every muse.”—That lofty spirit of emulation that in defiance of barren mountains, cold blasts and inclement skies, seems to contend with Heaven itself, and to render even poverty productive, that has spread over a region so uncongenial, classic grace and visionary beauty, has been wantonly defamed, by a spirit as mean as it is malignant. Nature is sometimes a rough and severe, but al-

ways a salutary disciplinarian. From the stormy clouds of Caledonia she scowls on vegetation, and looks with a stern reluctant eye on the beauty of the flowret. As though she profited by her own experience, she contrasts her hardy children who inhabit these barren mountains with the luxuriance of Italian manners, where, under the influence of softer skies, the natives seem dwindled to vegetables, and to outrival even them in the delicacy of their texture. From a climate so thrifty and parsimonious, a Scotchman learns economy. From keen and biting blasts, he is taught enterprize, and labour; nature affords no "soft recumbency of outstretched limbs;" simple diet and hardy effort, lend a ruddier blush to their cheeks, and a noble lustre to the eyes. There, in despite of climate, we find the words of Shakspeare verified:

"And on old Hyem's chin and icy beard,  
An odorous chaplet of rich summer buds  
Is as in mockery set."

The amiable Goldsmith somewhere remarks, that in all countries the learned and intelligent respect each other, and that those little national animosities are to be found only amongst the blockheads and dunces. This author, whose page possesses a curious necromancy that charms and delights, whether he understands the subject on which he writes or not, in this passage is guilty of a libel on his friend and companion Dr. Johnson.—Dr. Johnson was neither a blockhead nor a dunce, and yet he was the slave of such illiberal prejudice. In the present day the reverse of Goldsmith's opinion is realized, the learned and intelligent are the first to foment these antipathies. Scotland has at other times been the victim of this species of English persecution. At the present day the critics of that country, are able to turn the tables on their old and inveterate enemies. The Edinburgh Review partial and unjust as it has undoubtedly been, has been conducted with so much genius and ability, that even those who detest the former, have become involuntary admirers of the latter. Their panegyric of that Review is often as blighting as the censure. For instance, there was, not many years ago, an acrimonious English critique on an American poet. The

Edinburgh Reviewers took up the cudgel in this controversy, and their main object was to mortify their English rivals. They represented this unlucky performance as beneath the dignity of critical notice. After having given to the bard unmerciful chastisement, they proceeded next to quarrel with the London Review. Here one would suppose was a dilemma from which it would be difficult even for Caledonian ingenuity to escape.—Harsh as the censures of the London Review were, they were tender kindness and loving mercy in comparison with the Edinburgh. The ground taken by the Scottish critics was, that notwithstanding the poetry was so despicably bad; it was still better than the criticism. Thus was the bard introduced for no other purpose than to be made the stalking horse of abuse against English critics. How far the Scottish Reviewers are right morally considered, in inflaming the resentments of the two nations at a time when the crisis of England demands a combination of their energies, is a point which we shall not undertake to investigate. Thus far is certain, that they may plead English precedent for whatever literary enormities they commit, and it is perhaps too much to ask of poor human nature under such provocation to make a magnanimous sacrifice of resentment. What ought to be done, and what we have a right to expect that men will do, are questions totally distinct and separate. This is the present state of the literary animosity which those two sister nations entertain towards each other.—English writers for a long time succumbed beneath the lashes of Caledonian criticism without even a show of resistance. Although this Delphic Oracle was known to be partial and unjust, still its responses were consulted with unabated reverence. At length resistance was warranted on the principle of self defence, and hence originated the Quarterly Review, of which Gifford is known to be a supporter. It is not proper to give any opinion on the respective merits of these Reviews; we merely state the hostility between England and Scotland in the region of letters. The Quarterly Review is now feeling its way; it has already flounced and pouted and dealt several hard side-blows, but has not proceeded to an open rupture. It wears the appearance of our present political state of things, neither war

ner peace; but in a state of amphibious existence between both. Jeffreys and Gifford are looked up to by their respective adherents to give the word for battle. Lord Byron, one of Gifford's retainers, some time since published a volume of juvenile poems dedicated to lord Carlisle, of whom Peter Pindar thus speaks in his address to the Reviewers:

"Furious I've answered to my lord Carlisle!  
Has strove to gain a seat in Fame's old temple;  
The world applaud, your worship will not smile,  
What you disapprove is cursed simple."

This volume of juvenile poems from the pen of lord Byron, drew down the indignation of the Edinburgh Review. His lordship being in parliamentary phraseology "sorely touched and grieved" did not feel inclined to wait from his master Gifford the watch word of battle any longer. He therefore lets off his recriminating vengeance in a small octavo volume consisting of eighty-six pages. The gauntlet of defiance is thrown down to Jeffreys, and a contest solicited with an instrument more fatal than a pen. What, on the return of his lordship from his travels, will be the issue of a challenge so unequivocally invited; whether the Caledonian critic will deem himself in honour bound to accept it, or not, is a question with which we have no right to intermeddle. A strain of extreme bitterness pervades the poem that sufficiently evinces that patriotism though made the ostensible, was not the only motive. Reflections on private lives of writers (such for instance, as that Jeffreys was born in a garret) and totally unconnected with the reputation of men as authors, are lavished with a bounteous hand. It savours of common place to remark, but it is nevertheless true, that it is not an act of criminality to be born, and the place where, and the time when, is surely no choice of the infant. If wishes in the present age, were not the most idle of all idle things, we could with much sincerity wish, that writers of unquestionable genius would, with a magnanimity becoming it, disdain this species of warfare. It consecrates that vulgar malignity so often exemplified in our daily prints; and "visits literally the sins of the parents upon the children to the third and fourth generation." The author himself in his postscript, seems reluctantly to yield to this opinion;

and conveys a sort of apology under the guise of a justification. "I have added facts says he already well known, and of Jeffreys mind I have stated my free opinions, **NOR HAS HE THERE SUFFERED ANY INJURY**; what scavenger was ever soiled by being pelted with mud?" True; but if Jeffreys is this scavenger his opponent represents him, does it become one of the proud nobility of England when thus assailed, to retort with the same weapons, and to pollute his coronet in the contest? His lordship not only persists in this mode of attack with regard to Jeffreys, his more immediate opponent; but also as respects other writers, whose fame once floated, apparently staunch and well built, but is now laid up in ordinary; or condemned as unseaworthy. Poor little Bobby Bloomfield, for instance, is condemned, not so much for being a poet, as a shoe-maker, a very honest and reputable occupation; nor have we ever heard any complaints on the part of his customers on that score. Here the bard has brought himself into an awkward dilemma; Gifford whom he professes to reverence on this side of idolatry, was once guilty of the self same offence he so severely reprehends; for he was once in good sooth a shoemaker, until the united voice of the nine muses commanded him to throw aside his last. As Gifford acquires no honour, so neither does Bloomfield incur disgrace, by the occupation he followed. As to Cappel Loft, whom the poet stigmatises in a note as the "Mæcenas of shoemakers," this sally was surely unnecessary. The bare mention of the name excites laughter, and has been so familiar to contempt that the time occupied in any attempt to make him more an object of ridicule is completely thrown away. In short, had the pen of Byron meddled only with the Haleys, the Southes, and the Coleridges of the day, however needless it might have been, the commonwealth of letters would have received no detriment. Some have censured the bard's attack upon Walter Scott; but they have forgot, or neglected to notice, that this attack has been confined merely **TO THE SUBJECT ON WHICH THE BARD WRITES, AND THE DEFECTIVENESS OF HIS PLANS**. With regard to the latter of these charges, the warmest admirers of the Scottish bard, we believe, have admitted, that here, he was blameably deficient. The supernatural machinery does not as-

sist the main design of the poet in his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, except in a very awkward and ungracious manner. The interposition of this machinery seems more calculated to retard than to accelerate the nuptials of Henry and Margaret, nor is that event of sufficient dignity in itself to require the exercise of such agency; besides, it throws an air of incredibility on a tale in itself very probable. With regard to the charge, that the subject is improper for the muse, we beg leave to enter a protest against this opinion. Although Scotland was then infested with hordes of marauders; yet their manners were altogether peculiar, and calculated to excite wonder and astonishment. They had manners whose novelty entitled them to preservation, in a form not so offensive as historical, and highly susceptible of poetic embellishment. Scott therefore arrayed these marauders in the habiliments of knighthood, and gave them a character of chivalry. And was it ever urged as a sober objection, that poetry transcended fact—in other words, that these men celebrated by Scott as so many knights, were actually marauders? If history was honest and impartial we much fear that the most valorous knights of antiquity, would not deserve a better name than Scott's heroes. While the poet censures Scott with much asperity in one part of his book, he does ample justice to his genius in another.

"But thou with powers that mock the aid of praise  
 Shoud'st leave to humbler bards ignoble lays;  
 Thy country's voice, the voice of all the Nine,  
 Demand a hallow'd harp, *that harp is thine*.  
 Scotland, still proudly claim thy native bard,  
 And be thy praise his first, his best reward!  
 Yet not with thee alone thy name shall live,  
 But own the vast renown a world can give;  
 Be known perchance, when Albion is no more;  
 And tell the tale of what she was before;  
 To future times her faded fame recall,  
 And save her glory though *his country fall*."

But we must not think that the censure so prodigally distributed within the compass of these leaves, is done by any ordinary hand. In the youthful countenance of the poet we discover the large temporal vein of genius. His sarcasms are ter-



rible, they are uttered in a strain of indignant defiance, and with the spirit of a man conscious of his own powers; a spirit that kindles at a frown, and grows more formidable when opposed. The predominant character of his satire consists in that species of retort that turns a man's own words to his disadvantage. Of Scott's Marmion he exclaims in the words of the author,

"For this we spurn Apollo's favourite son,  
And bid a *long good-night to Marmion.*"

After imploring Southey to write no more, he cries

"But if in spite of all the world can say,  
Thou still wilt verse-ward plod thy weary way;  
The babe unborn, thy dread intent may rue,  
'God help thee' Southey, and *thy readers too.*"

Of Wordsworth and his "Idiot Boy" our author remarks

"Thus when he tells his tale of Betty Foy,  
The *idiot mother* of an idiot boy;  
So close on each pathetic part he dwells,  
And each adventure so sublimely tells;  
That all who view the 'Idiot' in his glory,  
Conclude the *bard the hero of the story.*"

The sighing and simpering Coleridge is thus brought in contact with his subject:

"Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass  
The bard who soars to eulogize an ass:  
How well the subject suits his noble mind,  
A *fellow-feeling* makes us wondrous kind."

Of Haley's triumphs of temper:

Triumphant thus see "temper's triumph's shrine,  
At least I'm sure they *triumph'd over mine.*"

Of Bowles:

"And art thou not the prince, harmonious Bowles?  
Thou first great oracle of tender souls!  
Whene'er thy muse most lamentably tells,  
What merry sounds proceed from Oxford bells?"

Ah how much sweeter were thy muses hap,  
If to thy *bells*, thou would'st *but add a cap.*"

**Of Scott's Lay of the last Minstrel:**

"And Lays of Minstrels, may they be the last."

Enough we presume, has been said to show the bards dexterity of retort; but this, though the principal feature of his wit, is not the only one. The fable of *Sisyphus* is thus handsomely hit off, when he speaks of Maurice's poem on the "Beauties of Richmond hill:"

"As *Sisyphus* against the infernal steep  
Rolls the huge rock whose motions ne'er may sleep,  
So up thy hill ambrosial Richmond, heaves  
Dull Maurice, all his granite weight of leaves!  
Smooth solid monuments of mental pain  
The petrifications of a plodding brain!  
That e'er they reach the top fall lumbering back again."

**Amos Cottle is thus characterized:**

"*Bæotian Cottle*, rich *Bristow's* boast,  
Imports old stories from the *Cambrian* coast.  
Fresh fish from *Helicon*; who'll buy—who'll buy?  
The precious bargain's cheap!—in faith—not I."

The bard occasionally forsakes this levity and speaks in a strain of bold, honest, and manly indignation worthy a disciple of *Juvenal*. The fate of poor *Montgomery*, whose fame was fairly hunted down by the *Caledonian* critics is thus expressed:

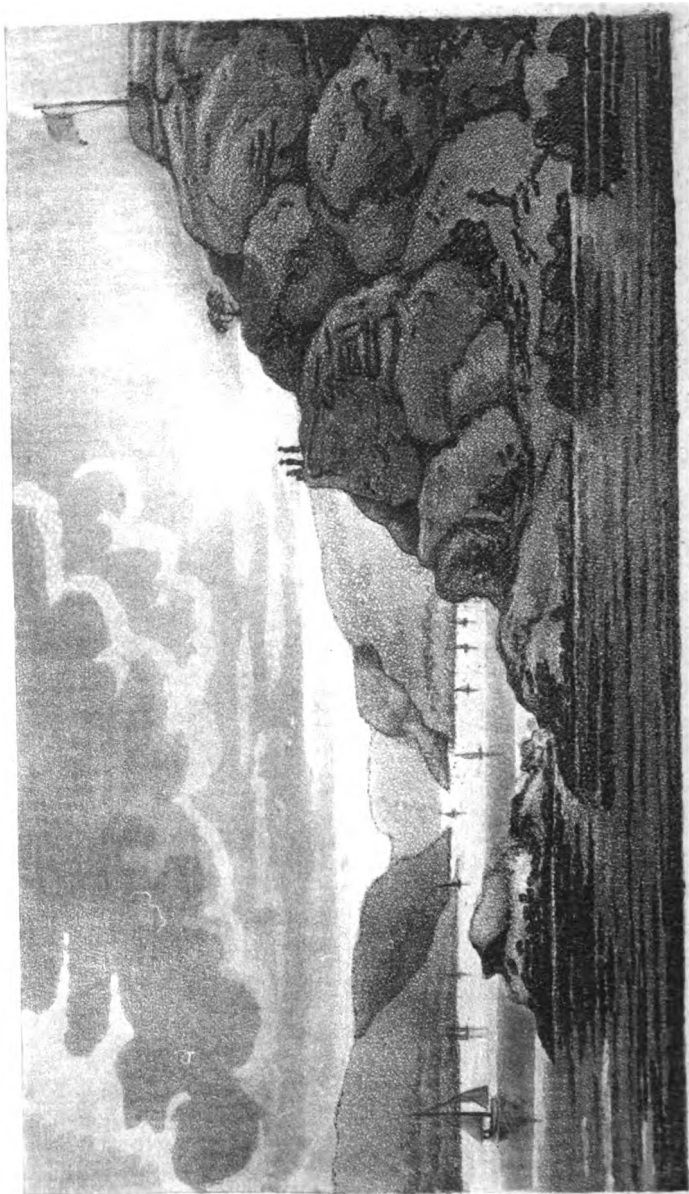
"With broken lyre, and cheek serenely pale,  
Lo sad *Alceus* wanders down the vale!  
Though fair they rose, and might have bloom'd at last  
His hopes have wither'd by the northern blast.  
Nipp'd in the bud, by *Caledonian* gales,  
His blossoms wither as the blast prevails.  
Yet say why should the bard at once resign  
His claims to favour from the tuneful nine?  
Forever startled by the mangled howl  
Of northern wolves, that still in darkness prow!  
A ceward brood, which mangle as they prey  
By hellish instinct all who cross their way:  
Aged or young, the living or the dead,  
No mercy find; these harpies must be fed."

The foregoing examples are ample and honourable evidence of the talents of lord Byron as a satirist. The following is no less honourable to his feelings as a man. Henry K. White, he adds in a note, was a young man of excellent genius, who died in consequence of his intense application to his studies. This is the simple fact on which the following beautiful lines are founded, and a stronger instance cannot be produced of the difference between poetry and prose.

“Unhappy White, while life was in its spring  
 And thy young muse just wav'd her joyous wing,  
 The spoiler came; all, all thy promise fair,  
 Has sought the grave to sleep forever there.  
 Oh what a noble heart was here undone!  
*When Science self destroyed her favourite son.*  
 Yet she too much indulg'd the fond pursuit;  
 She sow'd the seeds, but death has reap'd the fruit.  
 'Twas thine own genius gave the fatal blow,  
 And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low.  
 So the struck eagle stretched upon the plain,  
 No more thro' rolling clouds to soar again,  
 View'd *his own feather* on the fatal dart,  
 And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart.  
 Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,  
 He nurs'd the pinion that impelled the steel:  
 While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest,  
 Drank the last life drop of his bleeding breast.”

Upon the whole, notwithstanding the many personal asperities with which this poem abounds, we do not hesitate to recommend it as a noble specimen of chaste and vigorous, bold and classic verse. When the anger of the bard subsides a little by its indulgence, he no longer “strikes his lyre with a rude clash, or sweeps the strings with a hurried hand;” they are made to murmur with the strains of elegy, or to pour the more joyful sounds of panegyric. His versatile muse indulges all the caprice of her disposition, and whether her brow is contracted into frowns, or open and serene, whether her eye drops the tear of pity, or shoots glances of disdain; whether her lip pouts with resentment, or smiles in good humour; whatever character of physiognomy she assumes, she wins respect and admiration.





**FORT CLINTON WEST POINT.**

## AMERICAN SCENERY—FOR THE FORT FOLIO.

THE annexed views of Fort Putnam and Fort Clinton present as correct an idea as can be given in a small compass, of the sublime scenery of West-Point and the highlands of Hudson river. The effect of landscape painting, even in its highest state of perfection, depends so much on that principle of association; which by suggesting former combinations of imagery, bodies forth to the mind's eye the beautiful or the stern features of nature, where to an unpractised observer, nothing appears on the canvas but a feeble and indistinct outline; that we much doubt whether any sketch of the pencil or the pen can alone afford a very satisfactory idea of the rude and solitary grandeur of this scene. But to a native American ear the name of West-Point is so connected with the story of our revolutionary contest, as the rallying point of our power, the palladium of our liberty. The fortress from whose walls the storm of war was rolled back upon our invaders, where a breathing space was given to our patriot fathers, ere they roused themselves again to victory, where Arnold plotted and where Washington counselled, that the feeling of silent awe which the sullen dignity of the place is so fitted to inspire, is absorbed in a yet higher and more sacred sentiment. "To abstract the mind, says Johnson, from all local emotion, would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Far from me and from my friends, be that frigid philosophy, which would conduct us unmoved, over any ground which had been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain strength on the plain of Marathon, and whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." This sentiment is as natural as it is generous; and it is not less the dictate of practical wisdom than of elegant refinement to cherish these generous enthusiasms, and to call in their aid in rearing the great fabric of national character.

That same principle which teaches the scholar to

Venerate the turf where Virgil trod,  
And think it like no other sod;  
And guard each leaf from Shakspeare's tree,  
With druid like idolatry.

may serve to fix and embody into active love of country, the lofty but cold speculations of abstract patriotism. Brief as are the annals of our nation, we may yet find in our history and in our country, many exemplars of virtue—many memorials of valour. The national pride and the classical prejudice of our ingenuous youth, may thus alike be made to contribute in giving dignity and refinement to their patriotism. At the tomb of Mount Vernon they may venerate the manes of our American Camillus, on the shore of Hobokur, they may bewail the untimely fate of our Cicero. At York Town they may behold our Marathon, and at WEST-POINT our Thermopylæ; and without despising the learning or the virtues of Europe, in our own annals

———fortia facta PARENTUM  
Legere, et quæ sit poterit cognoscere virtus.

V.

*Newyork.*

#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE following description of Niagara Falls, which I am obligingly allowed to transmit to the Editor of the Port Folio, was originally communicated to a friend, by the author, in connection with other accounts of a tour, made by him, through the Western country, in the summer and autumn of 1806. It comprises several views of the falls, from different points and at successive intervals, and it is thought, will not be deemed an unworthy companion of the perspicuous and forcible descriptions, which have already been given, of this wonder of our country. In those who have witnessed this stupendous curiosity, the view, as here described, from the Table Rock, will revive the emotions which on that spot, were excited in them, by the wild uproar and awful sublimity of the tumultuary cataract.

E.

*Newyork, February, 1811.*

#### FALLS OF NIAGARA.

WE crossed the Niagara where it issues from lake Erie, to its western side, so late in the afternoon, that we had, at sundown, fourteen miles to ride, which at the close of a fatiguing day's journey, was not very desirable; but, we had reason to

congratulate ourselves on this very circumstance, as it occasioned our being spectators of a scene which travellers rarely witness. The warm southern breeze which had prevailed during the day, was now succeeded by a keen northwest air, though without any perceptible wind, which obliged us to ride wrapped in our great coats. This change in the weather produced the fine object which soon after presented itself. The twilight in this latitude is long and bright—and we had, at the distance of twelve miles, seen the top of a column of vapour, rising above the falls, still illuminated by the sun, whose beams had been for some time lost to us. The sound of the cataract was soon after heard, but the cloud was no longer in sight, owing to the bending of the road, and the thick shrubbery which bordered it. We had continued to travel rapidly on, with no very striking objects in view, for more than an hour; the farm houses, and overhanging trees on one hand, and the river full to its brim, flowing silently forward on the other: when suddenly turning an angle in the road, the stream presented itself, expanding to the breadth of two miles, and stretching forward three times that distance, smooth as glass, reflecting every star in the deep-blue concave above, and terminated by an object so grand, and even awful, that our whole party immediately stopped, struck with astonishment and almost with terror. The fine sheet of water before us, was lost in a black cloud, extending quite across the river, and rising to a height with which nothing in nature or art can be compared, by those who have not seen the Alps, or Alpine scenes. The cold stillness of the night rendered the cloud so compact, that it could not be penetrated by the eye, but seemed a column black as night, reaching from the earth to the heavens, uniting with the few dark clouds stationed above, and which, spreading to the right and left, appeared to form an overhanging crown, for this giant of the waters. On each side of this impenetrable curtain, near the earth, appeared the still glowing horizon, and, higher up, the deep blue firmament glittering with the starry splendour of a winter night. This scene was in full view, for an hour, as we proceeded on our way, during which time, we were frequently startled by a singular deception, which I think must have arisen from our being entirely unac-



customed to look at objects, whose dimensions are so far beyond the limits of ordinary calculation, and with which nothing within the circle of our knowledge, can bear a comparison. Perhaps it might have been from our suddenly realizing the height of the object before us—for it would for a few moments, appear rapidly approaching. We would stop, and call to those of our party who were on horseback, to witness this phenomenon: but to their eyes the cloud was stationary. At another moment the same delusion would take place with them, and they would make the same claim to our attention. It was now ten o'clock, and one can hardly witness a scene unconnected with danger, more truly sublime than was before us, for the last half hour of our ride. The awful majesty of this black and massy column; standing, to appearance, almost within our reach—of such vast diameter, its base upon the water, and rising to an immeasurable height, with accompaniments so appropriate, the solemn calm of the atmosphere, the sullen roar of the cataract, and the death-like stillness of the night.

We had never heard of this part of the show of Niagara, consequently our surprise and admiration were the greater: but, I have since been told that it is not uncommon in winter, and a gentleman informed me, that he had at that season, been travelling for three days, on the borders of lake Erie, with the cloud constantly in view, supposing it to arise from a great fire, and that after having lost sight of it, as he approached more nearly, it suddenly burst upon his view at the same place, and with the same effect, that it did upon us.

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#### NATURAL HISTORY—FOR THE PORT-FOLIO.

MR. EDITOR,

IN Evelyn's *Sylva*, a work more familiar, perhaps to Europeans than American scholars, I remember to have perused, at the puerile age, many marvelous accounts of the extraordinary growth and di-

mensions of the monarchs of the wood. But from the researches of a gentleman of South Carolina, whose science and veracity are alike indisputable; I am recently apprised that in the vicinity of the village of Coosawhatchie, in one of the vast swamps of that region, there grew an enormous Cypress tree, which was justly considered as the Emperor of the Forest. This proud title was conferred, not merely on account of its loftiness, but its bulk. It actually overtopped the tallest of the tall trees in that exuberant region. It should be remembered that it grew on the margin of a lake, and that the soil was of a character remarkably fertile. A gentleman of fortune and leisure, finding the tree partially excavated by the hand of Nature herself, ordered his workmen to enlarge the cavity, to construct a regular apartment within, to floor the basement, to attach a circular seat to the trunk, to form a door way, to cut windows for the free admission of light, and fit up a sort of Arthur's round table in the centre. Thus commodiously arranged, the hollow cypress became a haunt for the Sportsman, the Idler, and the Epicure.— Here, after the toils of angling and the chase, men met to drink and to dine. Seventeen guests in the *domus interior* of this venerable vegetable have been comfortably accommodated, without even the pressure, which we often experience at the *Table d'Hôte* of an ordinary.

In process of time the votaries of Diana and Bacchus, remarking that this enormous growth of the wood was susceptible of still farther improvements, constructed over the rustic hall we have just described, a sort of sylvan withdrawing room for the accommodation of the ladies. Access to this apartment was obtained by a flight of steps without the tree. The room itself had all the gladsomeness of a modern parlour. While gentlemen were convivially regaling themselves in the tree below, the ladies might amuse themselves by angling from the windows above. This hollow in the cypress could easily accommodate eight persons.

At no inconsiderable elevation from the earth, and where the bole of the tree was completely circular, it measured at least 42 feet. This, I understand, is but a moderate computation. It gives me pain to add, that this stupendous production of Nature's

fertility at length shared the fate of Shakspeare's Mulberry.—Soon after the commencement of the war between Great Britain and her colonies, the owner of the estate, alledging that the resort of visitors trespassed upon his property, ordered, in a fit of spleen or anger, that this Nestor of the wood should be demolished. Accordingly, like the old Thorn, at Market Hill, as described by the Dean of St. Patrick's, it was cut down by some Hibernian hatchet, blunter than its master's pate; and thus shamefully perished one of the noblest of rude Nature's children, to the deep regret of all the fond lovers of nature; and of all who view, with veneration, such an object as a monument, indicating the lapse of centuries, and the miracles of the Almighty Creator.

I am, sir, yours, &c.

J. D.

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#### THE LITERARY WORLD—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

To the lovers and cultivators of polite literature, I know nothing more delightful than that sort of dissertation which Dryden first commenced, on the interesting topic of the merits or demerits of those immortal authors, whom all the world agree, in pronouncing classical. Here follows a recent essay on a favourite topic, exactly to our taste.

With all due respect for the declamatory grandeur of Juvenal, we are not disposed to rank him very high, either as a poet or a moralist. His style is constantly descending into slovenly inelegance, or rising into inflation or obscurity; while his sounding amplifications and the obtrusive glare of shining sentences, ill embossed on the body of the work, betray that departure from the simplicity of nature, which marked the decline of Roman taste. Yet there are in this poet, a power of expression and a sublimity of conception that would redeem all his faults, were we not perpetually disgusted with gross violations of all decency and propriety. In the midst of a description, sketched, in many points, with the hand of a master, we unexpectedly encounter some gratuitous obscenity, and wonder at the perverseness of a taste, which could unite objects so incongruous. There

is certainly much in Juvenal, that savours of the reformed rake. He writes like a man, who, in his youthful days, had gone the whole round of Roman dissipation, and when age, or ennui robbed him of his pleasures, assumed the tone of a severe moralist; who, while he declaims against sins, which he once indulged in, is often betrayed by a remnant of former propensities, into a description rather than a condemnation of vice. He does not sketch, with an indignant hand, a dark and hurried outline, but deliberately fills up the canvas, and even drags the most disgusting features to the foreground of the picture. We are told indeed, that he exposes the nakedness of vice, that we may turn aside with horror from the deformity. But those who expect any good from such a plan, have a better opinion of human nature than we fear it deserves. There are too many to whom description, however gross, is alluring. Even grave commentators seem to delight in raking up the filth of Juvenal, and making night more hideous by the light they shed upon it; and in younger minds, which are most susceptible of injury, curiosity too often prevails over principle. Something is no doubt to be ascribed to the extreme licentiousness of ancient manners, and particularly of the age in which Juvenal lived, when vice had reached the very summit of enormity. But, from whatever cause, he seems to have been so habituated to contemplate depravity, as to have lost that delicacy of moral taste, so necessary to the satirist, who is to arraign vice without offending virtue. Nor do we think the deep and tragic intonations of Juvenal are well suited to his professed object of reforming the public manners. The peculiar province of satire we conceive to be, the follies and petty vices, rather than the crimes of mankind; and that they have been much oftener rallied out of the former, than lashed out of the latter. When vice becomes so flagitious and so universal as in Juvenal's time, it is, we fear, beyond the reach of biting verse. The mind of its votary has been seared to shame or remorse; and as long as he escapes the vengeance of the laws, mocks the *scelus imbellis* of the satirist. Much curious information, indeed, with regard to the state of manners, and the private life of the degenerate Romans, may be gleaned from his writings; and, in this view, they are a fit study for the antiquary

and the philosopher: but, as poems that are to delight, instruct or amend, we know not to what class of the community we could safely recommend their perusal.

Such being our sentiments, on the merits of the original, we cannot sympathize with the solicitude of the many translators who have laboured to present it to their countrymen in an English dress. On the contrary; we should feel no regret nor pity for our unlettered brethren, if Juvenal were a sealed book to all but profound scholars. The remainder of our reading population would be no losers, if they rested satisfied with the imitations of him, which exist in our language. In those of JOHNSON, they would read what Juvenal would have written in his happiest moments, had he lived in our own times. That dignified solemnity and felicity of illustration, which we admire occasionally in the Roman, are sustained throughout in the English poet; and the dexterous introduction of modern examples gives a relish to his imitation, which no mere translation of an ancient can ever possess. Satirical composition, indeed, more, perhaps, than any other species of writing, is a local and national property. It abounds with allusions to the perishing events and characters of the day, which, to those of a different age and country, must be always uninteresting and generally unintelligible. The mere translator of such productions is like a merchant who should endeavour to force into circulation, a quantity of the current coin of some distant region, by simply altering the legend, instead of having it melted at the mint, its purity adjusted to the English standard, and the whole re-stamped with the insignia of Britain. How much less interesting to an English reader, is the catastrophe of Juvenal's Sejanus with his "*longa et insignis honorum pagina*," than the fall of the "full blown dignity" of Wolsey, with "Law in his voice, and Fortune in his hand?" and how rapid are those traits of indirect Satire, where Juvenal deals his bye-blows to less prominent and contemporary characters, which to us are literally *voces et preterea nihil*, compared to the parallel passages of Johnson, where every name recalls some well known period of our national history?

## CORRESPONDENCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. EDITOR,

The very entertaining writer of the Bee Hive, No. 4, under the head of "*Keep to the right as the law directs*" states, that he is informed, and on the very best authority, that the English rule is, *keep to the left*. I have travelled through great part of England, and can assure him that he is correctly informed. The circumstance of such being the law, gave rise to the following Epigram:

The laws of the road are a paradox quite,  
For when you are travelling along,  
If you keep to the left, you are sure to go right,  
But if you go right, you go wrong.

A CORRESPONDENT.

Huntingdon, (P.)

## SELECTED POETRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM MRS. EDGEWORTH'S MODERN GRISELDA.

## A FAMILY PICTURE.

I married a Nymph who delighted all eyes,  
And thought myself happy in gaining the prize,  
But alas! very soon, as if sated with pleasing,  
She show'd me her pow'rs in the practice of teasing.  
If quite in good humour, I call'd her my dear,  
'Twas sneer'd at as mawkish, or term'd insincere,  
If epithets tender I fail'd to apply,  
She would pout, refuse food, and murmur and sigh;  
Then say "she'd long seen that my love was abating,  
'Twas now but neglect, it would soon come to hating,  
Should I swear that I more was enslav'd by her charms,  
Much more than when yielded at first to my arms;  
She'd answer, 'twas flattery, smiles all grimace,  
And that deeming her foolish, I laugh'd in her face,

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If to sooth her, I vow'd I respected her sense,  
She'd frown and exclaim, it was all a pretence;  
"Your indifference" she'd cry "too plainly appears,  
"Ah! why did I marry?" and then fell her tears.  
In vain I endeavour'd to banish her gloom,  
My feelings all tortur'd, she'd fly to her room;  
I foolishly follow'd, with pain at my heart,  
Though 'twere better I knew, to tarry apart.  
There are who have firmness, when madam's a shrew,  
To restrain all regard until she comes to;  
There's no reasoning they say, with a female in rage,  
'Tis fuel to fire—an attempt to assuage;  
I'd tap at her door, and say "'tis fine weather,  
"My love, if you please, shall we walk out together?"  
She'd pettishly answer, perhaps, merely—no,  
Or, tis cold—or, I'm busy; or, why plague me so?  
Chagrin'd, to my study should I repair,  
And endeavour, by reading, to banish my care,  
Perhaps when I'd been a few minutes alone,  
And my mind thus reliev'd, almost tranquil had grown,  
She'd enter, and urge that I cared not for her,  
My own selfish pleasures resolv'd to prefer,  
That she therefore henceforth consulting her ease,  
She'd pursue what her fancy suggested would please;  
Then the carriage she'd order, some visit to pay,  
And to show how the mistress would have her own way,  
If I offer'd to go, she'd be sure to deride,  
She would not have me to her apron strings tied—  
If I said not a word, 'twas my plan to neglect her,  
In me she once hop'd to have found a protector.  
If I went in the carriage, and wish'd her to cast  
A view at the beautiful prospects we pass'd,  
She'd pull down the screens, and exclaim with surprise,  
That I suffer'd the glare to pain her weak eyes.  
Then she'd sit in the corner, and answer me short,  
If to subjects amusing I tried to resort.  
If I did not go with her whene'er she return'd,  
She notic'd me not, and my questions she spurn'd,

Then after much pensiveness, sighing, ah me!  
"How happy, she'd say, some women can be,  
"Mrs. Jerry my neighbour, how envied her life,  
"Mr. Jerry conforms to each wish of his wife;  
"If she mentions a thing, 'tis immediately bought,  
"He almost anticipates even her thought;  
"Alas! 'tis my lot—but let me refrain,  
"I'll suffer in silence, and scorn to complain,  
"It cannot last long—what a pain in my head!"  
Then she'd ring for a candle, and languish to bed.  
When I took my own side, I pass'd all the night,  
Afraid to disturb her; nor thought of delight.  
If I mov'd, she would shrink, and in anger protest,  
That I did so on purpose to rob her of rest.  
Next morning at breakfast my ear was aroused,  
By regrets for the offers of titles refus'd,  
Her foolish affection for me was so great,  
She had no one to blame, she deserv'd her sad fate.  
The advice of her friends she heedlessly scorn'd,  
She could not but own she was fully forewarn'd—  
If a friend came to dinner, she'd pouting complain,  
And desire she might never behold him again,  
He was dull, or unpolish'd, or had some defect,  
Or from me he had learnt to show her neglect;  
When I from our boyhood would prove him my friend,  
And endeavour his conduct and words to defend,  
She'd reply, that by habit I partial was grown,  
To the faults of my friend, as I was to my own.  
Then, with satire and wit, most perfect by use,  
She'd magnify foibles and merits reduce,  
Till by traits disproportion'd, at length she was sure  
To exhibit her skill in a caricature.  
All attempts to appease her, I found were in vain,  
So though griev'd to the heart, I was forc'd to refrain—  
Thus treated, my friends, one by one, all drew off,  
Some pitied, no doubt, and others would scoff;  
Concessions to-day requir'd greater to-morrow,  
And each rising sun still augmented my sorrow.



Thus piqued and thus harass'd, with firmness one day  
I address'd her—"My dear, I have tried every way  
"To render you happy, yet all is in vain,  
"The more I endeavour, the more you complain:  
"Each expedient I've tried, that occurred to my mind,  
"Twere useless to argue, whose conduct's unkind,  
"Since we cannot live happy, we'd much better part,"  
"You are right, she exclaim'd, 'tis the wish of my heart,  
"I'll instantly go"—To a friend's house she went,  
And soon for her things, by a servant she sent.  
I sat moping alone, yet resolv'd on my plan,  
Though I felt as a lover, I thought as a man.  
She expected I'd come, and the quarrel deplore,  
And seek reconciliation as practis'd before—  
Nay, though serious at last, and full of contrition,  
Shame, pride and ill humour, prevented submission,  
Thus in sad separation, we're doom'd to remain,  
And never shall cherish each other again.  
Good humour's the sunshine to brighten our days,  
The balm of our being, which blessings conveys,  
The main of existence with trifles is fill'd,  
Each minute they act as drops are distill'd.  
When a tender expression, a look or a smile  
Can pleasure bestow, and sorrow beguile,  
When a female can render a family blest,  
Why will she capriciously make them distress?  
When a wife will more vex, as you more strive to please her,  
What a hell upon earth is produc'd by a teaser.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## SONG.

WHEN the heart that slowly dies  
Struggles with unbidden sighs,  
Sweet the melting lay that throws  
Bland oblivion o'er its woes.  
When o'er strings that long have bled,  
When, o'er chords to pleasure dead,  
Dulcet music softly steals,  
Oh! what rapture Sorrow feels!  
Lady, cease!—that strain divine  
Mocks the bliss that once was mine!  
Lady! such the look *she* wore:  
Tune thy voice to love no more!  
Lady! guard thy tender heart  
From the syren's venom'd dart;  
Though celestial bliss it brings,  
Oh! how mad'ning are its stings!  
Touch the magic chords again:  
Friendship shall employ the strain.  
But the roign of love is o'er!  
Tune thy voice to love no more!

OSCAR.

## TO A SMILE.

Swelling bud of op'ning blisses,  
Dimpling harbinger of joy;  
Cherisher of love and kisses,  
Treasure of the blinded boy.  
  
Yes in vain I oft have sought thee,  
And with aspect modest meek,  
Wily treasure have I caught thee  
Dimpling on Cordelia's cheek!

Ah, thou art a brittle toy,  
Sorrow's shaft too soon may chace thee;  
From the cheeks of sparkling Joy,  
Time's rude touch may quick efface thee—

Child of Hope and nurs'd in blisses,  
Sweetly, fondly strewing flowers,  
Cherisher of love and kisses,  
Blend thy magic with my hours.

Beaming smile like sparkling gem,  
Flower cherished to betray—  
Already Care has broke thy stem,  
Thus our dearest joys decay.

LORENZO.

*Newyork, February 15.*

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The following versification was from the pen of a very young, and interesting woman, in reply to the solicitations of her family not to accompany her unfortunate husband into exile.

The lovely author of these lines, whose beauty can only be exceeded by her retiring modesty, is wholly unconscious of their publication, and we well know will blush at a celebrity which the accomplishments of her mind, the graces of her person, and the misfortunes of her destiny, have rendered inevitable.

*Versification from the book of "Ruth"*

INSCRIBED TO ———.

Where'er thou goest, I will go,  
O'er Egypt's sands, or Zembla's snow!  
Where'er thy weary eyelids close,  
There will thy Charlotte seek repose;  
Though on the naked earth we lie,  
While tempests rule the darkning sky,

Still, still undaunted will I be,  
And find the holiest calm with thee.  
That people whom thou call'st thy own,  
Shall only to my heart be known,  
And our great Father, God, above,  
With equal warmth we both will love.

Where'er thy last expiring breath,  
Is yielded to relentless Death,  
On that same spot will Charlotte die,  
And in the tomb, thy Charlotte lie.  
The Lord do this, and more to me,  
If more than this, part thee from me,  
As living, but one heart we own,  
So dying, we will still be ONE.

—  
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONG.

THERE is a spot where slow decays  
The wreck of former, better days;  
Where, blasted by inclement skies,  
A noble ruin wasting lies.  
There is an hour when insects play  
And flutter in the blaze of day;  
But shun to court the hallow'd gloom  
That sheds its shelter on the tomb.  
There is an hour to sorrow dear  
When Pity sheds her tend'rest tear;  
When moon-beams kiss the mould'ring pile,  
And gild its features with a smile.  
The tear of love that seeks to lave  
The turf that hides Misfortune's grave  
Shall bless the spot where slow decays  
The wreck of former, better days!

OSCAR.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## SONG.

IN IMITATION OF WALLER'S "GO, LOVELY ROSE!"

Go, idle lays!

Tell her whose youthful heart beats high  
To future daysThat now so fair in prospect lie,  
How soon our dearest transports die.

Tell her whose cheek

The blush of conscious pleasure wears,

That they who seek

To find delights unmix'd with cares  
Shall own the fond deceit in tears.

Say that while charms

Which Hebe's transient presence lends

The bosom warms,

Time's envious breath the canker sends

That youth's enchanting season ends.

To her whom health

With ruddy blushes high illumines,

Say that by stealth

Disease to palid wrinkles dooms,

The cheek that now so sweetly blooms.

Tell her whose form

The partial hand of Beauty gave,

That from the worm

Kind Pity's touch shall never save

The charms that moulder in the grave!

Go, idle lays!

Tell her whose youthful heart beats high

To future days

That now so fair in prospect lie,

How soon our dearest transports die!

Then softly say

That, when terrestrial joys and pains

Shall melt away,

The soul, absolv'd from sensual stains,

Shall soar where bliss immortal reigns!

OSCAR.





# THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY JOSEPH DENNIE, ESQ.

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Various; that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

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JUNE, 1811.

No. 6.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—BRISTOL SPRINGS.

THE town of Bristol, romantically situated on one of the most verdant margins of the Delaware, is one of those enchanting spots in the bosom of nature, on which the philosopher, the lover, the studious and the social, with equal rapture repose. Separated from Burlington on the Jersey side, the eye of the painter, the poet, and the enthusiast is at once refreshed and recreated by all the sylvan honours of Bristol. Among its rural joys, at this enchanting season, the liberal establishment which the taste and judgment of Dr. Minnick have conspired to enhance in the estimation of the man of pleasure, or the victim of disease, may be justly enumerated. The mineral spring, which the analysis of science has demonstrated so salutary to many a sufferer; the sporting country in the vicinage, so gladsome to the robust hunter, or the patient fisherman; the variegated landscape, the aliment of the naturalist; the bird's eye view of Burlington, the delight of every traveller, every scholar, and every friend, all unite to convince him, whose soul is corroded by the cares of a crowded city, that here, at least for a season, something like contentment; some-

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thing like positive pleasure, may, alas! too transiently, perhaps, be nobly enjoyed. He, with fevered frame, who is anxious to allay his fervours in the crystal wave, he who is studious with the scrutinizing eyes of Botany to explore the secrets of the shrub, and detect the latent essences of the flower; he, who has been harassed by the din of commerce, and of crowds, the

— fumum, opes, strepitumque Romæ,

may find, at Bristol, the blandishments of beauty, the fragrance of foliage, the loneliness of solitude, the interchange of society; vivid verdure and perennial flowers.

The public spirited proprietor of the hotel and baths of this vicinity, has been alike liberal of his time and his property to effectuate every purpose of public accommodation. The mansion for the reception of travellers, the offices for the accommodation of domestics; the larder, for the luxury of the *gourmand*: and the cellar for *Bacchus's hoard*, all testify that anxious wish to please, which liberal men of the world cannot fail to appreciate generously.

Of the character of the mineral springs in this neighbourhood, which has conferred so much celebrity on their site it would be impertinent on the part of the writer of this crude article to expatiate. Accurate analysis\* made by accomplished chymists, demonstrate the salubrious powers of the Naiades of Bath and Bristol. Drs. Rush and Denormandie, with all the weight of authority and science, have, correctly, inclined to the conclusion that *our* Bath waters are decidedly chalybeate; and that their boldest and most liberal exhibition to the debilitated, the hypochondriacal, the dyspeptic and paralytic patient will be followed up by effects of the happiest augury.

\* The Editor understands that his friends, Dr. James Cutbush, and Dr. Benezet have very ably investigated the properties of these salutary streams, so eagerly quaffed by many an invalid. To the researches of such men, ardent to pursue, and liberal to impart truth, the honest inquirer, the nervous valetudinarian, the votary of science, and the victim of pleasure, are equally indebted. Too much praise cannot be conferred upon those, who, amid the importunate cares of professional life, still find, or create intervals of leisure, which are devoted to the promotion of all that can be salutary to the species, or honourable to the individual

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## BEDFORD MEDICINAL SPRINGS.

Continui montes, nisi dissociantur opaca  
 Valle; sed ut veniens dextrum latus aspiat Sol,  
 Lævum discedens curru fugiente vaporet.  
 Temperiem laudes, —————  
 Dicas adductum propiis frondere Tarentum.  
 Fons etiam rivo dare nomen idoneus, ut nec  
 Frigidior Thracam nec purior ambiat Hebrus,  
 Infirmo capiti fuit utilis, utilis alvo.  
 Hæ latebræ dulces, etiam (si credis) amœnæ. *Horace.*

THE town of Bedford, in the neighbourhood of which those springs have their source, and from which they receive their name, is situate on the great Pennsylvania-road, leading from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, two hundred miles from the former, and one hundred from the latter. The site of the town is healthful and beautiful beyond description. Built upon an eminence formed of limestone and silex, it is always clean. Almost enveloped with mountains, which pour their limpid streams into the vallies, and which are deeply shaded by forest-trees, the inhabitants of this village enjoy delightful summers: never incommoded by heat, they are refreshed by pure and cooling breezes, which either play on the hill, or sport in the dale.

West of the town, is Will's mountain, which begins a little north of Bedford, and runs a few degrees to the west of south. Its altitude is more than thirteen hundred feet. On the east is Dunning's mountain, which runs parallel to Will's mountain and is eleven hundred feet in height. These ranges of mountains are about one mile and a half distant from each other at their bases. The numerous fountains to which those ridges give birth, generally discharge waters remarkably pure and transparent; but not so very cold as might be expected, in so deep and narrow a valley. It is well known that the air, *ceteris paribus*, in those regions, where the forests have not been disturbed, is purer than in those, where they have been partially tamed by the hand of cultivation, an advantage which the atmosphere around these springs possesses; and for ages to come,

it must continue to be richly supplied with oxygen, or vital air, from the extensive forests which cover the surrounding mountains. The summers in these regions, especially in the mornings and evenings, are cooler, than they are either east or west on the same latitude. A large volume of air along the western side of Dunning's mountain, not heated by the rays of the morning sun before ten o'clock: a similar volume along the eastern side of Will's mountain, begins to cool two hours before night: hence the heat is never intense—cool breezes generally prevail. The mercury in Fahrenheit's thermometer rarely rose, in June, 1810, above 65° at 8 o'clock, A. M.: July of the same year, was but a few degrees warmer, and in August, the mercury did not often rise to 80° before noon, in the shade.

The mountain scenery around Bedford, though picturesque, stately, and possessing much to charm the eye of the beholder, is not remarkably grand, or magnificent. One mile and a half south of the town, in a charming and romantic valley, are the MINERAL SPRINGS. This valley is formed by a spur of Dunning's mountain, and a ridge running nearly parallel to Will's mountain. The spring most celebrated and improved, arises from the base of the mountain, on the south-east side of the valley. It has a north-west exposure.

In the year 1804, a mechanic of Bedford, when fishing for trout in the stream which runs near the mineral fountain, had his attention drawn by the beauty and singularity of the waters flowing from the bank, and drank freely of them. They operated as a purgative and sudorific. This man had been distressed for many years with rheumatic pains, and formidable ulcers on his legs. On the ensuing night he was much less disturbed with pains, and slept more tranquilly than usual. The unexpected relief obtained, induced him to drink of the waters daily, and bathe his legs in the running fountain. In a few weeks he was perfectly cured. The happy effect which they had on this patient, induced others labouring under this, and various chronic diseases, to visit these springs. On the summer of 1805, a great number of valetudinarians, came in carriages, and encamped in the valley, to seek, from the munificent hand of Nature, their lost health. A dense copse of shrubs, had enveloped the springs until about

this time, and rendered it difficult to approach them. The inhabitants of Bedford, now began to make improvements. Upon digging away the bank, it was found, that about twenty feet from the spot where the waters first issued, they poured themselves through the fissure of a limestone-rock. This limestone-stratum, lies nearly parallel with the surface of the mountain, of which it forms a part; making with the horizon, an angle of about  $35^{\circ}$ ; and is covered with a mixture of clay and freestone gravel, about three feet in depth.

About fifteen perches south of this, there is another mineral spring, which discharged on the 16th of last March, six gallons of water per minute; the sensible qualities of which differ but little from those of the other. At present it rises sixty feet from the base of the mountain. It once rose twenty-five feet higher on the hill than at present. Between its original source and the bottom of the hill, there is a large bank, manifestly of secondary formation. It would seem that from the first ages of the world to the present time, this bank has been forming by deposite from the stream. It is highly probable that, at some distant period, a much larger quantity of water escaped from the mountain at this place; that, by its own deposite, the channel was partly blocked up; and that the waters which originally burst out here, found a new passage, through the fissure of the limestone-rock, mentioned above. There are many hundred tons of this deposite. Its colour is grayish, and it is easily pulverized. With the stronger acids, it effervesces violently; and there is a copious evolution of fixed air. Its composition, however, has not yet been perfectly ascertained.

About forty perches north-east of the principal fountain, at the base of the same mountain, is a rich SULPHUR SPRING, which, hitherto, has been covered by the waters of the creek, in the bed of which it rises. It is expected, that this spring will be improved before the warm season of the ensuing summer. There are also in the same valley, copious fountains of cool and beautiful waters, which are not distinguished by any peculiarity of mineral quality.

The spring which has chiefly engaged the attention of the public, and which is more highly improved, discharged on

the 16th of March last, twenty gallons of water per minute; the temperature of which by Fahrenheit is  $55^{\circ}$ . It emits no smell when issuing from the fountain; is perfectly transparent, and its taste is very soft, but agreeable to most palates. When exposed in a clear glass vessel, there is seen floating in it, a pellucid mineral substance, which, after standing a few days, is solved, so as to become invisible. It deposits in the troughs, which convey it to the baths, a large quantity of oxydized iron. A glass tumbler exposed to the water in the fountain two weeks, was found to be enveloped in a coat of oxyde of iron. The presence of iron is also detected by tincture of galls, with which it strikes a black colour. After being heated to  $212^{\circ}$  of Fahrenheit, no change is produced in its colour by the tincture; indicating the solvent of the iron, to be sulphuric acid.

A few grains of pure vegetable alkali, added to one half pint of the water, changes it to nearly the whiteness of milk. The white particles which produce this colour, in one hour fall to the bottom; and when filtrated and dried, there remains a white powder, slightly caustic. Two ounces of alcohol added to the same quantity of the water, precipitated, in one hour, every mineral substance, which it contains. When this precipitate was filtrated and dried, there remained a gray powder, the taste of which was similar to that of an equal mixture of phosphate of soda and magnesia. Tincture of galls added to the water, after it had been heated to the boiling point, did not, as was remarked, strike a black colour. Muriatic acid was now added, the temperature still  $212^{\circ}$ , which produced no visible change; but, upon adding a few grains of pure vegetable alkali, a violent ebullition succeeded,—white fumes arose—a highly offensive smell was emitted—and a copious precipitate immediately fell down. The unpleasant smell resembled that of sulphuretted hydrogen. The precipitate was not analyzed, so as to ascertain its composition.

Three pints of the water were reduced, by slow evaporation, to a half pint: and a solution of carbonate of ammonia, which had been prepared by the exposure of pure ammonia to the action of the atmosphere, was added to the water thus reduced, which became turbid; and a solution of phosphate of soda was now

presented to it, and a copious precipitate fell down, indicating magnesia.

From these few, with some other experiments, the presence of a salt of iron, by sulphuric acid of sulphur, perhaps of sulphuretted hydrogen, and the carbonates of magnesia, and lime, have been detected. The sulphate of iron is in small quantity—The proportion of carbonate of lime, very small—That of carbonate of magnesia, great. Alumine is believed to be contained in them also.

During the warm season of several years past, many hundreds of people have resorted to these springs, in quest of lost health, sought in vain from the skill of the physician. From their recent discovery, little was known of the extent of their influence upon disease, except from casual observation, and the reports of their visitants, until last season; when a regular plan was adopted to ascertain, with precision, how far their effects may be depended on. It has been found by impartial observation, made with as much care as circumstances permitted, that they have a salutary effect in destroying the various species of intestinal worms in children and adults—in removing incipient consumptions of the lungs, or checking a tendency to that disease—in removing chronic obstructions and inflammations of the viscera, particularly of the liver; especially those which follow autumnal fevers, and protracted intermittents. Indeed they have been effectual, in either curing or retarding, all cases of deranged excitement of the viscera, consequent on bilious fever, remittent, or intermittent; whether in their acute or chronic states.

Dyspepsia—constipated bowels from torpid liver—incipient dropsies—calculus—diabetes—chronic nephritis—hemorrhoids—rheumatisms—cutaneous eruptions—ulcers, in which the system has been brought to sympathise, or which follow systematic disorders—partial paralysis—the obstructions and profluvia, which too often afflict females,—are diseases, in which these waters have been found to possess the most salutary healing virtues. Good effects are experienced in almost all cases of debility, whatever their cause, which not unfrequently baffle the physician, and from year to year tease the patient.

At first view it may appear astonishing, that this mineral fountain should be possessed of powers sufficient to vanquish, and erect trophies over such a formidable phalanx of maladies. It is not indeed to be expected, that the waters alone can extend their influence over so wide a scope of disease. Yet physicians know how important are the effects, and how extensive the use of laxatives, when they combine, with their usual operation, tonic virtues; and from the extent of their healing powers, they hope almost every thing. In the present case, however, much of the effect produced, is to be attributed to the pure, elastic air of the mountains, where there are no stagnant waters to emit putrid effluvia—to the very high situation of the country, which checks and counteracts the morbid effects of the sun, and gives us in the summer and autumnal months, a climate never oppressive, but always grateful to our sensations. Who is ignorant of the happy effects resulting from mere change of situation, even without an improved atmosphere? How much more salutary then must be these effects, when the change is to an atmosphere always cool and temperate—always pure—always animating! The rugged passages, over which the patient necessarily travels, whether from the east or west, to arrive at these springs, come in for their share in advancing the medicinal reputation of these waters. The good consequences of agitation on rough roads, and of the tossings on a tempestuous ocean, in such diseases as have been mentioned, physicians have long and duly appreciated. Hence, in estimating the medicinal virtues of these springs, we ascribe to them effects, which they would not produce, unaided by such potent auxiliaries.

The water, in almost all cases, operates as a laxative and diuretic—sometimes, as an emetic, and sudorific. It uniformly strengthens the digestive organs, and sharpens the appetite. When used moderately, its usual effect is to exhilarate the spirits, and animate the countenance: taken in excess it causes languor, and stupor of the head; and from its rapid depletion, general debility. When prescribed with judgment, its successful operation can be made to extend over the two great classes of disease—those of debility, and those of strength; and hence another means of its extensive usefulness.

The IMPROVEMENTS, shall now, be concisely noticed. There are, at present, a large reservoir under ground—two commodious cold baths, two warm. A large boarding house, and two small detached buildings for lodging rooms. Besides which, the proprietor is now engaged in erecting large additions to the means of accommodation at the springs. The inns and boarding houses of the town, will also be rendered more convenient and comfortable to those who may visit the springs during the ensuing season.

The sequestered vale contiguous to the mineral springs, is now, though almost in a state of nature, a delightful spot; the enjoyment of which, alone, one would think almost sufficient to impart vigour and cheerfulness to the body and mind, labouring under disease and despondency. Nature has done much for it; yet from the hand of art, it is susceptible of very high degrees of embellishment. Who can withhold his grateful admiration of that gracious—that liberal provision, which Nature's God has made to remedy those physical evils, which afflict his creatures!

If men will take the trouble carefully to compare the means narrated in this plain statement of facts, with those which books and long experience have taught, they will require nothing more to bring conviction to their minds. They will here see detailed the whole catalogue of efficient remedies, in the treatment of chronic diseases—remedies which strengthen the system, without alarming the feelings—which conciliate health, whilst they amuse—which exhilarate the heart, whilst they invigorate the muscles, and sooth the nerves with new sensations.

Here amid the mazy forest, or rugged landscape, they steal the roses of youth from the zephyrs of the mountains and valleys, and purify their feelings, whilst they lave their bodies in the translucid streams, sparkling with the richest gems of Hygeia.

J. W.

*Bedford, Pennsylvania, April 11, 1811.*



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**REVIEW—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.**

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Sixteen Introductory Lectures, to courses of lectures upon the Institutes and Practice of Medicine, with a Syllabus of the latter. To which are added, Two Lectures upon the Pleasures of the Senses and of the Mind; with an inquiry into the proximate cause. Delivered in the University of Pennsylvania. By Benjamin Rush, M. D. Professor of the Institutes and Practice of Medicine, in the said University. Philadelphia, published by Bradford and Inskcep.

WE might justly be regarded as impertinent and obtrusive if, unacquainted as we profess to be with medical subjects, we should venture an opinion on the merits of the volume now before us, when considered in a medical point of view. Here the author might claim the benefit of the common law, a trial by his peers, and to a tribunal so constituted, we cordially resign the task of investigating, and of deciding on the professional merits of the volume. The work is divided into sixteen lectures, comprehending a variety of subjects. The necessary connection between observation and reasoning in medicine; the character of Dr. Sydenham; the causes of death in diseases that are not incurable; the influence of physical causes in promoting the strength and activity of the intellectual faculties; the vices and virtues of physicians; the causes which have retarded the progress of medicine, and the means of promoting its activity and greater usefulness; the education proper to qualify a man for the study of medicine; the construction and management of hospitals, form the important subjects of the first eight lectures. The remaining eight comprehend the following topics: the pains and pleasures of a medical life; the means of acquiring business, and the causes which prevent the acquisition and occasion the loss of it, in the profession of medicine; the utility of the knowledge of the faculties and operations of the human mind in a physician; the opinions and modes of practice of Hippocrates; the duty and advantages of studying the diseases of domestic animals, and the remedies proper to remove them; the duties of patients to their physicians; the means of acquiring knowledge and the study of medical jurisprudence. To these are added, a syllabus of a course of lectures upon Physiology, Pathology, Therapeutics, and the practice of medicine, and two lectures on the pleasures

of the senses and of the mind, with an inquiry into the proximate cause. The venerable professor here occupies ground inaccessible to us; and we must profess ourselves to be utter strangers to that system of chivalry that assails with a certainty of defeat. We wish not to resemble the valorous knight of antiquity who held it the very perfection of chivalry to suffer without revenge, who deemed courage to be merely a passive virtue, and whose own broken bones were the only testimonials of his knightly valour he was able to produce. Had this book been exclusively confined to professional gentlemen, we should have passed it by without a comment. It has been too much the custom of professional men to endeavour to fence off the scientific grounds they respectively occupy. Not satisfied with those boundaries which nature has so visibly drawn between the several sciences, they have superadded imaginary obstacles, as if their particular science was a totally distinct and independent territory by itself. If their dogmas are entitled to implicit credit, there is no commerce or good fellowship between the sciences whatever, they are so many separate provinces, each of which must assert its own sovereignty, and without any common league must defend the integrity of its own dominions. The more liberal and enlightened members of these different communities have had the boldness to advance quite a different language. Adopting the good old opinion of the Roman orator, they have endeavoured to fraternize the warring sciences, and to introduce something like a cosmopolitan spirit. Nay, those very champions who so stoutly defend the independence of every science, call in the aid of all the others for its defence. The moment the enemy is by their combined efforts beaten off, they refuse to acknowledge the good services of their allies, and assume to themselves the exclusive glory of the triumph. We are inclined to suspect that those very gentlemen who surround their professions with so much solemn mystery, are not themselves the most eminent members of their profession. Recollecting with what difficulty they acquired whatever portion of knowledge falls to their lot, they assume an air of inscrutable mystery to monopolize with the greater ease and certainty the profits. This auspicious and imposing reserve prevents all inquiry, and is an

artifice often adopted by ignorance for the laudable purpose of self-defence. Where the principle to be explained is too deep for the understanding of a man who is not a proficient; it is an admirable auxiliary likewise to veil the ignorance of one who professes to be a proficient. Minds, conscious of their own strength, cannot condescend to such expedients. It is the pride of such men to simplify research, and to deal in perspicuous phraseology. They feel no apprehension that their profession will be made common property if oracular mystery is thrown aside and the rudiments of their art developed and defined. With an honest boldness they solicit discussion, and call upon every other science for its auxiliary lights. Medicine receives from this source incalculable advantages. The importance of the study, a study in which the life and health of every individual is involved, demands every possible aid that all the other sciences can furnish. Vulgar minds are prone to consider medicine as a science exclusively appropriated for the benefit of the physician, forgetting that we all have an interest in its improvement and perfection. It is under Providence the guard and security of our lives, and the interest of every man who deems life worth preserving. Narrow sighted indeed, therefore must be that policy, that endeavours to darken with mystery a science so important. Simplicity clears the ground for experiment, the only infallible test by which the merits of this science can be known. Dr. Rush has, and with what success, it belongs to others to determine, attempted to simplify this science; but even the attempt, if he fails of success, is honourable to him. There are not wanting those who are competent to expose his mistakes, and who can ascertain how far his system is sanctioned and how far it is condemned by experiment. Evils of this nature are capable of being rectified; they are thrown open to the day, whereas the defects of this mysterious system are in a great measure inherent and radical. Certainly then that man is entitled to no ordinary share of praise, who boldly stands forth the champion of investigation, in a case of such high and dangerous responsibility as the present. But this volume aspires to a merit more than professional. It may be read not only with advantage by the medical student, the mere literary loungeur

may divide with him the pleasure of perusal. The learned professor has not forgot that Apollo the protecting deity of medicine was also the sovereign of the muses, for his page seems to recognize and to illustrate these separate jurisdictions. There is a vein of moral piety that runs throughout the work, that raises the character of the author in our estimation superior to all the honours that medicine can bestow. While engaged in the perusal of the volume, the physician seemed to disappear from our eyes, even the classical graces of the scholar were forgotten, and we were presented with a still more fascinating object, the hoary and venerable disciple of Jesus. There seems to be a kind of heavenly remuneration to those, who with a generous contempt of indolence, exercise their faculties; they pass that boundary usually assigned to intellect, and their minds continue strong, brilliant and beautiful to the last. Dr. Johnson, whom our author so frequently quotes, declared that "it was a man's own fault, it was from want of use if his mind grows torpid in old age." Edmund Burke was a remarkable instance of the justice of this remark; his noon-day sun never blazed with such transcendent lustre as when it touched the horizon. We delight to contemplate such soothing spectacles. It leads to the belief that the nearer the good man approximates to the world of spirits, and the nearer he is towards shaking off this dissoluble mortality, his mind partakes more of the spiritual nature and is indulged with larger views in proportion as eternity begins to open. Dr. Johnson somewhere employs an argument of this nature, to prove the immortality of the soul. "Is it probable (says he) that those large and expansive desires which life is incompetent to satisfy, shall be extinguished at the tomb." Does it not indicate imperfection in the works of the Deity? Dr. Rush follows this precedent, and uses the same argument in a physical light. "Is it probable (says he) that a wise and good being, whose means and ends are so exactly suited to each other, in such parts of his works as we are able to comprehend, will finally waste or throw away the costly and beautiful apparatus he has given us for the enjoyment of mental and corporeal pleasures?" We would wish to make an additional remark.—Would an allwise and benevolent being suffer an intellect to brighten amidst the decay of years, to be extinguished forever.

Is it not convincing evidence that immortality is just about to commence? How peculiar must be such solace to hoary hairs, viz. a soul retaining all its pristine vigour, strong and unimpaired by the ravages of time, glowing with all the ardour of youth, as if anxious to escape into immortality, and assume its proper nature, from a mansion unworthy of its residence.— But we forget the business of criticism while exhilarated by subjects so enchanting. Law, previous to the time of Blackstone, was thought unsusceptible of classic ornament. The writers on jurisprudence, contented themselves with stating facts in their own homespun dialects, and considered ornament and perspicuity to be in a state of open and irreconcilable hostility. This vulgar delusion was dissipated by that eminent jurist; and it is now thought to be a species of reproach to a man of letters to be unacquainted with his page. He recommends to every gentleman the study of not the petty, vexatious and professional details indeed, but the broad outlines of the law. As every member of society may be called upon to perform the important duties of a juror, it is both shameful and disreputable to be ignorant of the functions of his office. This is the argument employed by Blackstone to recommend the general study of jurisprudence. May not the same observations apply, and with more peculiar propriety, to a general knowledge of the rudiments and elementary principles of medicine? Who of us enjoys by nature a special exemption from disease, and who that does not is able at all times to avail himself of medical assistance? We can but believe that there is a new era of medicine in prospect, that the science will shortly enjoy a popularity proportionate to its importance, not as before remarked, in all its petty details, but in its broad and general principles. We can but flatter ourselves that the learned professor is destined to take the lead, and to give to medicine what Blackstone did to law, all the fascinations of classic elegance and grace. Nor can we refrain from expressing our admiration of those writers who trace and humbly acknowledge the marks of a superintending Deity in all his works. Christianity from this source derives assurance and support, the faith of the humble christian acquires new confidence and strength. Every new triumph in

the regions of science seems so far to remove the awful veil, and the Deity becomes more manifest. We do not think it extravagant speculation to affirm, that when infidelity is allied to science, the labours of science do not receive the blessings of Heaven, and are not rewarded with success. It is scarcely credible that a supremely wise Creator, after a special revelation of his will to guilty mortals, would suffer infidelity associated with science to counteract his own purposes. It may be owing to this cause that so much remains to be done, and that science has been so tardy in her progress towards perfection. We look with an honest pride on this hoary champion of science, for making so bold and heroic a stand against those of his fraternity who study and explore the works of the Deity, and audaciously deny the workmanship of his hand. This is the general character of the volume now under consideration, and it would be a pleasant theme of description, although foreign from our present purpose, to ascertain which of the characters, the physician, the classical scholar, or the christian, appears to the best advantage. Many critics whose devotion to antiquity falls not much short of idolatrous, are constantly in the habit of running mortifying parallels between the present age and the past, and contend that all genius expired with the objects of their veneration. If they are to be considered as the true representatives of posterity, sentence of condemnation has already been pronounced, but we trust they have exercised an usurped jurisdiction. Posterity will at least claim the privilege of deciding for themselves, and will have but little thanks to bestow on those who have so benevolently forestalled their opinions. This however is not the peculiar and distinguishing characteristic of the present day; former ages have in like manner attempted to monopolize the judgment of the subsequent. Matthew Concannen and Dennis both declared that posterity would never acknowledge the poetical pretensions of Pope. The result has not answered their expectations—the pages of the poet still continue to be admired, and it ought to be a warning to other critics, that all posterity has known of the names of Concannen or Dennis, is derived from the very poet they abused, and denied to future ages the privilege of reading. We are apt to consider the writers of

that period who survived the perishable fame of their contemporaries as the only writers of their times; and because Pope, and Swift, and Addison, and some few others have come down to us, they were the only authors who struggled to obtain the admiration of succeeding ages. We must not be led away by such idle fantasies. Pope and Swift had their contemporaries, who exerted themselves with as much industry as they did, and probably with more sanguine hopes of success, to obtain an inheritance of fame beyond the grave; they had their splendid and superb editions, their puffers and their critics to compensate for the meagre poverty of their intellects, but all this solemn paraphernalia was incompetent. We may therefore augur that amongst so many writers as the present age abounds with, there are some whose glory is destined to sparkle beyond the depredations of the tomb. Without daring, as those critics have done, definitely to pledge the admiration of future times, we will venture with more modesty to state an opinion that the venerable author may even now solace himself with the reflection that his literary lamp is destined to shed a lustre on his ashes. Medical writers have of late been distinguished for a chastity of style and perspicuity of expression, highly honourable to their characters. They have not, it is true, followed the example of Curran, who gives us ornament, and nothing else; but they have done more, they have ILLUSTRATED by their ornaments. The dark ground of truth sometimes glitters with a literary pearl, and appears beautiful from the contrast when those gems are parsimoniously scattered. Dr. Rush eminently excels in this delicate part of composition. There is a mode of expressing ordinary ideas in figurative language, that confers a fictitious sort of dignity on the subject itself. A licence of this kind when not carried so far as to awaken burlesque by the disparity, is productive of pleasant sensations in the mind of the reader. The following is a specimen of this kind. "Dr. Sydenham clearly proves that where the monarchy of a single disease was not immediately acknowledged by a retreat of all cotemporary diseases, they were forced to do homage to it by wearing its livery." Dr. Sydenham on the appearance of the plague in the city of London in the year 1664, left the metropolis, but afterwards, notwithstanding

the debility of his constitution and the affectionate intreaties of his wife, returned to the theatre of death, and was very successful in his medical exertions. This simple idea is expressed by our author in a manner equally classical and original. "Thus, (continues he) like Achilles he came forth from his short retirement, rallied the hopes of a desponding city, vanquished the destroyer of his fellow creatures, and by his incomparable writings, has ever since dragged him in triumph at his chariot wheels." Our author in his lecture on the opinions and modes of practice of Hippocrates, has drawn an imaginary picture of the "Father of Medicine" which we transcribe not on account of its novelty, but because it makes this imaginary being express by an action, his approbation of his sentiments. In this it does partake of novelty. "I have endeavoured to fancy, while I was composing this lecture, that Hippocrates was to occupy a seat at my right hand, and to hear every thing that I should deliver to his disadvantage. I have fancied further, that under the influence of a belief in those modern opinions and modes of practice, that differed from his own, the venerable old man with a magnanimity that belongs only to great minds, would sit with his hand stretched out ready to shake mine as soon as I should descend from this chair, thereby to absolve me from every thing I should say against his system of medicine." Our author while pouring forth a panegyric on the death of Dr. Shippen, concludes in a manner so solemn and admonitory that we cannot resist the temptation to transcribe. "To all the members of his profession, his death should teach a solemn and awful lesson, by reminding them that the knowledge by which they benefited others will sooner or later be useless to themselves. To me, whom age has placed nearest to him upon the list of professors, his death is a warning voice. The next summons from the grave will most probably be mine. Yes, gentlemen, these aids to declining vision and these gray hairs, remind me that I must soon follow my colleague and your preceptor to the mansions of the dead. When that time shall come, I shall relinquish many attractions to life, and among them a pleasure which has no equal in human pursuits; I mean that which I derive from studying, teaching, and practising medicine." The man



who does not in his own bosom feel what we may call the echo of nature, to the following delightful sentiments, merits an appellation as harsh as that which Shakspeare bestows on those who are insensible to the pleasures of music. "It is from this cause that the sight of young children is always attended with pleasure. Their smiling and innocent looks relieve the eye from its familiarity with the solicitude, or the unhappy and guilty passions which so generally discover themselves in the faces of persons in adult life. It is for this reason that wise and good men often resort to the nursery to forget for a while the pressure of study, business, vexation and care. Luther sought relief from low spirits, and sir William Temple relaxation from the fatigue of study from this delightful source of pleasure. Dr. Priestley was so deeply impressed with the power of children to impart pleasure by their looks and gestures, that he said to a person who asserted in a large company that our Saviour never smiled, 'It cannot be true, he must have smiled when the little children were brought to receive his blessing.'" There has been a custom recently much in vogue, of applying passages of scripture to light and unbecoming subjects. Some literary fops are vain enough to imagine that it displays uncommon taste to mangle and distort passages of holy writ, and make inspiration speak a language different from its plain, obvious and natural import. As religion and true science are said to have an indissoluble connection, so it appears that infidelity is nearly allied to false taste. Let those who have thus offended and left it dubious whether impiety or their bad criticism is most to be condemned, learn from the following passage how a scriptural allusion may be employed to illustrate a subject with a dignity becoming its nature. "The sublime and various objects of religion are calculated to expand the human faculties to their utmost limits, and to impart to them a facility of action. We read that the face of Moses shone when he descended from conversing with his Maker on mount Sinai. The contemplation of the divine character and perfections never fails to produce a similar splendour in the human mind." We notice the following as a literary curiosity, to show how the same thought has been by illustrious men rung throughout all the variety of meta-

phoric changes, to illustrate objects totally different. Burke, in a debate on the bill for the better government of Canada, exhausted all his invectives against the reformers of England.—“The seeds (says he) that these gentlemen are now sowing, will spring up into a rank and poisonous quality, and become bitter bread to some hereafter.” Ames in his famous speech on the British treaty, says, “the vast crop of our neutrality is already seed wheat again to be sown and to swell beyond all calculation, the harvest of our national prosperity.” Dr. Rush, says, “the seeds of improvement and certainty in medicine which are now sown and seem to perish, shall revive at a future day and appear in a large increase in the lives and healths of our fellow creatures.” Dr. Rush in his lecture on the utility of a knowledge of the faculties of the human mind, relates the following anecdote as illustrative of the medical advantages, of dissolving unpleasant and creating agreeable associations of ideas. “During the time that I passed at a country school in Cecil county, in Maryland, I often went on a holiday with my school mates to see an eagle’s nest upon the summit of a dead tree in the neighbourhood of the school, during the time of the incubation of that bird. The daughter of the farmer in whose field this tree stood, and with whom I became acquainted, married and settled in this city about forty years ago. In our occasional interviews, we now and then spoke of the innocent haunts and rural pleasures of our youth, and among other things, of the eagle’s nest in her father’s field. A few years ago I was called upon to visit this woman in consultation with a young physician in the lowest state of a typhus fever. Upon entering the room I caught her eye, and with a cheerful tone of voice, said only *the eagle’s nest*. She seized my hand without being able to speak, and discovered strong emotions of pleasure in her countenance, probably from a sudden association of all her early domestic connections and enjoyments with the words I uttered.—From that time she began to recover. She is now living, and seldom fails when we meet, to salute me with the echo of *the eagle’s nest*.” We have understood that the learned professor has sometimes been censured for being two minute in his history of a disease. We can hardly conceive it possible that a physician should know too much of the nature and extent

of the malady which he undertakes to remove. If generality of description is a crime in our reporters of common law, and material facts have been totally omitted, or inaccurately stated, by which means the decisions of the court have been misrepresented and false inferences drawn, how much more important is it in the history of a disease to have every symptom faithfully recorded. There is a wide difference between a narrative incumbered with a mass of irrelevant matter and a minute detail of facts and circumstances appurtenant to the case. The two last lectures are a philosophical analysis of the pleasures of the senses and of the mind. The volume is not to be looked upon as exclusively professional. It has a more dignified cast of character, and without indulging that haughty spirit which has done nearly as much injury in the literary as in the political commonwealth, it embraces and espouses the interests of the whole community of letters. It shows that the author, notwithstanding he has visited the various regions of science, still retains an attachment for his own, an attachment not founded on superstitious bigotry, but on a liberal and enlightened view of the respective advantages of each. We take no sort of pleasure in that minute and peddling curiosity that hunts for a fault with the same anxiety it would search for a diamond; nor do we conceive it belongs to the genuine character of a critic to censure, at all events. If the author writes hereafter, in the strain of his last volume, we hope, without any knowledge of the man, that his life may be long spared for the interests of the community of letters.

It becomes Americans now, at a time when European critics deem it a point of honour to degrade our productions, to appreciate themselves, to feel that elevation of soul which our adversaries are incapable of, and not to be niggard and parsimonious to genius. If we join in European anathemas, we are guilty of the crime of suicide. Let the stain of literary murder rest on the hands of our critics on the other side of the Atlantic. We do believe that the present volume will be sufficient to reclaim the American character from such dastardly assaults, and we could wish our European critics before they undertake so to depreciate our characters as scholars, would regard their own characters as men.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY ON THE DURATION OF OUR  
REPUBLIC.

OF the many causes which make modern republics less factious than the ancient, it is evident that the influence of the christian religion on the morals of mankind is far the most efficacious. The ancients had but faint motives for the practice of virtue, except such as arose from the human glory which was gained by it, and the slight obligation which ethical speculations imposed on the considerate few. Their religion required but little moral goodness, and was almost entirely content with offerings, libations and the blood of bulls and goats. Their religious festivals were often scenes of disgusting debauchery or of murderous frenzy:—What else could be expected from that preposterous mythology which decked the genius of every vice with the adored insignia of a blissful immortality? Every drunkard was a devout worshiper of Bacchus, and every thief a votary of the crafty Mercury,

*Callidum quidquid placuit, jocosos  
Condere furto.*

Moreover the future punishment of crimes was but faintly discriminated from the reward of virtue. Those who strolled in the Elysian Field, were discontented with a wearisome immortality, which afforded them only the negative happiness of an exemption from the misfortunes of human life. They were still a prey to mortal passions,\* and were anxiously desirous of revisiting the checkered light and shade which illumine and obscure the path of man toward eternity.

Thus the foundation of morality was feeble and the superstructure tottered. Rome, in her best days, was radically vicious,† and perhaps the nurse of more and greater crimes than dis-

\* Virg. 6 ver. 4. 91—8. 654, et passim.

† Let those who doubt the truth of this assertion, read the history of the Catilinarian war, the orations of Cicero against Catiline, and the lives of the emperors Galba, Otho and Vitellius, by the greatest of the Roman historians. During the pretorship of one man, three thousand persons were found guilty

honour any christian city even at this period of infidelity, wealth, luxury and vice. The admirer of ancient glory, who tells us with enthusiasm of the virtues of Rome, is deceived by an empty name; falsely supposing that martial excellence is moral virtue; and that, as was thought at Rome, he is a man of preeminent merit who resists the allurements of a bribe.

Whenever the people become corrupt, they are more easily infected by the arts of demagogues, and more prone to revolutions. Rome was seldom entirely free. At one time a dictator, at another some powerful and profligate patrician swayed the rod of empire. The people were prodigal of their power, and obedient to the impulse of largesses and popular eloquence; how unlike the freemen of America, who know their rights and will long maintain them—whose morality rests on the firm basis of the christian faith, which allow to no man the commission of a favourite sin, but teaches him to reverence his God and be just, merciful, and benevolent to his neighbour.

R. S.

of murder by poison! The rape of the Sabine women, and the predatory labour of expatriated banditti were the foundation of the glory of Rome. No one thought of imputing any moral turpitude to rapine, robbery, and murder. "Hitherto (says Florus) the Romans were *excellent, pious, holy* and magnificent." Lib. 11. cap. xix.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO—ORIGINAL POETRY.

When Mr. Cooke was on the eve of finishing his late engagement on the Philadelphia stage, some of his friends were desirous that he should, on the last night, take leave of the audience in an appropriate address, in order that he might receive, in the form of a testamentary epitome, those valedictory marks of applause, to which he was so amply entitled, and which they were so universally anxious to bestow. The following lines were prepared for the occasion. And though we understand that Mr. Cooke highly approved of them, yet, for reasons quite satisfactory, he declined delivering them. They are now published with a view to make known, and perpetuate the sentiments entertained by that great actor—*that modern Roscius*, with respect to the people of the United States, particularly in relation to the citizens of Philadelphia.

WHILE from Erin remote, where an infant I've play'd,  
And remote from the white-cliff Britannia, I roam,  
IN THIS FREEDOM-BLEST CLIME, where a stranger I've stray'd  
I have found all the sweets and endearments of home.

I have found Truth and Friendship ennobling the mind,  
In the soul I have found hospitality's glow,  
Wit, Learning, and Taste, brilliant, deep, and refin'd,  
With all that from Science and Virtue can flow.

Nor unjust let me be to the fame of the Fair,  
To that beauty so radiant that breaks on my sight,  
Which might light up a smile on the brow of Despair,  
As it sparkles around like the gems of the night—

Such charms have I found in sweet unison join'd,  
Through the land where my wandering footsteps have led,  
From the lofty, whose brows are with honours entwin'd,  
To the lowly, who tenant the cottage or shed.

But to me—*here\** the choicest of treasures I've found,  
That treasure my soul never ceases to prize—  
'Tis the plaudits commingling, that generously sound,  
From the boxes, the pit, and *yon gods in the skies!*†

\* On the Philadelphia stage.

† The gallery

Those plaudits hath Gratitude register'd *here*,‡  
 Over which oft shall Memory breathe a fond sigh,  
 And soft Sensibility gem with a tear,  
 As pure as the dew-drop from Beauty's moist eye.

Even when towards bright Albion I glide on the gale,  
 Though Terror should rise in his ghastliest form;  
 Though tempests pursue me and thunders assail,  
 The remembrance will sooth 'mid the roar of the storm.

But will you?—say?—will you, when far over sea,  
 The friends of my youth to revisit I fly,  
 Will you still in your breasts cherish kindness for me?  
 And sometimes remember my name with a sigh?

Farewell! generous patrons!—I'm no actor *here*,§  
 Reality swells while I bid you adieu!  
 Long may Hamlets, Othellos, and Richards appear,  
 Of Shakspeare still worthy, and worthy of you.

PHILODRAMATOS.

‡ On the tablet of my heart.

§ In my heart.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## DESCRIPTION OF NIAGARA

NO. II.

THE Niagara river runs from the south to the north. The village of Chippewa, at which we lodged, in upper Canada, is two miles and a half south of the falls, where the river still continues on a level with its banks, and flows with hardly a perceptible increase of rapidity. Our first object in the morning, was to look out for the dark stationary cloud which towered from the river the evening before, seeming to connect the earth and the heavens: but the scene was entirely changed. A dazzling white vapour rose in rapid volumes, forming bright clouds, which, wafted off by a strong north-west wind, taking the colour of those above, floating away, were soon undistinguished

from them. The sun had risen, and, until it became quite high when the vapour was raised without taking those compact forms, our eyes were constantly attracted by this brilliant exhibition, but, by eight o'clock, a white spray was all that appeared rising above the falls. Had the fanciful poets of old, who attributed to Etna the production of all the thunder-bolts, been acquainted with our quarter of the world, they would doubtless have allowed Niagara the honour of being the original establishment for the manufacture of all the clouds of Heaven. Leaving our inn, as soon as breakfast was over, still upon the same fine road, in half a mile we perceived the water suddenly change from its placid regular current to extreme tumult, and the bed of the river decline very rapidly. We kept on for two miles, soon finding ourselves sixty or seventy feet above the river, owing to its descent, for the road appears to rise very little. We were now on a line with the great object of our journey, but high above the river and at some distance, though even here the scene was truly magnificent! In the beauty of the falls, and their easiness of access, I was most agreeably disappointed. They are bordered, on the Canada side, by a fine public road, and cultivated country, and are seen to advantage even from your carriage. I expected a vast uniform torrent, whose overwhelming thunder would confuse the senses, and leave no other impressions than those of astonishment and terror. The grandeur of the object is doubtless superior to any thing of the kind in the known world, yet, in my view, its variety and beauty are striking characteristics. After admiring the scene from many points upon the upper bank, we descended to a level with the rapid, through a steep, but not difficult path, and, on the margin of the river, pursued its course to what is called the table rock, a sort of shelf, a few yards in front of the great fall, and directly on a level with the spot from whence the river takes its dreadful leap. From the bank above, the situations which present beautiful, detached, and varied views, are numerous, but, from this place, the whole is comprised at a glance, and can be very geographically and mechanically delineated; but, the effect it has on the beholder is not



to be described. Imagine yourself standing on a flat, smooth rock, of ten feet diameter, and two feet thick, projecting from the edge of a precipice which over-hangs its base twenty or thirty feet, and a hundred and fifty-five feet, from the bottom of the chasm into which the river falls. You look from your right hand up the rapids, which from where they begin, two miles off, to the table rock, descend fifty-seven feet, and are considered one of the finest objects of the whole scene. The river comes roaring forward with all the agitation of a tempestuous ocean, recoiling in waves and whirlpools, as if determined to resist the impulse which is forcing it down the gulf, when, within a few yards, and apparently at the moment of sweeping you away, it plunges headlong into what appears a bottomless pit; for the vapour is so thick at the foot of the precipice, that the torrent is completely lost to the view. The commencement of the rapids is so distant, and so high above your head, as entirely to exclude all view of the still water or the country beyond. Thus, as you look up the river, which is two miles wide above the falls, you gaze upon a boundless and angry sea, whose troubled surface forms a rough and ever moving outline, upon the distant horizon.

This part of the stream is called the great horse-shoe fall, though, in shape, it bears more resemblance to an Indian bow, the centre curve of which, retreating up the river, is hid by the column of vapour which rises in that spot; except, when a strong gust of wind, occasionally pressing it down, displays, for a moment, the whole immense *wall of water*. This branch of the river falls much less broken than the eastern one, being, like all the large lakes, exactly of the colour of ocean water, appears in every direction of the most brilliant green or whiter than snow. This fall is one hundred and fifty-one feet high, and from twelve to fifteen hundred feet long, from the table rock to the island, whose perpendicular wall forms the opposite barrier to this division of the river. The face of the island makes an angle with the fall and approaches more nearly to a parallel with the western bank, extending perhaps a thousand feet: when the second division of the river appears bending still more towards you, so as to bring the last range of falls nearly parallel with the course of the river, and almost facing

you. These falls are more beautiful, though not so terrific as the great one. The first beyond the island is a stream of seventy or eighty feet wide; the second, from which this is separated by a ragged pile of rocks, is five or six hundred, and both of the same height as the great fall, but appear much higher, as they do not, like that, pour over in a vast arch, but are precipitated so perpendicularly and broken, as to appear an entire sheet of foam, from the top to the bottom. Seen from the table rock, the tumbling green waves of the rapids which persuade you that an ocean is approaching, the brilliant colour of the water, the frightful gulf and headlong torrent at your feet, the white column rising from its centre and often reaching to the clouds, the black wall of rock frowning from the opposite island, and the long curtain of foam descending from the other shore, interrupted only by one dark shaft, form altogether one of the most beautiful, as well as awful scenes in nature. The effect of all these objects is much heightened by being seen from a dizzy and fearful pinnacle, upon which you seem suspended over a fathomless abyss of vapour, whence ascends the deafening uproar of the greatest cataract in the world; and by reflecting, that this powerful torrent has been rushing down, and this grand scene of stormy magnificence been in the same dreadful tumult, for ages, and will continue so for ages to come.

## NO. III.

THREE quarters of a mile north of the table rock, we descended with a guide, by means of a perpendicular ladder of forty-five feet, upon which we stepped from the edge of the precipice, and thence down the broken rocks at its foot to the margin of the river. This was not accomplished without much fatigue, and some danger, owing to the fallen masses, among which we were obliged to explore our way, and to those impending from above. We traced the stream quite up to the cataract, passed into the cavern, formed by the overhanging wall, upon which the table rock now appeared suspended, one hundred and fifty-five feet above our heads, and so diminished, as

to seem hardly sufficiently large to afford footing for a bird. From this place we could see far under the sheet of water. The scene, if one could contemplate it with the least degree of ease, would certainly be sublime beyond all power to conceive, or describe. But the inconveniencies you suffer from the dreadful whirlwind caused by this contention of winds and waters, the extreme difficulty of breathing, the pains you are obliged to take to avoid being blown off your unsure and slippery footing, and to shield your eyes from the pelting shower which from its violence in every direction, assails and almost blinds you, takes from you the power of noticing any part of the grandeur with which you are surrounded, except that which arises from the distracting noise and tumult in which you are involved. The sense of suffocation was so insupportable, owing to the exhausted state of the air in the cavern, produced by the rushing of the water by it, that we were frequently obliged to retreat, though still more exposed without, to the deluging rain which fell incessantly from the spray. But curiosity would soon induce us to return to it again, believing that we had now collected sufficient courage to bear the operation of this great natural air pump; we were however quickly undeceived and driven back. It would require brazen lungs indeed to support such a situation many minutes. Our guide informed us that it was always painful to go under the table rock, and even a few steps under the sheet of water as we were, but that it was not always equally so. A violent north-west wind blowing this day directly against the fall, and into the cavern, rendered the situation much more disagreeable than common. He told us that in calm weather one might, with expedition and hardiness, go a few rods under the sheet of water, which I can very well believe, for he proceeded this day two or three yards, but I could *not follow him even one*.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## ON THE GENIUS OF THE CHINESE.

ESSAY II. PART I.

THE progress and advancement of a people, in the sciences and arts, it is very obvious, must either be languid and imperfect, or rapid and efficient, in proportion to the genius which inspires their faculties to exertion, and retards or accelerates the attainment to perfection. Hence, as *mind* is the spring of all power, genius is the impulse which directs it to the end; and whatever object judgment may fix upon, or accident point out, for the exercise of its faculties, the perfect completion of the object will attend the energy of genius, and the failure of success, by repeated efforts, will as infallibly indicate its absence. It is by this general maxim, which is as applicable to a whole people, as to individual life, that the genius of a nation should be determined, and we shall judge of that of China, from a review of the general result of her long continued efforts, to arrive at the portals of science, and to possess a knowledge of the arts.

That the human mind is much affected by a variety of physical events and circumstances, not within the possible control of the human will, is rendered too apparent by every day's occurrences, to allow of a denial; but that in every relation and aspect of life, moral and political, the energy of *mind* is always seen rising upon the depression of physical impediments, and triumphing by the deopilation of inveterate opposition, must be admitted by all who regard experience more than hypothesis, and who have attended to the progressive advancement of the mind, from the earliest to the last stages of the process. Though the habitudes, modifications and affections of the minds of different nations, may vary according to variety of climate, soil, and local situation, yet if they are endued with genius, its supremacy will be forcibly exhibited in some manner, and though local peculiarities may be blended with its effects, they will not obscure its lustre, or lessen its renown. Ancient Egypt, Assyria, Greece, and Rome will be immortal for their genius

in science, and venerated to the end of time, notwithstanding the peculiarities which severally distinguished them in learning, and the many shocking enormities, which sunk them in vice. Their vices, however, are not less instructive than their erudition, as they better our morals, by salutary example, whilst their erudition improves our knowledge, by profound investigation.

No people have a better right to originality than those of China: the identical singular characteristic which so remarkably stamps all their measures and actions, pervades their sciences and arts. The hinges on which the minds of this people wholly turn, are the prudential principles of experience and custom; which regulates the nature and extent of the philosopher's cognition, with precision equal to that, which binds the lowly mechanic to persevere in the accustomed mode of work, though a better and less laborious one, is within the reach of his own invention. It is this absurd devotion to established rules, and fixed order, in every department of life; a great dread of innovation; and an absolute rejection of every thing foreign, which perhaps gives this peculiarity to the nation; a peculiarity which though it cannot enhance the merit or value of their possessions, except in their own estimation, serves at least to prove the want of perspicacity and genius in them; and to prevent the imputation of what exclusively belongs to their own weakness, to any other people.

The mode of education prevalent now in China, and which in probability has been the same for two thousand years past, with, perhaps, some trivial additions and modifications, and for which they are rather indebted to the encroaching hand of time, than the suggestions of reason, or expediency, will be found by its features, to be the offspring of a mind, totally destitute of genius, and of a like complexion to every sister science and art. To consider this, here, may be proper before we proceed further into the subject, as it will tend to unfold the nature of various phenomena, and account for numerous anomalies, in their literary history. Education commences, in general, through the empire, at the ages of five and six years, in attempting to teach a knowledge of the letters, and the elementary parts of

the language,\* which may be considered the chief study of the literati as well as the people; and to obtain a perfect comprehension of which, a whole life devoted to it, would not be more than sufficient. It can scarcely be imagined that much progress can be made by children of that age in so formidable a task, and as these difficulties are augmented by factitious obstructions, the possibility of their soon surmounting them vanishes. To the prodigious number of the characters, amounting to eighty thousand,† combined with the complexness, incidental to a language wanting simplification and method, by the rules of grammatical arrangement,‡ may be attributed in part, the difficulty of obtaining a complete comprehension of it, to which may be superadded, the extreme labour and avidity of getting by rote, so many thousand characters, and a volume of Confucius, without the least accession of knowledge or ideas. The first stage of education terminates, when the student, having learned by rote the four books of the doctrines of Confucius, is allowed to proceed to learn the formation of the characters, by tracing the printed

\* See Du Halde and Barrow, p. 174.

† Barrow, Staunton. vol. 3.

‡ Staunton, v. 2. p. 245. Sir George Staunton seems here to have been led into a curious error, in our apprehension, as inconsistent with his usual sagacity, and quick perception, as it is repugnant to philosophy and experience. In page 245, vol. 2. he says, "The learner of the Chinese is besides not puzzled with many minute rules of grammar, conjugation, or declension. There is no necessity of distinguishing substances, adjectives, or verbs, nor any accordance of gender, number, and case in a Chinese sentence." Hence he infers, that the attainment of the language is rendered more facile, by being destitute of grammar. Paradoxical opinions may be founded in truth, or may proceed from an affectation of superior discernment; but when they are unsustained by adequate proof, and in direct opposition to long experience, it must be allowed reasonable to withhold our assent to them. Rules of grammar may at first puzzle a learner, as the rules of any other science or art are not immediately comprehended for their utility, to a beginner, nor perhaps do they much aid his first efforts. But in every stage of his progress after the first, their great use cannot be denied: without such rules the capricious fancy of every man, would supply the place of principles founded in reason; and confusion would necessarily succeed to order; language might be taught in a shorter space of time, but would never be susceptible of the same perfection; as is evinced in that of the Chinese, which is not adapted for philosophical and precise disquisition. Independent of which, however, does not the labour of storing the memory with all their characters, and a huge volume of the works of Confucius, far overbalance the supposed impediments of grammar?

times on transparent paper with a pencil; the excellence of which art is estimated as the highest qualification, by the literati of China.\* By this process do the youth of China at sixteen, attain an empty knowledge of most of the characters of the language, being totally ignorant of their distinct meaning, and afterwards to learn which, it cannot be reasonably supposed, that less time and labour would be requisite.

It is in viewing such methods of education, and contemplating the inveteracy of foolish prejudices, in opposition to the healthful advantages of rational system, that the reflective mind is struck with admiration, at the pretensions of a people, to philosophical learning, and high refinement, who are ignorant of the simplest facts, concerning the nature and operations of the human mind; for it cannot be imagined, that 'endued' with this knowledge, they should have chosen a method in direct contrariety to its dictates, and which with all their ineffectual labour, still leaves them in a condition little above, in this respect, their primal ignorance and barbarity. It is in this particular that we first perceive the systems of that drizzling spirit, which incarcerates their minds to a mere detailed acquisition of superficial individualities, preventing them from rising to a more general and comprehensive view of human nature; and establishing a method grounded on common principles, and suited to every gradation of capacity. This would be easily effected, by merely reversing their present system. The remembrance of sounds and figures (which is the Chinese method of acquiring their language) abstracted from all sense of what they signify, is surprisingly hard; for to the natural indistinctness and faintness of the notions of sound and figure, even when their signification is understood, is to be added in this instance, the total absence of any primary idea, by which they might have some hold of the mind. If, on the contrary, when learning the sound and figure of their characters, they were also, at the same time, to learn their meaning, the good effects resulting would be inconceivably great; the sound before indistinct and vague, would come to be so associated with the sense, and the sense so blended with the sound, that from the primary and secondary ideas, a dou-

\* Du Halde, p. 6.

ble hold would be given to the mind; and the consequent facility of acquisition, would at least save half of the labour and time so foolishly spent in learning sounds, to which they annex no clear notion.

The Chinese language, according to sir George Staunton, must be ill suited to philosophical disquisitions, and at best, an inconvenient instrument of accurate thought. The following is the passage from which we draw this conclusion; and as no European has so perfect a knowledge of the subject, the most unbounded reliance may be put in his relation of it. "The principal difficulty," he says, "in the study of Chinese writings, arises from the general exclusion of the auxiliary particles of colloquial language, that fix the relation between indeclinable words, such as are all those of the Chinese writing. The judgment must be constantly exercised by the student, to supply the absence of such assistance. That judgment must be guided by attention to the manners, customs, laws, and opinions of the Chinese, and to the events and local circumstances of the country, to which the allusions of language perpetually refer." In all languages in which much latitude is allowable in the collocation and arrangement of words, and in which the association between the ideas, or words is proportionately diminished, obscurity is apt to exist;—redundance of metaphor, and remoteness of allusion, beget a similar effect.\* If "to supply the absence of the auxiliary particles of colloquial language, the judgment must be constantly exercised and guided," by such a variety of remote circumstances and events, it is evident that the want of connection, proper to precise language, added to such a confusion of figurative expressions, and the greater part of those so far fetched, must not only render this language extremely obscure, but very frequently unintelligible to the learned who use it. Hence, on the above principles, so sagaciously discovered, and ably established by Mr. Hume and Dr. Campbell, the Chinese language must be held utterly unsuitable as an instrument of philosophy.

Though no country can be better adapted to astronomical observations, from the unclouded atmosphere, and serenity of the

\* See Campbell's *Phil. Rhetoric*, v. 2. p. 81. &c.



weather, and every way calculated to carry this science to perfection; yet no nation that has arrived at a mediocrity of knowledge can be more deficient in it. The little progress that they have hitherto reached in it, can be ascribed to no other cause but that dulness of perception, so palpably manifested in all their actions; for as every natural advantage seems to have concurred to render China the observatory of the world, as far as natural gifts could make it, their being so far in the rear of it, must undoubtedly, be owing to the absence of that inventive genius, and subtle penetration, which appears to have been the only ingredient wanting for the purpose. What diminutive knowledge they have acquired of it is to be rather regarded as the mere effect of unavoidable observation, on the passing physical appearances and phenomenæ, and to have accumulated by length of time, than as flowing from any rational curiosity, or spontaneous effort of the mind, prying into the mysteries, and investigating the secrets of nature.\* In fine, to all mathematical science they are strangers† further than has been stated; and their knowledge of geography, which has already been mentioned,‡ is consequently inconsiderable, being proportionate to that of astronomy.

In the less profound, and more agreeable parts of science, they are wanting, as in every other. Logic which is essential to the regulation of reason, and to just argumentation, they are wholly devoid of, except what undisciplined nature yields them.§ And though in every external, they are methodical and formal, to a ridiculous and contemptible degree, yet in that which is essential to a proper use of reason, to accuracy of thought, to perspicuity of discourse, and to the enlargement of the bounds of knowledge, they know nothing of: an invincible evidence of mental imbecility, abasement, and indolence!

It might, however, be speciously alleged by those, who are inclined to think more favourably of this people, than facts bespeak them deserving, that notwithstanding they are destitute of any such science as logic, yet they may have a process of thought, and a mode of intellectual classis, equally as efficient, and as infallible in the result. That such a thing is possible,

\* See Staunton, vol. 2. p. 236. Barrow, 195.

† Staunton, 241.

‡ 2d part, essay 1.

§ Du Haldé, vol. 3. p. 64.

must be allowed; but by what rule are we to judge of its subsistence, if it be not manifested in their works? The Chinese, it is well known, possess a sufficiency of logic, properly to direct their understandings in the ordinary affairs of life; but farther they cannot reach, nor do they attempt it by aspiring; they cannot by induction, and a chain of propositions in continuity, ascend step by step to general principles, and arrive at hidden, and unimagined truths: consequently they hold not the means of great proficiency in philosophy.

During one age in the same country it rarely occurs that there is a disparity of excellence in the several sciences, and this disparity, if at all existing, will be the less the nearer the affinity between the sciences. For the truth of this proposition we appeal to the history of literature, in ancient and modern nations. In consonance with this principle, we find the rhetoric of China, not the least degree paramount to her logic, and her logic in about an equal ratio to her other attainments. Experience and custom, also bear the sceptre in this province, but without bringing it to that degree of improvement, which might be reasonably expected if applied with discernment and propriety; but which it is not possible that the Chinese should exercise, being void of the taste requisite to produce such discernment. Observation and experience of the manner in which the mind is affected by particular parts of a discourse, and its tendency to the desired end, by the impression it makes on the whole, give the models of eloquence, which, by repetition, and correction, become as perfect as so defective a system will admit. Rigid imitation, then, supplies the place of systematic precept, in the formation of an eloquent discourse; and there must consequently be all the imperfection in this method, which variety of copies, by inexpert, or negligent hands naturally produce. Indeed there is no trait in the Chinese character, no method in their education, no disposition to genius, nor no excellency in their sciences, which could induce one to suspect that their rhetoric was concocted to a system, or their eloquence sublimated to perfection. If freedom, as Cicero hath said, as well as those who preceded, and those who followed him, be necessary to beget, nourish, and perfect eloquence, there exists in the Chinese polity, a radical and insuperable obstacle to its advancement;

and in the method of education, which flows in part from the nature of the language, an opaque mass of useless and laborious formality, intercepts the beauty and charms of eloquence from the sight of their youth; who compelled to drudge perpetually to form the characters of this cumbersome language, and then to learn their meaning, have as little leisure as genius, to beautify and adorn it. And when it is considered, that the literature and science of China, in their present state of depression and obscurity, require a whole life addicted to study, to acquire a knowledge of them,\* it can scarcely be hoped, that they will hereafter improve, what they now have no leisure to scrutinise and inspect; or that a revolution in their tastes, with which their works now accord, would not be resisted with the same resolution, though not perhaps excite the same dreadful apprehensions, as a revolution in their polity.

Except the therapeutic part, the science of medicine is wholly unknown to the Chinese, and even in that part they have little rational system, and it is far below perfection. In this particular, it unfortunately happens, for the reputation of their wisdom and learning, that they cannot adduce for its deficiency, that panacea for their ignorance, the great lion-fire kindled by the emperor (a barbarous emperor!) Shee-whang tee,† for the destruction of the books of learning, as the writings on medicine, if there were such writings then, were either graciously saved, or accidentally escaped from the common demolition. It is therefore a little wonderful, that the experience and knowledge of so many additional ages, should have had a tendency to depress this science, beneath the level of excellence of others not near so ancient! The sciences subordinate, and subservient to the perfection of medicine, they are likewise ignorant of; and pharmacy, botany, chemistry, mineralogy, and all others, necessary or incidental to it, are alien from China. A crude and imperfect treatise, entitled, "the natural history of China for the use of medicine," has been published by them; and though its title might be supposed to bespeak its character entire, yet it shows but a diminutive feature of it. In this is detailed, in a heterogenous and superficial manner, the nature

\* Staunton, vol. 2. p. 251.

† Two hundred years anterior to the christian epoch.

of the elements, and of the earth, the physical properties of plants, trees, and shrubs, the uses of old garments and utensils;\* the nature and condition of all kinds of animals; and lastly, it treats of the human system.† Like the ancient, and some of the modern philosophers, in investigating the human mind, and natural phenomena, who supplied the want of knowledge, by learned unmeaning words, expressive of no determinate and intelligible idea, the Chinese conceal their ignorance of the qualities and nature of their medicinal plants, by the use of generic terms, equally applicable to fifty different kinds; thus in the above natural history it is said, "that one hundred and twenty-five sorts, partake of the nature of the earth, and have all great malignity." In what sense the term malignity should be taken is left to the fancy of the reader; this however appears to be the utmost knowledge they have of the qualities of the medicines they most frequently use.‡ Than the "secret of the pulse," as they denominate it, nothing can be more fallacious, and there is nothing in which they more exult. They fancy that every part of the body has a distinct peculiar pulse, which points out in what part of the system the disease lies, and that the pulse always corresponding to the actual state of animal life, they can by this criteria, ascertain the seat and cause of the disease, without any exact knowledge of the constitution, habits, or circumstances of the patient.§ Sir George Staunton gives a curious statement of a Chinese consultation, on a malady with which the Colao was afflicted, and it fully evinces their proud ignorance, and formal presumption. He says, "after a full examination of the Colao's pulses, they had early decided "that the whole of his complaints, were owing to a malignant "vapour or spirit, which had infused itself into or was generated "in his flesh, which shifted from place to place, always exciting pain in the part in which it fixed itself. In consequence

\* This must at first appear very ludicrous to the reader, but his muscles will assume a sedate aspect, when he is told, the very philosophical reason for explaining the nature and uses of old garments, &c. It is, because "the matter of which is taken out of the preceding kinds," or in other words, because the materials from which the said old garments and utensils were fabricated, were produced from the plants and trees antecedently mentioned.

† Du Halde, vol. 3. p. 467. ‡ Ib. 469. Staunton. § Staunton, 2 vol. p. 85.

“of this opinion of the nature and cause of the disease, the  
 “method of cure was to expel the vapour or spirit immediately;  
 “and this was to be effected by opening passages for its escape,  
 “directly through the parts affected. The operation had been  
 “frequently performed, and many deep punctures made with  
 “gold and silver needles, (which two metals only are admissible  
 “for the purpose,) with exquisite pain to the patient. Still,  
 “however, the disease continued its usual course; but this,  
 “from the authority and information of his pulses, was entirely  
 “owing to the obstinacy of the vapour, which either remained  
 “in part in the body, in spite of every effort to dislodge it, or  
 “was generated in fresh quantities in other parts, after having  
 “been expelled from the seat it had at first occupied. In their  
 “treatment of this disorder, the physicians had exhausted all  
 “their skill to no purpose. The original complaints still con-  
 “tinued to recur, and were now more violent than at any former  
 “period.” In fine, the physician attached to the embassy, hav-  
 ing examined the Colao’s malady, in the manner which reason  
 and European practice has established, discovered, that the ma-  
 lignant vapour and spirit, was nothing greater than the rheuma-  
 tism, and a completely formed hernia! That dissection is not  
 prevalent in China, is sufficient to account for their not under-  
 standing the nature of the disease, or the proper remedy.

How far the excellence or imperfection of music, should  
 influence our judgments, in a just appreciation, of the refine-  
 ment, or barbarity of nations, cannot perhaps be precisely de-  
 termined; as we find many people extolled for their proficiency  
 in the art, who are little above barbarism; and many who are  
 perfectly civilized and rational. Poets, who are amenable to no  
 authority, have in the raptures of ecstasy, denominated music  
 divine, and philosophers, in the sedateness of reason, have  
 thought it little proof of energy of intellect, or sensibility of  
 feeling; both may be right; for though their opinions appear  
 repugnant, yet they are not irreconcilable: The poet judges  
 from the brilliancy of fancy, and its effects on the soul; the  
 philosopher, from the sternness of investigating reason, and its  
 tendency to melt the soul to imbecility. Not, however, acquaint-  
 ed with its nature, nor being susceptible of its impressions,

we cannot decide upon its relative merits. The Chinese, however, are less perfect in music than in poetry: and in poetry they are very distant from celebrity.\* Music being neither fashionable as an accomplishment, nor practised as an amusement, is little cultivated of course, and has not risen to the dignity of a science among the Chinese.† That to educe harmony from chaotic materials, a degree of perspicacity and invention as likewise of taste, is needful, seems to be the case; but harmony is not, per se, music; but is a distinct quality independent of, and yet essential to it. We perceive harmony in an arrangement of words, in the architecture of a building, and in a variety of things in which there is no music. If harmony, as only a constituent part of music, requires a degree of intellectual energy to produce it, as a corollary, it follows, that to compose music, or invent it, a higher degree of mind is necessary; as a complex notion is more difficult to apprehend, than a simple one. But this degree of mind the Chinese appear not to be endowed with!‡

Having thus cursorily remarked the progress of the Chinese in the sciences which more immediately are connected with the active powers of the mind,|| and which by their condition of excellence, infallibly indicate its inherent vigour and capacity. It may likewise conduce to develop their genius, just to take a slight review of the arts, manufactures, and trades in China.

Navigation is by the Chinese, as might with reason be expected, from their ignorance of astronomy, as little known as practised, the pilots on the coasts being the only navigators. For finding the latitude, they have neither instruments, nor charts; their experience in their business, and a knowledge of the coast, is the only guide to security.§ The notion prevalent of the earth, being a horizontal superficies, combined with the want of enterprising foreign trade, and the solitary policy of the government, and disposition of the people, may account for their ignorance in it. The art of ship-building from the same causes, is very imperfect.¶ Their husbandry, however, is not much in-

\* Du Halde, 3 vol. p. 110.

† Barrow, 209.

‡ For a specimen of their music, see Barrow and Du Halde.

§ The jurisprudence and polity of China, will be the object of the 2d part of this essay.

¶ Staunton, vol. 1. p. 217.

¶ Ib. 247.

farior, in the practical parts, and its effects, to that of other countries; though they exhibit the absence of those improvements, which it is the peculiar province of philosophy to make in every gradation of life. Manual labour is mostly used for every purpose, though the buffalo, and ox, and horse, are employed in labour too great for man. The vernal ceremony of ploughing, in which the emperor, with rustic humility, condescends to follow it, is calculated to incite the people to perseverance in labour; but is rather to be esteemed a political expedient, than a moral lesson. In the southern provinces of the empire, the fecundity of the soil, yields annually two crops; but to the north, the coldness of the climate; and the proportionate sterility, allows but one crop.\*

To admit as true, the history and pretensions of the Chinese, in every respect, would indeed make them greater in perfection, than any nation of modern Europe. It is a supposition springing from the peculiar character and circumstances of this people, that they must be totally unacquainted with those military instruments, which nothing but the necessity of their aid, and the valour of the people could possibly suggest the invention. Valour we do not find to be the principal ingredient in the dull character of the Chinese; and of war they have had less than any other nation subsisting; and in those in which they were opposed by the Tartars, there could be little occasion for such kinds of arms. In diametrical opposition, however, to this natural inference, the Chinese lay claim to a very ancient knowledge of cannon; but they cannot adduce as proof, one of native manufacture, nor is the manner of using such engines known to them: of muskets they were totally ignorant, either of the manufacture or use, till the Europeans introduced them, and they are without the later improvements.† Gun-powder seems to have been known to them antecedent to the christian era‡.

The porcelain of the Chinese has obtained so great celebrity that its excellence is universally known. The art of manufacturing glass was introduced into China in the seventeenth century,§ before which period they were uninstructed in it. Not better acquainted were they with clocks, until the Europeans

\* Barrow, p. 200.

† Ib. 204.

‡ Ib. 200.

§ Ib. 204.

gave them models, from which they soon acquired the art of making them.\* And so grossly deficient are they in the genius of invention, that to publicly announce the hour of the day in their capitol of Peking, a large bell is struck with a mallet a number of strokes equal to the hour; for which purpose a man is appointed to observe the process of time, as indicated by the waste of a burning taper.† The silk manufacture is probably an invention of their own, as no trace can be found of its being exotic; no perceptible improvement, however, has been made in this, or any other art, custom forbidding those alterations, which expediency might suggest.

To detail with minute precision, each particular trade, manufacture, and art, of the Chinese, would be extraneous to the object of this essay, which only details individual facts, to deduce general consequences; and more exclusively to record those intimately connected with the mind, and which depend more on energetic intellect, for their original and improvement, than on manual dexterity. The genius of a people from the latter, can be but indistinctly perceived, if at all; it is a mere display of animal ingenuity, and if there subsist no corroborative evidence, which show symptoms of strength and capacity of understanding, there can be little or no ground for concluding such a nation, one jot above barbarity. This I apprehend, is an indubitable test of the mind of a people. The aborigines of America, had many manual arts which exhibited much dexterity; and in those parts of Africa the least humanized, it is known, there prevails no inconsiderable degree of expertness, in providing for convenient living. But who, from these circumstances, would infer that the Africans were in a state of civilization, or the Americans of refinement? Such dexterity in subordinate arts, may subsist independent of great pneumatic powers; but perfection in all the arts, is the natural, unavoidable effect of repletion of mind, applying its energies to promote the comfort, and add to the felicity of life. Hence in investigating facts, to establish conclusions, regarding the genius of a people, attention should be had chiefly to their science, which immediately regulates, and on which hangs the excellence of the

\* Barrow, 205.

† Staunton, vol. 2. p. 241.



arts. In the Chinese, this principle is remarkably exemplified in the equality of those two branches of human attainment.

The Chinese, endued with but an ordinary degree of mental faculty, capable only of comprehending detached particulars, and of retaining the knowledge derived from experience, never embrace a comprehensive survey of human nature, and cannot imagine how that proposition can be true, which never had the test itself, of actual experience; they therefore by never trusting to general principles in reasoning, have not yet become eminent in science; and as their whole stock of knowledge is little more, than a gradual accumulation of successive experimental facts, consequently without connection or dependence, or continued order, and regular congruity, as is palpably manifested in their actual condition, imperfection, by a natural result, appears a prominent feature in their arts; a feature that can never be effaced, without a total revolution in the prejudices, passions, and sentiments, which subsist in the mind from whence it takes its form!

PROCLUS.

(To be continued.)

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#### LITERARY CURIOSITY.

MR. EDITOR,

In the year 1767, there was published for *John Bryce*, in the Salt Market, at Glasgow, a book entitled *CLAVIS CANTICI*, or an exposition of the *Song of Solomon*, by *JAMES DURHAM*, late minister of the gospel in *Glasgow*.

The dedication to this book, by *Margaret Durham*, his widow, is a specimen of religious eloquence, so honest, so earnest, so warm and zealous, so manifestly penned (if ever any thing was penned) *con amore*—but withal so laboured, so quaintly metaphorical, so strangely mystical, so enveloping the associations of sense with the forms of devotion; that it well deserves to be rescued from oblivion. *Quarles* has nothing so quaint: *Guion*, *Bourignon*, *Whitfield*, *Wesley*, and *Zinzendorf*, have nothing so warm. It is an excellent commentary on *Rosseau's* observation, that Love is always apt to borrow the language of Devotion; or rather that the language of both are the same, when the feelings and the passions are excited to the utmost, while Reason and Judgment being discarded, are lamenting lookers on. I have no intention in sending you this, to throw any thing like ridicule upon the fair authoress, and still less upon the subject: but eloquence, under whatever garb will al-

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ways be interesting, and singularity wherever found will furnish food for reflection, as well as amusement.

*To the right honourable, truly noble, and religious lady, my lady viscountess of Kenmore.*

MADAM,

MANY have been the helps and furtherances that the people of God, in these latter times, and more especially in these lands, have had in their christian course and way to heaven: in which respect, our blessings have not a little prevailed above the blessings of our progenitors, who, as they enjoyed not such plentiful preaching of the gospel, so were they not privileged with so many of the printed, and published labours of his servants, succinctly and clearly opening up the meaning; and by brief, plain, familiar, and edifying observations, making application of the holy scriptures in our own vulgar language, and that even to the lowest capacities: a rich treasure highly valuable above all the gold of both Indies, and the greatest external blessings of the most potent and flourishing nations; and the more to be valued, if we call to remembrance, how that not very many years ago, the christians in this same island, would have travelled far to have heard a portion of the scripture only read to them, and would very liberally and cheerfully have contributed of their substance for that end; and would withal carefully have sought out, and at high rates made purchase of a Bible, a New Testament, or any small treatise (then very rare and hard to come by) affording but the least measure of light in the scriptures (which in those dark times were to them much as a sealed book in comparison of what they have been in the late bright and glorious sun-shine of the gospel to us), though to the manifest hazard of being burnt quick for so doing. O how highly would these precious souls have prized, and how mightily would they have improved the frequent, pure, plain, and powerful preachings, and many excellent writings, wherewith Britain and Ireland, have to admiration been privileged of late years! Sure their laborious, painful, costly, and hazardous diligence, in seeking after the knowledge of God, according to his word, will rise in the judgment against this careless, lazy, negligent, and slothful generation, who, in the use of so many various and choice

helps, have so patient and easy access to know and serve him, with that which almost costs them nothing.

We have now, besides the large English Annotations, and the Dutch, lately Englished on the whole scriptures, and some notable pieces of English divines upon several parts of them, the book of Psalms, all the small Prophets, the Gospels according to Matthew and John, the epistles to the Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, and Hebrews, the two epistles of Peter, the Revelation, and this Song of Solomon, solidly explained, and, in short notes, sweetly improved by the ministers and divines of our own church, for the benefit, not only of scholars (who have many large helps in other languages); but also, yea, principally of such as cannot, on several accounts conveniently make use of the other; and yet it may be, (which is for a lamentation) there are many particular persons, and not a few whole families, that can read, and might easily come at such books, mainly designed for their edification, who concern themselves so little in these important things, that they look not after them, though in their secret and family reading of the scriptures, they might be thereby singularly profited. Oh! do we thus despise the goodness of God, and vilify the riches of his bounty? Is this to run to and fro, that scripture-knowledge may be increased; to cry after knowledge, and to lift up our voice for understanding; to seek her as silver, and to search for her as for hid treasure? or, is this to look on scripture wisdom, making wise to salvation, as the principal thing, and with all our getting to get understanding? How much, alas! have we set light by, and loathed this manna, that hath from heaven for many years fallen frequently and abundantly, as it were, about our camps? No doubt, as we begin sadly to feel already (but, ah! our stroke is above our groaning) so we have further ground to fear, that our holy and jealous God, may for this and other such provocations (whereby we have evidently manifest our detestable indifferency and great unconcernedness in things of greatest concernment) send us a famine not of bread, nor a thirst of water, (these comparatively were light afflictions;) but of hearing the words of the Lord, so that we shall wander from sea to sea, and from the north even to the east, and shall run to and fro to seek the word of the Lord, and shall not find it; and

in his wrathful, yet spotless and just providence, order some such revolution, as it shall be accounted a crime punishable by bonds, torture, and death, to read, or have such books, yea, even the book of God itself. O for opened eyes to see what helps and privileges we have enjoyed, and do in part yet enjoy, and grace suitable to improve them.

Amongst these many helps, what my blest husband, the author of this piece, hath according to the grace given unto him, contributed, shall not, I hope, be the least acceptable and useful to the church, he having by the good hand of his God upon him, been led to open up two books of the holy scriptures, wherein belike the Lord's people, did very much desire to know the mind of the Spirit, they being somewhat darker, and less easily understood, than many, if not than any of all the rest, the book of the Revelation, and this book of Solomon, the Song of Songs, or the most excellent Song; containing the largest and liveliest discoveries of the love of Jesus Christ, the King, Bridegroom, and Husband of his church, to her his Queen, Bride, and Spouse; and of hers to him, with those spiritually glorious interviews, holy courtings, most superlative, but most sincere, commending and cordial entertainings of each other, those mutual praisings and valuing of fellowship;—those missings, lamentings, and bemoaning of the want thereof;—those holy impatiences to be without it, swelling to positive and peremptory determinations, not to be satisfied, nor comforted in any thing else, those diligent, painful and restless seekings after it, till it be found and enjoyed, on the one hand;—and those sweet, and easy yieldings to importunity, and gracious grantings of it, on the other; with those high delightings, solacings, complacencies, and acquiescings in, and heartsome embracings of one another's fellowship:—Those failings, faultings, lyings a-bed, and lazinesses, and thereupon, when observed, those love-faintings, swarings, swoonings, seekings, and sorrowings on the one side; and those love-followings, findings, pityings, pardonings, passings by, rouzings, revivings, supportings, strengthenings, courings, confirmings, and comfortings, with most warm and kindly compellations, on the other: (O let men and angels, wonder at the kingly condescending, the majestic meekness, the stately stoop-

ings, the high humility, and the lofty lowliness that conspicuously shines forth here on the Bridegroom's part!—Those love-languishings, feverings, sickenings, holy violentions, apprehendings, and resolute refusings to let go on the one part, and these love-unheartings, heart-ravishings, captivatings, and being overcome: those love-arrests, and detainments in the galleries, as if nailed (to speak so with reverence) to the place, and sweetly charmed into a kind of holy impotency, to remove the eye from looking on so lovely an object on the other.—Those bashful, but beautiful blushings, humble hidings, and modest thinking shame to be seen or heard speak, on the Bride's part, and those urgent callings, and in a manner compelling, to compear, with those serious professings of singular satisfaction, to hear her sweet voice, and to see her comely countenance on the Bridegroom's part:—Those frequently claimed, avouched, boasted of, and gloried in, mutual interests;—Those love-restings, and repositings on the arm, and on the bosom of one another, with these serious and solemn chargings and adjurings not unseasonably to disturb and interrupt this rest and repose:—Those mutual kind invitings, and hearty accepting of invitations; those comings and welcomings; those feasting, feedings, and banquettings on all manner of pleasant fruits, chief spices, and best wines, even the rarest and chiefest spiritual dainties and delicacies:—Those pleasant, refreshful airings and walkings together in the fragrant fields, villages, woods, orchards, gardens, arbours, umbrages, and, as it were, labyrinths of love:—Those stately, magnificent and majestic descriptions of one another, as to stature, favour, beauty, comely proportion of parts, curious deckings and adornings, sweet-smelling odoriferous anointings, powderings, and perfumings, holding forth their respective qualifications, endowments, accomplishments, perfections, and excellencies, whereof all things in the world, bearing such names, are but dark, dull, and empty resemblances:—[In which commending descriptions the Bridegroom seems holily to hyperbolize, and the Bride, though doing her best, doth yet fall hugely below his matchless and incomparable worth, which is exalted far above all the praise of men and angels; his also of her are many more and more brightly illuminated and garnished with delectable variety of admirably

opposite similitudes, than hers are of him, because his love is infinitely more strong, and his skill in commending infinitely greater, and more exquisite, and because withal her jealousies, and suspicions of his love, are not easily removed, nor the persuasions of his so egregious esteem of her easily admitted, though doubtless, he who is the chief of ten thousands, and altogether lovely, hath infinitely the preference and preeminence, whereof, if there were not another, that is a demonstrative, and undeniable evidence, that all the splendour and glory, wherewith she thus shineth, is derived and borrowed by her, as but a little twinkling state from him, that great light the Sun of righteousness. O what will he make of his church when sinless and in heaven, when he makes so much of her, when sinful and on earth! And how incomprehensibly glorious must he be in himself, that puts such passing glory on her!—] These transports of admiration at one another, held forth in the several *Behold's*, *Oo's*, *Who's*, and *How's* prefixed to their respective compellations and commendations:—And finally these vehement joint-longings, to have the marriage consummated and the fellowship immediate, full, and never any more to be interrupted.

From this little hint, may it not be said, that the ravishing passions and passionate ravishings of most, purely spiritual, chaste, and ardent love, burning like coals of juniper, and flaming forth in the excellentest expressions imaginable, do quite surpass, transcend, and out-vey those of the most strongly affectionate lovers in the world, whether wooers, or married persons; nay, these scarcely serve darkly to shadow forth those? For, indeed, this marriage, and marriage-love, betwixt Christ and his church is a *great mystery*, and deservedly so called, by the apostle: The incarnation of the Son of God, with what he was made, died and suffered out of mere free love to the elect, that he might bring about and accomplish this blest match betwixt him and them, and so bestow all his purchase, nay, himself on them; this, this I say, is without all controversy the great mystery of godliness: O the height and the depth, the breadth and length of the love of Christ, whereof, when all that can be said of it, were it by the tongues of men and angels is said, that must needs be said, that it is a love which *passeth*

*knowledge:* who can speak suitably, and as he ought of this noble, notable, and non-such subject, the love of Christ to his church; that breathes so sweetly and strongly throughout this Song, and that doth by its sovereign influence so powerfully draw forth the church's love after him: a heart bedrenched with, and a tongue and pen dipped in the sense of this love, would do well; sure the reading, writing, speaking, hearing, and meditating of this Song, treating of so transcendently excellent a theme, and in so spiritually sublime and lofty a strain, calls for a most spiritual and divine frame of heart; to the attaining whereof, that the author might help himself and others, he did, as from one principal motive, pitch on this book, and preach on it at great length to the people of his charge in Glasgow: (in which sermons, he went through pleasant variety of much choice, and rich matter, wonderfully suited to the several cases of his hearers, especially of the most seriously and deeply exercised Christians;) and thereafter lecture on it more shortly, only opening up the meaning of the text, and giving some succinct, but very sweet notes from it, designing, (at the urgent importunity of several friends, who had been much refreshed by his larger sermons) these lectures for the more public edification of the church; by which also he speaketh now the third time more particularly to the people of Glasgow, on this precious subject. I suppose I may without vanity say, that the frame of his spirit did in a good measure suit such a spiritual purpose, and was more and more spiritualized by his conversing in, and handling of it: he was a disciple whom Jesus much loved; and who by very intimate and familiar acquaintance with him, was privileged to lean, as it were, on his bosom; most dearly also did he love his master; and from a principle of sincere love to him, watchfully, and tenderly feed his sheep and lambs. He did withal, as a special friend of the Bridegroom, stand by to hear his voice, having therein his joy fulfilled, and was effectually taught the excellent art of commending the Bridegroom, and of wooing a Bride for him; so that this much beloved and very loving disciple, was fitted beyond many of his fellows to treat of the love betwixt Christ and his Church. O that the reading of this savoury comment on this

sweetest and most spiritual text, may, according to the author's desire and design through God's blessing, contribute to make those that are after the flesh to be after the Spirit, and those that are after the Spirit, as to their state, to mind more the things of the Spirit, as to their frame! Sure there was never more need; for, alas! we are generally undone, through a great remainder of the carnal mind, which is death, and are lamentably little spiritually minded, though to be so be life and peace. It may verily be doubted, if there hath been any generation of Christians before this, that have so little minded the things of the Spirit, and have so strongly favoured the things of the flesh, that have set their affections so little on things above, and so much on things on the earth, notwithstanding of so many and mighty pullings of Providence at them.

I hope, noble Madam, with whomsoever this piece shall fall short of the author's aim, it shall not with you, to whom he designed the dedication of it, as he shewed to an intimate friend on his death-bed; it is true, he did not very much please dedicatory epistles, as savouring often, in his opinion, somewhat of adulation; yet such was the true sense of his singular obligations to your Ladyship, and the deep conviction of the sincerity and eminency of the grace of God in you, (whom looking on as indeed a mother in our Israel, he thought it a privilege to have his only daughter, after her mother's death, a while under your educating inspection, of whom you had no reason to be ashamed, she having more especially betwixt that time and her death, though but very young, in modesty, sobriety, gravity, humility, self-deniedness, and in the serious and profound exercise of godliness resembled her blest father to the life, whom through grief for his death she did not long out-live) that he resolved to dedicate this piece to you: which part of his latter will, I durst not but fulfil; and had I been with any such predetermination left to my own choice, your ladyship would have been the very person pitched upon, not only on the account of my husband's, and my own esteem of you, but also of your constantly continued kindness to his family since his death.

Let me, Madam, say it, for provoking you to be yet more for God, and to exercise yourself yet further unto godliness,  
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that your praise is much in the churches of Christ, as otherwise, so through several dedications of books, and missive letters now printed and published from some of the most faithful and famous men in this church, whereby all readers of them are some way alarmed to inquire what this Lady of honour may be, that hath been in so high esteem with so holy, grave, and discerning men. Since your religion is thus talked of, and spread abroad in several places, (so that I need say nothing) I hope you will endeavour through grace, in the frame of your spirit, and in your whole deportment to suit this savoury report that hath gone of you; and that not in order to the getting or keeping such a name for yourself, but as the native, necessary, and unconstrained result of the power of the life of the grace of God within, and in order to the glorifying of him, by whom you were called, and that betimes, even in the morning of your days, to the fellowship of Jesus Christ our Lord by the Gospel; wherein he hath graciously helped you now these forty years and upwards, as, I suppose, under all the times, changes, and revolutions, that have gone over you (which have not been few, nor inconsiderable) to continue steadfast, without any back-drawing, wavering, shrinking or staggering, reflecting upon, or blemishing your holy profession, and to follow the Lord fully; a rare and singular mercy, which but few professors of such old standing, especially in these days, have obtained.

Let all the favour and grace you have found in his sight, and all the respect you have had from his choice servants make you constantly speak yourself thus in the ear, *Should such a person as I, do that which would displease him, and make any that seek him, sad or ashamed for my sake? And, what manner of person ought I to be, in all holy conversation and godliness.*

Now, Madam, that it may be thus with your Ladyship; and that you may be fat and flourishing, bringing forth fruit in old age, that you may in waiting on God, renew your strength, run and not be weary, walk and not faint, yea, mount up with wings, as the eagle, putting forth fresh strength in this last stage of your race, and that it may be the one thing done by you, and all the Lord's people, to forget the things that are behind, to reach forth unto the things that are before, and to press hard

toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus, is the desire of,

*Right honourable, your Ladyship's singularly obliged  
debtor, for all duties of love and service,*

MARG. DURHAM.

#### CORRESPONDENCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY OF SMYRNA.

A sketch, however alight, of one of the seven cities, which has contended for the privilege of being designated as the natal spot of HOMER, cannot be viewed with indifference by any individual, who aspires to the title of a classical scholar. Smyrna, moreover, when regarded by the gaze of commercial enterprise, is one of the most interesting objects, discoverable among the glories of the *Spicy East*; profuse of its balm, of its odour, and of that celestial drug which quells the throb of anguish, allays the heat of the heart, gilds the dream of the poet, and mocks all the reasoning of the philosopher:

EDITOR.

#### *Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Foggia.*

DEAR SIR,

My passage from Malta to Smyrna was extremely pleasant, the first land we saw was Candia (ancient Crete); we coasted along this, and after leaving it, passed successively in sight of almost all the islands in the Archipelago. The isle of Patmos where St. John wrote the Apocalypse, is small and barren, and Delphos so celebrated for the beautiful temple of Apollo is scarcely any thing but a rock, and has few or no inhabitants upon it; remains of this fine temple are still seen on this island. These islands with a few exceptions have a barren appearance, and perhaps their being so in reality may account for the warlike and restless spirit of the ancient Greeks who inhabited them. The scanty productions of their own soil induced them to make predatory incursions upon their neighbours; and their island afforded them a safe retreat with their booty. Mytelene is one of

the largest and most fruitful of the Archipelago; this island retains the same name which it did in Citero's time, as we find many of his letters directed to his friends there. It produces good wine, and wheat in great abundance; it lies near the entrance of the gulf of Smyrna, and on the other hand is Scio. In this last some pretend Homer was born, and the spot is still pointed out where they say he kept a school.

I arrived in the bay of Smyrna April twenty-six, and anchored near the castle, about five miles below the town, and found there a large Danish ship bound into the Black sea, to Odessa, with cotton. The next morning I went to town in a Turkish boat called a *kyike* which rows or sails very fast. We landed at the castle to see the *Aga*, and got permission to pass. He was an old man with a venerable gray beard, and I found him sitting cross-legged upon a carpet smoking with a very long pipe. He waved his hand to me to sit down, and after asking a few questions, and talking a few words to his guards, he waved his hand again as a signal that I might go, first however signifying that he should expect a present of sugar and coffee, which I promised him. In this castle I saw several of those large guns from which they throw stone balls of a prodigious weight. I have been told that at Constantinople there are guns that carry a ball of one thousand pounds, and it is certain that when the English were driven out of the Dardanells the last year, a ball of eight hundred pounds struck the main mast of the *Windoor Castle*, it remained on board, and was carried to England, where it is preserved as a curiosity. The largest I saw in this castle was a four hundred pounder, and there were several piles of the balls which would apparently weigh four or five hundred pounds; these balls were of hard granite, and cut round and smooth, the guns were long and very fine brass pieces. The Turks who rowed me to town were very civil, and offered me a pipe, which is the usual compliment.

The city of Smyrna did not answer my expectations; but I saw but little of it. The houses are principally of wood and small, and they appeared to be out of repair. The landing places were dirty and not convenient; no quays, but a few piles with broken planks and boards on them; and in other places only the bare beach.

As I was not permitted to enter my vessel and trade here my stay was short, and I left the place the next morning. American vessels have never before been denied a free trade with Turkey, and it will be amusing, perhaps, to know something of the powerful influence of the French in this country, by which they are enabled to drive away all neutrals, and to put almost a total stop to the trade of this great commercial city.

A French consul resides at Smyrna, and he takes his orders from Sebastiani, who is the French minister at the Porte. I understood it was necessary to wait upon this consul, and I had some expectations by entering from Messina, a neutral country as respected the Turks, that I should be admitted. The consul, however, knew very well I had been at Malta, and his sources of information were so good, that he knew of my being expected, and had looked for me a week—he received me with the usual French politeness, but told me we were not permitted to trade there, by the French decrees, and he had been particularly instructed, lately, from his minister, to forbid the entrance of any vessel of what country or nation soever, that had touched at Malta, Messina, or any port at which the English had influence or a friendly intercourse. It was in vain to make any further plea here, but I was determined to appeal from this decision, to the Turkish government. In fact my friend at Smyrna had already been to the governor of the city, and obtained his permission without difficulty; he told me indeed the governor was very desirous to have us trade there, and he knew he would be very angry to hear that the consul had forbidden me. This encouraged me in my appeal, for I could not imagine that a powerful prince like the Aga of Smyrna, who has forty thousand men at his command, and who in some respects feels almost independent of the Grand Segnior himself, should submit his will to the arbitrary decisions of a paltry French consul. I had however the mortification to find that in this instance the consul was the ruling power. *Cara Osman Oglou*, who was this great officer, Prince, and Aga of Smyrna, on being informed that the consul had ordered me to depart, was exceedingly enraged, but he judged it most prudent to suppress or stifle his displeasure. I was extremely at a loss to know why he should sacrifice his opinion or desire in this instance; but I was informed,

that had he had insisted upon my trading there, against the orders of the French consul, the latter would immediately have reported him to Sebastiani, who had so much influence at the Porte, that probably at his request the Aga would have been fined to a very heavy amount. The Grand Segnior being fond of enriching his coffers by these kind of penal exactions on his great officers.— I obtained so much, however, from the good will of the Aga, that I should be protected in any of the adjacent ports without the district of the French consul. Accordingly I left my first anchoring place, and went down behind the island of Oulach near the entrance of the gulf. Here it was agreed that we should discharge our cargo, and send it to town in lighters. There are no inhabitants on this island, it being rather a barren piece of ground, three or four miles in extent, producing nothing but furze, some wild flowers, and a few scattering pine trees. On one of these pines our sailors found an eagle's nest, and took from thence an eagle not yet able to fly. This was a hazardous enterprize, for probably the old one would have killed the man who climbed the tree had she returned and caught him in the act, or even if she had seen him afterwards with her young one it would have been extremely dangerous for him. They are a powerful bird, and the extent and force of their talons are sufficient to take off a man's face at one gripe. The people of the country when they attempt to rob one of these nests, go with a party of five or six, and well armed with muskets, to defend themselves. This young bird was kept on board above three months, at which age his wings extended from tip to tip nearly eight feet. We lay at this station only two or three days, and then removed over to the east side of the gulf to a little town and port called Foggia, (anciently I believe Phocia) here we found a safe, snug harbour, secure from any sea, a good depth of water and clean bottom. My friends at Smyrna had procured me a protection here, from Cara Osman Oglou, and a letter of friendly introduction from him to the Aga of this place. The letter was in three lines and a half, wrote backwards, and instead of a signature had the seal of the Aga's ring. As soon as I anchored I went on shore, and found several Turks sitting under a rough kind of piazza, peaceably smoking their pipes; they took little or no notice of me—this is characteristic of

Turks, they seem to have no curiosity, take little notice of any thing; and express wonder or astonishment at nothing.— I showed them my letter, and made them understand that I wanted to go to the Aga. One of them, who appeared to be an officer, who was dressed smart, with stockings of red cloth laced with gold; got up and conducted me into the city, through a stone arch, the town being walled; we passed along some dirty streets and I was introduced to another great officer that could not read. They both seated themselves on a carpet, ordered a slave to bring pipes, looked at the writing of my short letter, then folded up the paper and smoked with silent composure. After their pipes were out, they asked me how long I would stay in this port, what I wanted, &c. and then signified that I might go. Here finished this interview. After I had been returned on board about an hour, the gentleman with the gold laced stockings, came off and said I must come on shore to the Aga. So I went on shore again, and was conducted to a house where I found three great men, if I might judge from their turbans, which were each the size of a half barrel. They were sitting on a rich carpet, and lolled upon cushions which were placed round the sides of the room; and the hall below and anti-chamber were filled with soldiers in arms and other attendants. One of these three was the Aga, or governor of the place. The officer to whom I had been first conducted, finding that the letter was directed to the Aga had sent it to him, and he immediately sent for me. He received me with civility, asked a few questions, and lifting up the letter in his fingers, intimated that that would procure me any thing I wanted. So I left him, satisfied that my letter of introduction, though short, was influential and efficacious.

The houses of the town are no more than miserable huts, the walls of which are rough stone and mud, and from a peep inside of them they appear not much superior either in convenience or cleanliness to our hog-sties. Though, by the way, they have no hogs here, the Turks, like the jews holding swine's flesh in abhorrence. Their principal animal food is mutton, of which they have very good. The breed of sheep are something of the Cape of Good Hope kind, having very large flat tails; these tails are from six to ten inches broad, and almost entirely flat. The Turks seldom make use of larger meat than mutton; one reason for

which, I am told, is their manner of cooking, which does not so conveniently admit of larger meats; their messes are always hashed up fine in cooking, and they eat with their fingers; they know of no such superfluous utensils as knives and forks, and of course a joint of meat is never served on their *carpets*. They are fond of little sweet messes, sweet meats, preserves, &c. smoke their pipes and drink coffee; these are what a Turk regales upon, and having these, he appears to be contented and happy. They are a serious, sedate, peaceable people, seldom have any disputes, take little notice of what is passing in the world, or about their streets, and never seem much interested in any thing.

There are several small burying places near the town (for the Turks never bury their dead within their cities). These burying places are full of cypress, which give them an agreeable, though melancholy appearance; when a Turk buries a friend he plants a cypress at the head of the grave and another at the foot; these grow up, and thus where we have a barren clustre of tomb stones, they have a forest of cypress trees.

The Turkish women keep themselves much concealed, seldom go abroad, and when they do, they cover their heads with a white veil, which comes over the upper part of their face, and another covers the mouth and chin; thus masked, it is with difficulty they can be known even by their acquaintances, as very little of the face appears except the nose.

Since I have been here I have got plenty of milk, and milk variously modified, as curdled milk, sweet milk, fresh cheese, and cheese-cakes, &c. There are abundance of flocks and herds, and I was quite pleased in having occasion to remark an instance of primitive times and manners in seeing a real shepherd with his appropriate emblem, of crook and bag. The crook makes a fine figure in every pastoral story we read, and I could not help tracing the bag up to the royal David, who had one by his side when he slew Goliath. This country also produces a great deal of honey, so that the properties of ancient Palestine (from which we are not very distant) extends even here, it is a land of milk and honey.

The camel is the useful beast of burthen here, and it is curious to see with what docility they kneel down to receive and

discharge their loads. They carry a great weight, and the rule with the driver is to load his camel with as much as he can get up with, and then they travel a steady jog of three miles an hour, chew their quid all day, and at night stop to rest. They are called camels here, but they appear to be of that species which naturalists describe as dromedary, having but one hump upon the back, and the upper lip is slit like the hare's. Nature, in creating different sorts of animals, often approaches them together, sometimes even confounds them. There is no small likeness between the camel and the ostrich, and hence the Turks call the ostrich the *camel-bird*; their heads and necks are much alike, and the very silly movement and expression of these parts in each, are entirely similar.

I have before observed that the Turks are a peaceable, quiet people, and I think this is the stillest place I was ever in. They use no bells or public clocks, and the only noise I have heard here is the braying of an ass, the howling of jackalls, and the cry of a man every day from the tower of the mosque—the cry from the mosque tower is regular twice a day, and serves in lieu of a bell to summons the people to prayers. These are all natural sounds; I have not heard the sound of any instrument in the place—what a contrast between this and Malta! There the ringing of bells was continual, the striking of clocks every quarter of an hour, and with the rattling of cannon, beating of drums, sound of trumpets, saluting and serenading bands, blind fiddlers, horns, haut-boys, clarionets, &c. your ears are never at rest.

It is an error to suppose that the Turks indulge excessively in women, polygamy is permitted to be sure, but there is not a Turk in a hundred that has more than one wife; they sometimes have a concubine besides, but this is also seldom. They do not like to increase the evils of life, and one woman, they say, is generally trouble enough for one man.

The beauty of the Turkish women has been very much magnified, I imagine from the circumstance of their being so concealed. What a lesson this for our females! If they would but realize how prone we are to enhance the value of every thing kept out of sight, they would not be so forward to expose parts of the body which would increase in our estimation by being covered.



I have occasionally seen several female faces here, but none that had the least claim to beauty. They have a filthy custom of staining their hands, their nails, and also their hair, which hangs in uncomely strings about the face and neck; their dress is unbecoming, loose and flabby; they are kept in a degrading state of servitude, which of course precludes all improvement of their minds; so that without beauty, and a good share of it, they must be entirely uninteresting. Hence we may conclude, that although their prophet has promised to the faithful a paradise of fine women in the next world, a Turkish harem in this is no very desirable resort.

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#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO—THE PRESS.

WHEN we look at the remains of ancient literature that have passed unhurt the ordeal of Gothic barbarism, and reached us untarnished by the gross ignorance of the dark ages; when we recollect the number of literary works that formerly existed and which formed a magnificent monument of Roman and Grecian literature, and at the same time reflect on the endless drudgery, requisite in their formation and compilation, we can never sufficiently admire the prevalency of that taste for science and learning which characterised the ancient republics of southern Europe; never do sufficient justice to the laborious efforts of the scientific portions of those communities, in raising a fabric of learning and knowledge, the vastness and magnificence of which should dazzle and astonish the imaginations of a future world. But eminent as was the genius and numerous the literary acquirements of such as, in those days, were considered men of science, when we reflect upon the absolute impossibility there existed of diffusing the knowledge they possessed through the mass of society, or at least the irremediable inconvenience of communicating a portion of their numerous acquisitions to their more ignorant fellow citizens, we find those great talents and the superabundance of knowledge they possessed, entirely destitute of that general utility which constitutes the essential

importance of learning and science. For what benefit to society can ever result from knowledge, however extensive, if possessed solely by a few that are either unable or unwilling to share it with others?—Who could ever consider the philosopher, that from some obvious reason, was incapable of allowing the world ever to taste the fruits of his labours, a useful or profitable member of society?—In how important a light then, must we not view a discovery, that enabled man to scatter the results of his literary researches, with rapidity and equality, among those around him; that rendered all the divisions of a state capable of participating in the knowledge of their *ci-devant* superiors; that released the scientific riches of the learned from the narrow limits of their closets, and empowered them to spread free and unconfined but by the bounds of society itself.—View the art of printing in whatever light fancy may dictate, and we find it equally useful and important. Whether connected with civil government, religion or literature, it is to mankind of similar utility.—To enumerate and demonstrate the dangers of despotism and make generally known the point at which the devastating man of his natural liberty, when becoming a member of a civilized community, should with propriety stop; to infuse into the soul suitable ideas of our Creator's excellence, and expand the mind by a knowledge of his omnipotence and infinitude, and “to pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,” are in the end equally beneficial to society, and are among the many important advantages of which as rapid and effectual conveyance to the world in general, and the various classes of society in particular, has been primarily derived from the invention of printing.

To illustrate the vast importance of this discovery by examining the subject under the first of the three above-mentioned points of view is my intention in this essay; and of consequence the freedom of the press will engage the most considerable portion of my attention.—My remarks on the subject will be characterised by brevity and their object shall be to distinguish the point at which a change from civil to natural liberty in the publication of sentiments, if I may be allowed the expression, becomes perceptible.

To the comprehension of some it has been an inquiry of considerable difficulty to investigate the nature of the methods which one or more individuals must pursue in order to succeed in acquiring a tyrannical power over millions of others.—This difficulty arises from considering only the great improbability, nay, apparent impossibility there exists of a few persons taking forcible possession of the extensive prerogatives of tyranny, and is in a moment obviated by reflecting on the absolute necessity, in the persons interested, of using concealed and insidious measures, in order to secure the affections and confidence of those who are to co-operate with them in obtaining the elevation they aspire to. That one man can never by open and undisguised efforts succeed in obtaining despotic sway over a nation of fellow men I hold to be an undeniable principle. To acquire in safety this *ne plus ultra* of human power, he must resort to other unjustifiable methods than those of which man can be externally sensible.—He will be necessitated to use secret and concealed methods of attack, and must make hypocrisy his covering from the scrutiny of patriotism. For a man even although intellectually blind to the powers and dictates of reason and sense, can never voluntarily shut their eyes to their external and personal advantages, it follows, that secrecy is the grand support and prop of political tyranny, and that disguised methods of proceeding are the only effectual means of finally succeeding in its acquirement and retention. It may perhaps be urged in objection to the truth of this opinion, that it is expressly contradicted by the instances on record of generals, by means of their armies, arriving at imperial power: but is it not evident that, by the most unpardonable methods, the commander, in a case of this kind, must first acquire the capability of making the army subservient to the completion of his own designs; is it not obvious, that by the most insidious means, he must first secure the interests of his soldiers that he may afterwards succeed in rendering them assistant to his personal aggrandizement; and that, although force is the immediate agent in his elevation, yet the power of using that force, was obtained by at first concealing his original intentions.—It may also be argued that as the army

co-operates with him, openly in attempting to assume the diadem of tyranny, it must be considered as no longer blind to the object of his wishes, and therefore, from the period at which this becomes disclosed, forcible endeavours usurp the place of insidious and secret, although equally successful attacks. To the truth of this apparent objection, I assent, for as no one before he had obtained the sincere and undivided affections of his soldiery would ever dare, openly and without some previous salutary precautions, to declare his wishes, this objection cannot possibly have the least effect, in detracting from the certainty of the opinion I advanced.

These remarks will tend to evince the manner in which ambitious men must invariably proceed, in order to accomplish their tyrannical designs, and I will now proceed to exhibit the methods, which are to be pursued, in order to prevent the final success of their endeavours. The invention of printing having afforded a ready method of circulating information on every subject, is consequently the grand source whence we derive the means of accomplishing this desirable end, and for this reason it has always been the first care of tyrannical governments, since the discovery, to abridge as much as possible the freedom of the press. Freedom of discussion, and a right of examining and pronouncing on the propriety of public measures, form the noblest and most important prerogative of a free people. The legislative and other acts of their governors to meet with their approbation, both as a community and as individuals, should be liable to an open and public investigation, must be tried at the bar of national opinion, and be pruned by the hands of the subjects of all such parts as are offensive to the common welfare, or as may prove injurious to the general liberty of society. To scrutinize the official conduct of "men in power," and point them out as unworthy of possessing the privileges conferred on them by the people, whenever their behaviour indicates the possession of ambitious sentiments, form the most essential requisites in the freedom of the press. To render those two privileges more extensively beneficial, no official character ought to be allowed an exception from the general right, however elevated his rank or extended his

power. From the consequences that must inevitably result from such an exclusion, it will obviously form no inconsiderable abridgment of that liberty of investigation, I have before noticed as forming so important an article in the rights of a free people. For if one servant of the public be allowed the power of acting as he thinks best, without a reservation of the privilege of reprehension on the part of the people, he will evidently be enabled to augment, with impunity, every source from which he may possibly derive the means of elevating himself above the reach of public opinion. It is also to be recollected that the more important the trust a nation reposes in an individual, and the greater and more serious the consequences that depend on the faithful performance of it, the more extended ought our privilege to be of watching and reprehending him, when any remissness or negligence is perceivable in his attention to the charge committed to his care; and that the right of scrutinizing the measures of men in office, would, if its exercise were restricted to persons of the lowest official capacities, be of no avail in preventing those ruinous effects, which result from the entertainment of despotic desires, and as antedote against which the importance of the discovery of printing is one way manifested. The impropriety then of allowing any individuals to be placed, at the moment of their election to office, above the reach of public scrutiny is thus evinced; but although to be entirely free, the press should not be confined to investigating the conduct of any particular number of their public officers; but on the contrary that no servant of the people should be exempt from the ordeal of public opinion; we must at the same time recollect, that when the *major* part of the citizens of a state have placed an individual at their head, that the prevailing sentiment in his favour is an obvious testimony of the great reliance placed in his talents and integrity, and of their firm belief in his ability to conduct, with fidelity and honour, the affairs of the nation confided to his care; and consequently must be considered as a direction to them not to touch upon his political capacity, but with the most delicate caution. It is to be remembered that when we pretend to point out the path, most proper for the rulers of a nation to pursue, we are opposing

our abilities with theirs, and arrogating to ourselves a superiority of talents and foresight, which, when reflection takes the place of hasty and violent invective, we must feel conscious of not being possessed of. Having now shewn that no official character, in the administration of a government, ought to be sheltered, by an express exception, from the scrutiny "of public opinion," and the inconsistency of such a privilege with that unrestricted freedom, which is necessary to constitute the press a preservative of liberty, I will observe, that beside the power which ought to remain with the people of investigating the conduct of individuals in regard to their official capacities, it ought also to be permitted them, to examine the sentiments of private citizens, when their outward actions indicate the possession of opinions, the communication of which to society may be of general and extensive injury. Thus if the conductor of a press gives publicity to sentiments, which are, to all appearance, inconsistent with the welfare of the community, an exposure of the injurious consequences, that must follow their reception and encouragement, is not only justifiable, but proper and necessary. In the same manner any thing of the like kind may be openly reprobated and condemned, when observable in a private member of society; so of any dishonesty practised by one citizen against another, but on the contrary the disclosure of private vicious habits, the bad effects of which can only be felt by their possessor, and extend no farther than his own personal disadvantages, evinces a mean and malignant spirit of invective that merits the most decided reprehension.

That the press ought to possess a right of descanting on the impropriety of opinions, tending to impress the necessity of innovation in a long established form of government, even if endeavoured to be inculcated by a private member of the community, must be evident when we consider the manner in which the *press* is to proceed, when acting as a preventative of the accomplishment of dangerous designs, formed in the restless minds of turbulent and ambitious citizens. Whatever tends to endanger liberty, ought immediately to be uncovered and exposed, and this whether originating in a private or public personage; for is it consonant to reason to allow that a man,

merely because exempt from the burthen of public duty, should on that account, be privileged to inculcate, with impunity, the most dangerous and destructive opinions? Does it stand to common sense that, solely because living in political obscurity, he should be permitted to instil into the minds of those around him, sentiments that if imbibed cannot but have some weight in reconciling society to the adoption of whatever change in government it was the desire of the delinquent to accomplish, whether it be an increase of power and dignity in their present ruler, or an absolute change in the constitution, from its present state, to one bearing on its face stronger and more perceptible traits of despotism? From these remarks it would appear that it is by no means incompatible with the strictest justice, to disclose such particulars in the conduct of a private individual, as menace the good of society. On the contrary I am of opinion that it is the duty of an impartial press, to notice and expose every thing of the kind, whenever and wherever perceivable; but a little reflection will teach us the propriety of not disclosing any circumstance implicating the good name of a fellow-citizen until sufficient proof has rendered us certain, that what we intend detailing is perfectly well founded and correct, and will also show that a contrary method will evidently lead to much abuse of that very liberty which, if admirers of a free press, we cannot be too cautious in guarding from becoming elevated to an unlimited privilege of publishing what we please of others, however unfounded and untrue.

The point at which the change from a well regulated freedom to unbridled licentiousness, in the publication of opinions, becomes visible, has frequently been made a subject of controversy, among those who have examined the subject, and on inquiry, will be found to vary, according to the ideas of the several essayists, precisely in proportion to the political sentiments they have conceived, with regard to the nature of the government under which they write. Thus a person who believes that an absolute and despotic form of government is better calculated than any other, to preserve the interests and safety of its subjects, will perceive that a liberty of discussion

on the propriety of those measures pursued by the heads of government is utterly inconsistent with that unlimited power he so much admires in his rulers, and consequently will confine the privileges of the press within very narrow limits; while, on the other hand, a member of a republican institution, from perceiving the importance, attached on all occasions to the people's voice, will, if induced to make politics the subject of his pen, give as extended a latitude as possible to their jurisdiction, over the ministerial acts of the officers of government. In some civil institutions, of a milder nature however than those we term despotic, the freedom of the press, if perfectly unrestricted, may become prejudicial to the interests of the society: for a monarchical institution may be so regulated and modulated by a well constructed constitution, as to be deprived of all those offensive sources, from which the heads of government may draw the power of raising themselves to a situation which may endanger the civil freedom of the nation; and may consequently be as agreeable to the wishes and apparently as consonant with the real liberties of the people as any other. Whatever therefore tends to invade the constitutional privileges of the officers of a government, so acceptable to the body of the people, must, in some degree, prove injurious. For if such bounds have been placed to their prerogative as they may find difficult to overleap, such proceedings will have no other consequence, than of exciting a spirit of innovation in the breasts of the subjects, which, when once it acquires an ascendant in the public mind, is constantly stirring and impelling men to the formation of visionary schemes of government, under which the security of their rights and liberties would be more certain, and the attempts toward the adoption of which will probably end in producing a *civil war*, one of the most dreadful and destructive evils the Almighty ever sent, as a punishment to nations. Some may here perhaps imagine, that I am a decided enemy to all kinds of alteration in forms of government, however inconsistent with the civil liberties they are intended to preserve uninjured. I will here observe, that far from allowing tenets so despotic to constitute a portion of my political creed, there can be no one who more



admires those institutions in which the people possess the most extensive privileges, or that would be happier at seeing such changes effected, in some of the present governments of the earth, as would tend to elevate the subject from a condition of slavery to the enjoyment of that liberty, which is the immediate gift of the ALMIGHTY, and the depriving mankind of which, will subject tyrants to a punishment, hereafter, the extent of which they are by no means aware of. In almost every government that is regulated by an established constitution, we find the most decisive and effectual measures entered into for the prevention of unnecessary and dangerous innovation; which clearly points out the injurious consequences that have been so generally apprehended, by such as have been concerned in the direction of those affairs. Hence it is evident, that no change, however slight, in the constitution of a state, ought to be adopted without the most solemn deliberation on, and examination of its propriety, and this, more on account of the deleterious effects which may result from the possibility of such changes becoming frequent, than the immediate bad consequences that may follow the adoption of any one of them.

If then, agreeable to these remarks, the point at which the liberty of the press may according to the circumstances of some particular cases prove variable, to distinguish and settle it, is to all appearance not to be effected with facility; but when we attend to a distinction that must be obvious between unbridled licentiousness, and mere local impropriety, we will discover, perhaps, that what was imagined a difficult undertaking proves, on examination, rather easier than we expected. From a certain combination of circumstances, in a civil institution, it may be deemed extremely improper to make the capacity of the heads of government, a subject of public discussion; and if ever a case of this kind should occur, it could not certainly be deemed an injurious abridgment of its privileges, for the press to be restricted from commenting on them, when such a proceeding would be attended by evil consequences; but with the licentiousness of the press it is entirely different in regard to this, the line which separates it from real liberty is too broad and conspicuous, to allow us, for a moment, to be

mistaken as to its real extent: it is standing and invariable, and so far from being liable to changes, from the exigencies of governments, or the character of the times, there is no individual ever overleaped it without feeling conscious of his error. To separate and distinguish it from the bounds of impropriety will now be my endeavour, and I commence by laying it down, as an undeniable principle, that whenever the press is made a vehicle for the circulation of circumstances, either public or private, for the sole purpose of satisfying a spirit of animosity, that moment its degeneracy becomes visible, and, if not speedily arrested, will gradually increase until all its credit and importance is at an end, and, from being the supporter of the public rights and liberties, it becomes a foul and disgusting monument of calumny and detraction. This opinion I deliver as general, I will not commute the petty licentiousness so often perceivable in public papers, because accompanied with spirited exertions in the cause of liberty, although continued to be characterized by giving publicity to sentiments of a laudable nature, yet their encouraging at the same time the effusions of scurrility and slander, cause them to sink in their primitive importance, and by thus diminishing the reliance formerly placed in the propriety of their opinions, has some effect in injuring the cause of which they were apparently the advocates. The proprietor of a press should never allow his paper to be made a channel through which one individual may at pleasure slander and defame another; the moment an attempt of this kind gives testimony of such a permission, his paper loses all its native dignity, and from having merited the appellation of one effectual preservative of liberty, becomes deserving, only, of being viewed in the light of a medium through which may be transfused the pestilential emanations of malignity, ruining and blasting the reputations of all that chance to be within the reach of their destructive influence. Let the conductor of a free and impartial press beware how he admits into his columns, either attempts of others to defame private fellow-citizens, or makes it a castle, from which he may, in fancied security, scatter among the people the result of his own personal hatred of individuals. Such conduct as this will

only tend to produce disagreeable schisms among the several members of society, any way interested, and serve gradually to destroy the character of the paper.

A press to be "*free*," in the obvious sense of the term, should be independent, and uninfluenced by party spirit. In almost every nation it has been remarked that owing to various causes, too numerous and obscure to be distinctly particularized, there frequently originates several distinct and opposite parties, the individuals composing each of which, are necessarily bound to receive the same impressions and profess the same political opinions with the others, however inconsistent and incompatible they may chance to be, with the sentiments that would naturally possess a prevalence in their breasts, when viewing the subject of dispute with an eye uninfluenced by that prejudice and spirit of party engendered by their entrance as members into any political sect. The folly of such unnecessary distinctions in the opinions of the same people, with regard to national affairs, is too glaring to escape the most common observation, and the injurious effects that must invariably result from their encouragement, are of so serious a nature as to cause every real friend of national harmony to reprobate and condemn them. From these observations it is apparent, that a press, conducted under the auspices of a party, cannot, according to the most liberal construction of the term, be considered as "*free*." For when the political creed of the editor of a gazette has been copied from that of others, and when the sentiments which issue from his pen, are precisely the same with those which have been adopted and promulgated by the particular party that patronizes him, it is evident, that being thus influenced and biased, impartiality in examining the measures pursued by the government, in the administration of the national concerns, if dictated, apparently, by sentiments corresponding and similar to those of an opposite party, can never be looked for. If then there chance to originate in a state two or more political sects of individuals, the several presses patronized and supported by each, and which constitute the fields in which to display the effects of their mutual hatred, in the most virulent and scurrilous attacks on

the legality of each other's claims to political integrity, cannot in my opinion be with propriety regarded as in a state of perfect freedom. For this is denied by the very nature of the conditions, upon a compliance with which, they are to receive that support from society which can alone enable them to sustain the necessary expenses of their respective establishments. If these are to be defrayed by the patronage of a particular party, it is evident, that the importance of acquiring and retaining this patronage, must have some effect in actuating their ostensible proprietors to the publication of such opinions only as will meet the approbation of those who can with facility discontinue it.

At this critical period of time, when every barrier to the encroachment of calumny and detraction on the respective reputations of the several combatants are removed—when a liberty of using scurrility and detraction as weapons, in their virulent attacks on each other, has been granted by mutual consent, and when no other object appears to lie in the view of either, except the pleasure and gratification of a final triumph over the others—then it is that licentiousness usurps the place of liberty, and the commencement of those ruinous effects that will ever result from possessing an unbridled liberty of abusing, at pleasure, the characters of our fellow-citizens becomes perceptible. For if the freedom of the press is proved to be under such circumstances defunct, and yet the editors of papers have the power of giving publicity to whatever their infuriate malice or animosity against others may dictate, it follows that this point is one at which “a change from civil to natural liberty, in the publication of opinions, becomes soonest visible.” The incompatibility of party spirit in the conduct of a public paper with its real liberty, must from these remarks be pretty evident; and it now remains with me to show the conduct which must always be attended to by an editor, in order to guard and secure himself against the imputations of partiality and prejudice. When a nation is distracted by the continual disputes of several opposite political parties, a paper, in which the several inconsistencies and prejudices remarkable in each, would with an impartial severity be depicted and condemned,

must be considered as a *desideratum* among the political portion of its subjects; and although liable to receive the title of insignificancy from the hot-brained members of either party, must, in time, become of considerable utility in opening the eyes of society to the absurdity and folly of allowing some individual differences in opinion, to become the origin of schisms and divisions which may so severely injure the repose and quiet of the whole. A press constructed for so laudable a purpose, if raised on a secure and permanent foundation, and conducted without being perceptibly influenced by the contentions of the opposite parties, the satirizing which would be the unchangeable resolution of its proprietor, might, if the importance of its objects were duly appreciated, become so extensively patronized, as to justify its conductor in entertaining the hope of being, at some future period, the means of effecting the final abolition of those political distinctions, the impropriety of which in the sentiments of the same people, he was desirous of illustrating. The principal difficulty in the prosecution of a plan such as this, lies in the discovery of a person, whose genius and talents, and the impartial and unprejudiced nature of whose opinions on the subjects of foreign and domestic policy would qualify him for the editorship of a gazette, established on so liberal a plan. This obstacle arises from the unfrequency of instances occurring, where a man has been possessed of so firm and decided a character, as enabled him to withstand the ridicule of his fellow-citizens, for not participating in the promulgation of their respective political prejudices. But I certainly am of opinion, that there are many persons, who although members of a party, may not be of opinion, that their entrance into them has tied them down to the reception of such sentiments only as have met with the previous approbation of its leading personages; and a character of this kind is the proper one for carrying on, with spirit, a design of the above-mentioned nature; for not being swayed by prejudice nor influenced in the reception of impressions, merely from their being generally entertained by the society of which he is a nominal member, he can look with a severe and at the same time impartial eye, on their defects as well as excellencies, and conse-

quently will be enabled with greater justice to point out such of its defects, as when corrected may leave it in a situation much more fascinating and agreeable to the unprejudiced politician, and more consonant with that reason which should constantly guide us in the regulation of our sentiments.

In a former part of this essay I took some notice of the right which ought to be possessed by the press, of publicly exposing whatever may be deemed prejudicial to the interests of society, even although originating in a private citizen; and as being in some manner connected with the subject of this communication, it may not perhaps be thought a digression, to examine the proper method of proceeding in the disclosure of private sentiments of a dangerous tendency, when their possessor endeavours to inculcate their propriety. In the first place let an editor always beware of ambiguity. Whenever the disagreeable task of unfolding to public view the failings of individuals becomes necessary, the conductor of an impartial paper should be cautious in avoiding that kind of language which is characterized by such obscurity, as to raise only doubts or suspicions in the minds of his readers, as to the deficiency in probity of the person alluded to. This species of attack evinces the existence of a doubt, even on the mind of the publisher, as to the truth of what it is his aim to insinuate, and as no one in whose disposition impartiality is distinguishable will allow himself to credit assertions advanced under so mysterious a garb, especially when those assertions, if true, will tend materially to injure the reputation of a fellow-citizen, the sole consequence is the involuntary excitation of some vague and undefined suspicions, with respect to the integrity of the supposed delinquent, in his breast, and thus the intentions of the accuser, even supposing them to spring from the purest and most disinterested motives, can in this manner be but partially assumed. There cannot, in my opinion, exist a more dangerous weapon, in the hand of an unprincipled character, than obscure insinuations smoothed over with a pretended belief in their want of foundation; none that more successfully bids defiance to a satisfactory answer on the part of the accused. For when the accusation of improper conduct is conveyed in such general and compre-

hensive terms, as to leave cause at least for a doubt as to their real import, there is nothing more difficult, than to devise an efficient method of satisfying the fellow-citizens of the intended personage, of their falsity. If on a charge of this kind any promptitude is discovered in understanding the nature of the particular circumstances, alluded to by the accuser, it is converted by minds, already prejudiced, into an obvious evidence of guilt; and that anxiety for the preservation of reputation and good name, so natural an inhabitant of the human breast, is twisted and perverted into a certain indication of too near an acquaintance with the cause of the attack.

If then, as has been shown, the usage of obscure and ambiguous terms, in the exposure of whatever merits censure from the press, be inconsistent with that candour, which ought particularly to characterize the conductor of a public paper, in the discharge of his editorial duties, it follows that the press should never be made subservient to the accusation of an individual, until such proofs have been adduced to its proprietor as are of sufficient strength to justify an open and unconcealed attack. If satisfactory testimony has proved the verity of what he intends disclosing, there can be no necessity for a disguised method of proceeding; nor can there be the least impropriety, under such circumstances, on the part of the editor, in depicting and holding out to public view the guilt of the accused; but on the contrary, the welfare of society calls for his exposure, and instead of meriting the reproaches of his fellow-citizens for what may by some be styled an unnecessary officiousness, he by so doing becomes possessed of a claim to their warmest approbation. Thus the *wickedness* on the one hand of assailing in this manner the reputation of a man of real integrity, and on the other, the *futility* of such a method of rendering public, the dishonest conduct of a bad character, are I trust, satisfactorily evinced.

It is impossible to examine into the beneficial consequences, that must result, in every country, from supporting and nourishing the freedom of the press, without feeling sensible of its great importance. As a preservative of national liberty its value cannot be too highly appreciated, and although in tyrannical governments, its inconsistency with the measures of their despotic

rulers has caused them to confine its natural privileges within such limits as may prevent any good consequences springing from its use, yet that very fear indicates the acquiescence on their part in the truth of its being an instrument too dangerous and effectual, in the hands of a patriot, for its use to escape restriction, and serves to illustrate the importance of preserving it unshackled by the restraints of municipal law. The "freedom of the press" to be "unshackled" does not however imply the necessity of its being left in every case without restriction. If every one that edited a paper were allowed the liberty of circulating with impunity whatever he chose at the expense of his neighbours, the certain consequence would be a rapid degeneracy into licentiousness. Hence the necessity of imposing such penalties on the unfounded aspersions of individual reputations, as may serve to prevent the abuse of that freedom, which every encroachment on its boundaries will tend to destroy. The truth of whatever is alleged against another is in every case a sufficient excuse for so doing, if we consider the circumstance in a civil sense; but when we regard the subject in a moral point of view, the rule will evidently experience a considerable change. In the first place mere malice may induce us to disclose certain circumstances in the private history of an individual, which can be of no material consequence to the public. Those circumstances may possibly be of such a nature as to ruin the reputation of the person they concern, and yet their exposure may have no beneficial effects upon society. Who could possibly have the effrontery in a case of this kind to declare that he was convinced of the propriety of publicly exposing the private failings of an individual, from the knowledge he possessed of their reality and truth? Who is there that can deem the truth of an assertion an excuse for advancing it, when that assertion menaces with ruin the character of a fellow-citizen, without the most distant prospect of any other consequence resulting from its publication? Hence we discover the impropriety of circulating reports however true, when they cannot possibly have any other effects than such as are prejudicial to the interests of a private member of society; for allow me to ask what motive we can assign for so doing? Not the good of society, for by the supposi-



tion this cannot be affected by it, nor is it the hope of reclaiming the delinquent, for we suppose those circumstances to have been atoned for and forgotten. The only object then we can have in view is the gratification of our passions, the inconsistency of which with the proper conduct of the press, has been before illustrated, and the reconciling which with our consciences, will, I fear, be found, on trial, a task of considerable difficulty. From these remarks, it is obvious, that in many cases "the truth" ought not to be considered as a mitigation of the offence, and although the damage that may result to the injured person, from the allegations against his integrity being universally believed, shall by some be deemed a proper punishment for the offences of which he has been guilty, yet the criminality of tearing from the grave circumstances that have almost sunk into oblivion, and for the sole purpose of gratifying a spirit of animosity, remains the same; and however flattering may chance to be the approbation his successful attempts to destroy the hitherto unsullied character of a fellow-citizen, from such as were personally at enmity with the accused, there exists an *internal monitor*, which will not fail of reminding him that the praise of the world can never atone for the impropriety of an action, however speciously gilded over with a pretended regard for the common welfare of society, when conscious himself of its having originated it the most malignant and detestable motives.

H. Y.

*Baltimore, November 29.*

## ORIGINAL POETRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## THE NECKLACE OF BONES.

YE bards of Manhattan, who aim by your lays,  
To pilfer a sprig of bright Phœbus's bays,  
Sing no more of your lilies, pure bloom, or blue eyes,  
The bones of the fair are what amateurs prize.

From morn's glowing lustre, or eve's silver dew,  
No laurels will rise to encircle the Muse;  
If fame is your object, Lucella now owns  
Her smiles must be won by admiring her bones.

Our grandmother Eve, who was nobody's niece,  
Though a bit of a flirt—wore a fig leaf pelisse,  
Lest gallant old Adam should feel an alarm,  
On stealing a glance at her beautiful form.

But chang'd are the fashions; a fair who can boast  
Each modest attraction to make her the toast:  
Whose blush for e'en errors ideal atones,  
Can now take delight in displaying her bones.

When Cupid led lovers to Hymen's bless'd throne,  
Making "flesh of one flesh, and bone of one bone:"  
The tear on the cheek, which affection endear'd,  
The flesh and the dimple were all which appear'd.

"Since flesh is but grass"—and was uppermost then;  
Much more, will our belles be admir'd by the men—  
Who, with beauty and grace, take pains to provide  
Such bones as Lucella's, and wear them outside.

To the glance of the maiden, whose sparkle is true,  
Let bards when in love pen a stanza or two;  
Let them sing of their lips, of their dimples and such,  
And think you can't praise them or kiss them too much.

But give me the fair, who united to these,  
 Adds genius to charm, and a temper to please;  
 Who values as trifles, the treasures she owns,  
 And boasts like Lucella, a new set of bones.

Such virtues will last when e'en riches have sped,  
 When the glow of the cheek, with its roses, have fled—  
 Will prove a support, when misfortunes await,  
 And aid one to bear or to run from her fate.

E.

New York.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

*The Music of Life—A new Song, by a Military Cavalier.*

The music of life is the song of my friend,  
 When his generous soul expands at my board,  
 As my wine sparkles round, and my soul I unbend,  
 To know that bland friendship and truth are adored.

The music of life is the voice of the maid,  
 When her lover her ardent affection doth press;  
 While her cheeks all in blushes, her lips half afraid,  
 The enrapturing "YES" she delights to confess.

The pleasure of life's the relief I can give  
 To a friend sunk in sorrow and worn by distress,  
 To see the lorn smile of his hope again live;  
 And 'tis music to hear what his heart can express.

'Tis the music of life, when the drum rolls to arms,  
 And the soldier's proud spirit beats loud at his heart;  
 Though the foe is advancing he dares the alarms,  
 Which threat to invade the dear friends of his heart.

The music of life's the anthem's sweet peal,  
 Which swells on the breeze of morning to heaven;  
 The sounds, no dull mortal can ever reveal,  
 'Tis gratitude's song—from the heart it is given.

But the music of life, and the song I like best,  
Which shields us from sorrow, supports us in pain,  
Is the conscious sweet cadence—when the soul is at rest  
And virtue and reason our passions restrain.

Then let us in harmony cherish the song,  
Which beguiles our rough way, or enlightens the heart.

May the *Handel* of Heaven our music prolong;  
In the realms where true friendship never can part.

ALEXIS.

*Belle Fontaine, Missouri, Feb. 4, 1811.*

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

*To a beautiful Pittsburgh Lass who has blue eyes.*

COULD but the poet reach the painter's art,  
And shade his colours in the impassioned line;  
The charms of beauty to his verse impart,  
And with the matchless form portray the soul divine.  
Thou would'st live in deathless song;  
Each Muse would oft the endearing theme prolong.

When late at eve we press our gloomy way,  
And weary Nature wears her sable dress,  
How cheering is the far off taper's ray,  
While magic Fancy makes the distance less.  
And when black clouds the Heavens deform,  
When lightning leads the pealing storm.

If but a parting cloud is seen,  
While thunders pause and lightnings rest,  
Where Luna sheds a partial gleam,  
Oh, how it cheers the lonesome traveller's breast!  
The *charming blue* is seen which leads to heaven,  
And peace serene for doubts and fears is given.

When in the summer's balmy morn,  
Aurora's mantle meets the eye,  
We look delighted on her passing form,  
Where Nature's richest tints in splendour vie.

But when the *Imperial God* resumes his car,  
 And starts his coursers for the morning star,  
 His dazzling beams obscure the sight,  
 And nature's bosom hides from view,  
 'Tis then we turn from beams too bright  
 And gaze upon *celestial blue*.

E'en in the horrid walks of war,  
 Where Valour's heart is nerved with steel,  
 Whence Pity flies from Havoc's car,  
 And soldiers' bosoms cease to feel.

When struggling manhood pants for breath,  
 And thousands press the ground in death:  
 Let but Columbia's banner rise,  
 In *waving blue* around the field;  
 How bounds the heart for Valour's prize,  
 See! how we conquer, how they yield.

Sweet *blue eyed maid*, assay thy art,  
 And let thy conquest be a heart  
 With virtue, truth and valour bless'd,  
 Then let it to thy own be press'd.

ALEXIS.

*Pittsburgh, July 20, 1810.*

\* Alluding to the blinding effect of the sun's rays when they act directly on the pupil.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONG.

*The measure (I believe) unique.*

If ever you smile on a lover,  
 And let him your passion discover,  
 As soon as you sigh  
 His transports will die;  
 And Hymen offended, will teach you to cry  
 That Love when assured is a rover:  
 Young Willy was handsome and clever,  
 And long did he fondly endeavour

To make me impart  
 Some balm to his smart,  
 But as soon as I own'd he had stolen my heart,  
 He stole from my presence forever!  
 If ever you laugh at a lover,  
 And smile on the trifles that hover  
 And lounge in your train—  
 Your beauties in vain  
 May shine to attract him and fix him again,  
 The triumph of beauty is over.  
 When Harry entreated my pity  
 I laugh'd at his dolorous ditty,  
 And bade him apply  
 For hope *by-and-by*;  
 But false hearted Harry, I cannot tell why,  
 Forgot to renew his entreaty!  
 The love-smitten maid who would never  
 The twin buds of tender love sever,  
 But fain would retain  
 The heart of her swain,  
 With *chasten'd compassion* must manage the chain,  
 And his heart is devoted forever!

OSCAR.

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 VARIETY.

Lord Landsdown, not unjustly, has been branded by the justice, as well as severity of criticism for the tameness and insipidity of his verses. But the following lays, the effusions of his happier hours, are above the reach of censure.

WAPT me, some soft and cooling breeze  
 To Windsor's shady kind retreat,  
 Where sylvan scenes, wide spreading trees  
 Repel the raging dog star's heat.

Where tufted grass and mossy beds  
 Afford a rural calm repose;  
 Where woodbines hang their dewy heads,  
 And fragrant sweets around disclose.

Old oozy Thames, that flows fast by  
 Along the smiling valley plays  
 His glassy surface cheers the eye  
 And through the flowery meadows strays,

His fertile banks with herbage green,  
 His vales with smiling Plenty swell,  
 Where'er his purer stream is seen  
 The gods of Health and Pleasure dwell.

Let me, thy clear, thy yielding wave  
 With naked arm once more divide,  
 In thee my glowing bosom lave  
 And stem thy gently rolling tide.

Lay me, with damask roses crown'd,  
 Beneath some ozier's dusky shade  
 Where water lilies paint the ground  
 And bubbling springs refresh the glade.

Let chaste Clarinda too be there  
 With azure mantle lightly drest,  
 Ye nymphs, bind up her silken hair,  
 Ye zephyrs, fan her panting breast.

O haste away, fair maid, and bring  
 The Muse, the kindly friend to love,  
 To thee alone the Muse shall sing  
 And warble through the vocal grove.

#### MODES OF SALUTATION.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM the form of salutations among different nations we may learn something of their character, at least of their manners. In the southern provinces of China the common people ask "Ya Tan," that is, How have you eaten your rice; for in that is their greatest felicity. If two Dutchmen meet in the morning they wish each other a good appetite. "Smaakelyk leten." In Cairo the inhabitants ask How do you sweat! for the not sweating is the symptom of an approaching fever. The Italian and Spaniard ask How does it stand? "Come sta." The Frenchman, How do you carry yourself? "Comment vous portez vous?" The German, How do you find yourself? "Wie bejinder sic sich." The English, "How do you do?" The Dutchman says, How do you do. "Hau vaart wive." There is one nation (we forget which) which ask "How do you live," and these are certainly the most wise of all.

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# **ANNIVERSARY ORATION,**

**PRONOUNCED BEFORE**

**THE SOCIETY OF ARTISTS**

**OF**

**THE UNITED STATES,**

**BY APPOINTMENT OF THE SOCIETY,**

*On the Eighth of May, 1811.*

**BY B. HENRY LATROBE,**

**FELLOW OF THE AM. PH. SOC. OF THE ACAD. OF ARTS, AND  
ONE OF THE VICE-PRESIDENTS OF THE SOCIETY OF ARTISTS  
OF THE UNITED STATES.**



## ANNIVERSARY ORATION, &c.

COULD the vote which delegated the task of delivering the annual oration on the subject of the Fine Arts before this society, have conferred talents equal to the honour it has bestowed, I should not now feel any apprehension least this duty may not be performed in a manner worthy of its purpose. But known, as I am, to most of you, I shall assuredly receive credit for a sincere wish to perform the duty assigned to me to the best of my abilities; and obtain your indulgence for their deficiency, and for the imperfections which the extreme pressure of private business, since my appointment, have occasioned.

The custom of delivering an annual oration, or lecture, before the members of the academies of Europe, has generally for its object the instruction of the students in the principles of art, the correction of their taste, and the encouragement of their zeal and industry. In these institutions, supported by the government as essential to its splendour, and upheld by the unanimous opinion of the governed as promoting one of the most rational and interesting sources of their pleasure, it is unnecessary, in an annual oration, to point out the advantages that result from the culture of the fine arts. No argument, no declamation, is so con-

vincing or so eloquent as experience. The indolent, the luxurious, even the vicious rich, while enjoying the pleasure which the works of art afford to them, are innocent; while encouraging and rewarding them, are useful: nor is the most wretched of the poor, less happy than they, while admiring or boasting the monuments of art that adorn his native city, or the church of his village. To the feelings of the Athenian, who walked in the Poikile—of the Englishman who visits Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's—or of the Frenchman, before the Arch of Victory, nothing could be necessary to prove, that the arts have been usefully and honourably employed, in recording the courage, the patriotism, or the virtues of their countrymen.

An easy task, therefore, devolves upon that artist, who is selected to open the course of annual study by a public lecture. Master of the principles and practice of his profession, it is a pleasure to him to exhibit to others the knowledge and the taste that have made him worthy to instruct them.

But at the opening of this infant institution, instruction in the study, or in the practice of any of the fine arts, is less necessary than the labour of proving that these arts have not an injurious, but a beneficent effect upon the morals, and even on the liberties of our country. For we cannot disguise from ourselves, that, far from enjoying the support of the general voice of the people, our national prejudices are unfavourable to the fine arts. Many of our citizens who do not fear that they will enervate our minds and corrupt the simple and republican character of our pur-

suits and enjoyments, consider the actual state of society as unfit for their introduction: more dread a high grade of perfection in the fine arts as the certain indication of the loss of political liberty, and of the concentration of wealth and power in the hands of a few. Many despise the arts and their professors as useless, as manufacturing neither food nor raiment, nor gathering wealth by the enterprize of foreign commerce; and still more, ignorant of the delight, innocent as it is exquisite, which they afford, seek employment for their idle hours in the gratifications of sense, and the ostentatious display of riches.

Inasfar as these prejudices, the only real obstacles to the triumph of the fine arts, grow out of the political constitution of society in the United States, the attempt to remove them suddenly by argument will be vain. That such obstacles do exist is certain. On the one hand, the subdivision of wealth, resulting from our laws of inheritance, scatters at the commencement of every generation the funds out of which individual citizens might support the fine arts: and the immense territory over which our population is seeking to spread itself, weakens all combined efforts of private citizens by the separation of distance: on the other, the dread of responsibility in the individual representatives of the people, converting all their notions of good government into the single anxiety to avoid expenditure, withholds that degree of public encouragement, which would give example and fashion to individual favour, and establish a *national* love and pride in the fine arts.

But mere prejudices, whether of habit, of ignorance, or of false reasoning, are to be conquered. In our republic, that which arises from an opinion that the perfection of the fine arts is incompatible with freedom,—while it is the most powerful to retard their progress,—is at the same time the most unfounded in *theory*, and the most false in *fact*.

To ancient Greece the civilized world has been indebted for more than two thousand years, for instruction in the fine arts, and for the most perfect and sublime examples of what they are able to produce. But besides this instruction and these examples, we owe to Greece another obligation. The history of Grecian art refutes the vulgar opinion that the arts are incompatible with liberty, by an argument the most irresistible, that of fact upon record.

Homer is supposed to have lived about nine hundred years before Christ. The events he has sung, are supposed to have happened three or four hundred years before his birth, or about twelve hundred and fifty years before Christ. The arts at that period must have been in a very advanced state to have produced a work of such transcendent merit, as the shield of Achilles. But supposing this shield to have existed only in the imagination of the poet, then the state of the arts in his own days, must have been such, as to have rendered his description *probable*, for the difference of the ordinary exploits of his men and of his gods is not in the nature, but only in the degree, and in the power and excellence, of their achievements. The Vulcan of Homer was an artist with divine powers; but human artists must have existed, in whose performances he saw

the possibility of that excellence which he has described. And, in fact, between the age of Theseus and Homer the names of many great artists are on record. But leaving the age of tradition, it appears very certain, that the first artists of Grecian origin, who obtained celebrity after the days of Homer, were citizens of the industrious and enterprising colonies, established in Asia Minor, existing under a republican form of government, in the strictest sense of the word, and rivalling for many years, if not surpassing their mother states in activity and wealth. Harrassed by the kings of Lydia, and by the irruptions of the Scythian tribe of Cimmerians, many of the artists of the colonies established themselves in Greece; at Sicyon, Ægina, Corinth; and the first works in sculpture mentioned by Pliny, as executed in Greece, and which were of great celebrity and uncommon merit, were not to be found at Athens, but in the bosom of the rugged and ferocious republic of Sparta, where, by order of the magistrates, the Ionian Greek, *Bathycles*\* filled the sacred enclosure of Amyclæ with the works of his chissel. The colossal statue of Apollo, sixty feet in height was placed upon a throne ornamented with sculpture. The figures were incredibly numerous, and represented in groups, events relative to the history, the religion, and the achievements of the republic. To the execution of these works, the laws of Lycurgus, then in full force and vigour, offered no obstacle. It is

\* Plin. l. xxxv. Bularchus the painter, also an Ionian, was contemporary with Bathycles, about 700 years before Christ; and Pausanias names three celebrated artists, Doriclides, Philocles, and Medon, all Spartans, whose works were in high repute in his day. They lived about 150 years after Bathycles.



not my design to trace the progress of the fine arts through all the republics and colonies of Greece. From the earliest dates, their progress, the public honour in which they were held, their important aid on all occasions of solemnity, municipal, national, and religious, pervades and forms a part of the history, not only of Greece, but of all the colonies, which in spite of her destructive wars, profuse in the waste of human life, she established in Asia, Africa, and Europe. Syracuse, and Agrigentum in Sicily, exhibit to this day ruins of temples of the most ancient Grecian character, and of such stupendous construction and magnificence as to exceed all that history leads us to expect of their wealth and power.

The most splendid era, which the arts have ever witnessed, was perhaps the administration of Pericles at Athens. Pericles, indeed, has been called a tyrant; and it has been denied that the free genius of the Athenians had any share in inspiring those works which render at this day the Acropolis of that city the most interesting spot on the globe. He has been accused of masking his ambition under the exterior of public spirit, of debasing his fellow citizens into his subjects, while he amused their vanity by the works with which he decorated their city, and lulled their watchfulness by the theatrical entertainments to which they were admitted at the expense of the public treasury, and at last of having involved his country in the Peloponnesian war, in order to secure himself from the investigation of his fiscal operations.—But can he be called a tyrant, whose influence aided by tears and entreaties could

scarcely save Aspasia from the fury of the people: whose intimate friends, Anaxagoras the philosopher, and the immortal Phidias, were banished, only because they were his friends: and who himself was condemned to a fine. The comic poets, indeed, of his day, have given to the character of this great man such colouring as suited their object of exciting laughter or gratifying envy. But from their works, as from the paragraphs of our newspapers, history can receive no information, excepting of this undeniable truth, that the government, under which the poems and the paragraphs were published, was free, even to the borders of licentiousness.

But granting, against the evidence of facts through the whole history of his administration, and of the stronger evidence of his personal disposition and principles, that he was a tyrant, and that the works that embellish the scene of his ambition were the forced production of unlawful power, whence did Phidias, Mnesicles, Panœnus, and Parrhasius derive their talents: talents that have raised our ideas of the dignity and powers of the human species, infinitely above that standard, to which the victories of the most irresistible conqueror, or the laws of the most profound statesman of any age can exalt them. The tyranny of Pericles, though it might employ these talents, found them prepared and ready for use; and though they illustrated, they were not created by the energy of his administration.

To enter into a disquisition on that form of government, and on those manners, and laws, which nursed genius wherever it was found among the whole people;

which not only gave to the powers of the mind the utmost extent of culture, but to the body all the strength, beauty and grace of which human nature is capable; which held up to exertion every motive that could stimulate, and to excellence every honour that could gratify ambition; would be to compose a dissertation on the history of Greece from her earliest records, to the final loss of her liberties after the age of Philip of Macedon. But to explain the source of her eminence few words are sufficient: *Greece was free*: in Greece every citizen felt himself an important, and thought himself an essential, part of his republic. The only superiority which he was allowed to claim, was that which could be examined by his fellow-citizens, each of whom was his equal and his rival. The education of a Greek soon pointed out, among the various dispositions of his body and mind, that in which he was most likely to attain excellence. The path of glory was equally open to all: precept and example were every where at hand, and reward was as certain as success. The whole mass of energy excited by such a system, could not but produce such effects, as at this distance of time leave it doubtful whether in beholding the mutilated remains of Grecian art, astonishment, or admiration be the predominant sensation. The Apollo of Phidias, the Venus of Praxiteles, the group of Laocoon, are in fact monuments not more of the arts, than of the freedom of Greece; monuments which are not more perfect as examples to artists, than as lessons to statesmen, and as warnings to every republic to guard well the liberty that alone can produce such wonders.

The enthusiasm, which this subject excites, would carry me too far, were I to enter more fully into the proof that in Greece, perfection in the fine arts, freedom in government, and virtue in private life, were contemporaneous. In the freedom of the Grecian states degenerating into anarchy—in their civil wars disgraced by cruelty and injustice—in their system of slavery—in their private lives, sometimes viciously voluptuous in their most popular leaders, some savagely coarse in their generals and philosophers—in their religion superstitious, intolerant and despotic, ample theme has been found for declamation against this wonderful people. But let those compare their public transactions of war and peace with the acts and system of any other nation, modern or ancient, free or monarchical, who from the comparison look for aid to the political system that they have undertaken to support:\* all that I ask, and which cannot be denied, is, that Greece was free when the arts flourished, that they were dependent on that freedom, and that freedom derived from them much of her support and permanence.

Greece, indeed, at last, lost her freedom; she lost it when she lost her virtue; she lost it when she prostituted the fine arts to the gratification of vice; when her music which, directed by the poet Tyrtæus, had con-

\* "The history of Greece, by describing the incurable evils inherent in every form of republican policy, (polity) evinces the inestimable blessings resulting to liberty itself from the lawful dominion of hereditary kings, and the steady operation of well regulated monarchy." See Gillies's history of Greece: Dedication.

ducted the Lacedemonians to victory, sounded only to guide the steps of licentiousness; she lost it when her sculpture and painting, instead of immortalizing the forms of her heroes and philosophers, and rendering her gods adorable, became the sycophants of wealth and the slaves of sensuality: then, to use the language of Pliny, not less forcible than true, the *arts ceased* in Greece. For from the reign of Alexander to the extinction of taste in design, and excellence in execution, not a single name is recorded worthy of being placed at the side of those that graced the era of the Grecian republic.

In considering in the same point of view the arts which have decorated the freedom of Rome, or perpetuated the splendor of her monarchy, we have not the same information in detail which Pausanias, Plutarch, and Pliny, together with considerable remains of painting, sculpture, and architecture afford us on the arts of Greece. Unable, in the situation in which this discourse has been sketched, to refer to books, my memory does not supply me with the name of a single Roman artist, unless it be that of Fabius Pictor, the consul and general, whose taste and skill in painting appears not to have dishonoured his civic character. The names of several Grecian artists employed at Rome are on record. The book of Vitruvius, a Roman, is indeed the only one on architecture, which has survived the rage of barbarians and the decay of time. But this work is of very inferior rank both in its literature, its taste, and its science, and is not now entirely intelligible. The only edifice which has been sometimes suspected to be of his

design, the amphitheatre of Verona, has no extraordinary merit.

We find scattered through the Roman writers notices of magnificent edifices erected prior to the age of Augustus, with which the capital abounded. Porticos ornamented with statues and erected purposely for the accommodation of the people, appear to have been those which contributed most to the splendor of the city.

Of the erection of temples, however stupendous their size or their construction, I have said little. Their object, unless (as in the Roman basilicas) it is also municipal, is not necessarily connected with any form of government. The freest and the most despotic systems have equally endeavoured to propitiate the deity by the splendor of their adoration. Even the magnificence of the Grecian temples and the inimitable art displayed in the statues of their gods, serves chiefly to preserve to this day the evidence of the perfection of the arts at the time of their erection. The fine arts did not in Greece, owe their advancement to their religion, in the sense in which that word is now used. All their gods appear to have been once men; heroes in the carnage of war, or benefactors of mankind in the arts of peace. Those of the greatest antiquity were indeed obscured by time in a religious mist that magnified their appearance, and Jupiter had acquired powers and attributes in addition to his human weaknesses, passions, and vices, that raised him above the regions of the understanding, and surrounded him with the majesty of religious terror. But

most of the other gods were worshipped, painted and sculptured as excellent human beings, the powers of whom were exalted into divinity, and the services rewarded by immortality.

Very few and obscure remains, if any, of temples erected in the time of the republic of Rome, record the state of the arts at that period. But to prove from the example of Rome, that the cultivation of the fine arts is by no means incompatible with republican institutions, it is sufficient to know, that they were actually the means of rewarding military and civil merit, and of perpetuating the memory of national transactions, in those times in which the liberty of the Romans is most vaunted. Of the nature of that liberty, and of the character of that people—not as described by their elegant historians and orators, but as exhibited in their conquests, in the use and treatment of their slaves, in their ferocious and bloody amusements, in their brutal enjoyment of the tortures of wild animals tearing each other to pieces, and of gladiators convulsed in the agonies of a dishonorable death, in the attendance of matrons and virgins upon these scenes of horror and crime—nor of their tame submission to the proscriptions of the triumvirs, scenes scarcely equalled, and not surpassed by those of the French revolution, nor of the ease and security in which Tiberius and Nero rioted in blood over the warm corpse of the republic scarcely extinct—of all this, it is not my intention or my business to speak. I merely hint at it, because among the Roman writers, from Cicero downwards, many passages are found, which throw upon the fine arts, introduced more generally into Italy after the conquest and pillage of Corinth

by Mummius, the blame of manners softened and corrupted by Greek refinement. Alas! their effect in softening the manners of these polished savages was scarcely perceptible. The prostitution of the arts to gratify vices, in the introduction of which they had no share whatsoever, is too certain. Could that love of truth, that persevering labour, that constant pressing forward of all the faculties of the man towards excellence, that occupation of the whole mind and body by the application and study for which the life of an artist is too short, that contempt of any reward compared with the meed of praise, without which no great artist was ever formed, have prevailed by example, then would cruelty and blood have ceased to be exclusively a Roman amusement.

To refute these calumnies against the arts, it would be sufficient to state what is undeniable, that the buildings and sculpture of the Romans, which are nearest in point of time to the days of the republic, are those of the best taste in design, and of the most exquisite workmanship. For as the monuments of Roman art, during the reigns of the emperors, grow into colossal size and expense, they dwindle into absurdity in the style of their decorations, and the imperfection of their execution, until we arrive at the triumphal arch of the mighty Constantine, a crowded patchwork of parts, pillaged from the trophies of former conquerors, a mixture of the good sculpture of former times, and of the coarsest imitations of his own age.

Respecting these gigantic buildings there is a fact which proves, that even the delusion of a popular



government, after it has ceased to exist in reality, is favourable to the promotion of the fine arts. Many of the most splendid of them are monuments erected to the memory of the departed liberty of the people. The largest edifice in the world, erected for the purpose of public amusement, is the Colloseum of Vespasian. In this amphitheatre the Roman people could enjoy their ferocious entertainments at their ease, to the number of more than fifty thousand at once. The theatre of Marcellus is also an enormous pile. The magnificent remains of public baths prove the importance attached to the semblance of popular rights, and the indulgence of popular pleasures, even by the most tyrannical emperors. But when we consider the fifteen or sixteen aqueducts, which once supplied Rome, and of which some still supply the city with water, and others constructed and remaining over the whole empire, all of which were erected and decorated by the best skill of the age, the strict connexion of the interests and enjoyments of the people, and of the cultivation of the arts of design is still more illustrated.

It would be easy to extend the historical evidence, to this point, through more modern times; and to show that the era of the revival of the fine arts, was that of an active republican spirit, and of a very considerable degree of political freedom, which existed in the small commercial communities of Italy. Of this truth, the history of Florence under the merchants, the Medicis, furnishes very prominent evidence.

I have, however, I fear, dwelt on this part of my subject to the fatigue of your patience: but if a con-

viction can be wrought, and diffused throughout the nation, that the fine arts may indeed be pressed into the service of arbitrary power, and—like mercenary troops, do their duty well while well paid—yet that their home is in the bosom of a republic; then, indeed, the days of Greece may be revived in the woods of America, and Philadelphia become the Athens of the Western world. To produce such a conviction, I have thought it would be more effectual, to set before you the proofs of history, than the less interesting deductions even of the soundest reasoning. And, certainly, if human nature and human powers be at this day what they were from the earliest dawn of art in Greece, to the extinction of the republican spirit in that country;—if the desire of present applause, and of posthumous fame, be still a stronger stimulant to genius than the certainty of wealth;—if talents, wherever scattered in a nation, are more readily and plentifully discovered where they may raise their heads freely and boldly, and employ their power and their activity on subjects of their own choice, than where they must wait the favour of the great, and do the drudgery of adulation,—then is this a soil as congenial to their nature, and as favourable to their growth and perfection, as that of Sparta, Thebes, Delphos, or Athens.

That the wealth and the titles, which arbitrary power has to bestow, will always furnish strong inducements to the cultivation of the fine arts, under monarchical governments, is undeniable. Under a Trajan, an Adrian, a Henry VII., a Charles I. and II., a Louis XIV., a Frederic II., or a Napoleon,—monarchs, who, in the

excellence of the arts they fostered, and the general encouragement they gave to men of literature and science, sought a considerable portion of their own immortality—the fine arts have flourished with great vigour. Nor ought we to omit mention of the name of George III., by whose patronage our illustrious countryman, West, has become the first historical painter of the age. But in all these instances, and in others which might be added, it has not been owing to the character of the government, but to that of the individual monarch, that the arts have flourished under these reigns.

With the state of the arts in England, and with the influence and power of the British government, we are better acquainted than with that in other states. I would, therefore, ask, what have all the English monarchs, from Henry VII. down to the present reign, done for the arts, including the reigns of the two Charles's and of Queen Ann, to whom the fire of London, and the victories of Marlborough, gave so great an opportunity of building churches and palaces? The single name of *Boydell*, an engraver, supported himself, in the outset, by Strahan, a bookseller, eclipses, in consideration of the fine arts, those of all the English monarchs within so long a period: and, without insisting on the accidental circumstance, that the only English coins which do honour to the English mint, are those of the protectorship of Cromwell, it may be truly observed, that in that prosperous and fortunate island, the astonishing progress which the elegant and useful arts have made, is the effect of the spirit of the people—of the very strong tincture of republican principle, which is an essential part

of the English constitution, and of the popular institutions and societies, which, as far as their objects extend, are *practically* republican communities\*.

If then we need not dread the encouragement of the fine arts, as hostile to our best interests, the interests of our morals, and of our liberty, the inquiry, whether the state of society in our country be ripe for their introduction ceases to be of much importance. A propensity to the fine arts is an instinctive property of human nature. To repress it, it is necessary to confine its activity by positive laws, enforced by all the horrors of religious dread†. But, where no such restriction pre-

\* I have lately seen in the newspapers an account of a picture, painted by West, and representing the miracles of Christ. It is stated, that it was his design to send this picture to America, but that a society of Dilettanti had subscribed and paid to him the price fixed by him, on a work, which, from the richness of the subject, must have called forth and displayed all his talents. Whether the story be true or false, it is perfectly probable, and furnishes a strong instance of the popular encouragement given to art in England.

† The divine precept, "thou shalt make unto thyself no likeness of any thing in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth."—" *Thou shalt not bow down to them to worship them;*" has nearly extinguished the arts of painting and sculpture in all countries in which the religion of Moses or of Mahomet prevail. The omission of the latter part of the commandment, confining the prohibition to the adoration "*of the work of their own hands,*" has perverted the meaning of the whole. And yet the propensity to art, limiting the Mahomedan artist to fillagree, Arabesque ornament and architecture, has, in these branches, produced admirable works. The sort of decoration called Arabesque, has been enriched by

vails, there is no nation so rude, so ignorant, so occupied with the toils and cares of procuring the support of a miserable existence, so harassed by war and rapine, among whom art does not spring up spontaneously, combating the sterility of the soil, and the rigor of the climate, but still struggling and succeeding to exist. The caves of the Hottentot, the deserts of Africa, the rocks of Easter-Island, and the snowy wastes traversed by the Esquimaux and our northern Indians, have their indications of the fine arts; and the club of every savage is carved and painted before it is dyed in the blood of his enemy. Art is a hardy plant. If nursed, tended, and pruned, it will lift its head to heaven, and cover with fragrance and beauty the soil that supports it; but, if neglected, stunted, trodden under foot, it will still live; for its root is planted in the very ground of our own existence. To draw; to imitate the forms around him, is the first delight of the infant; to contemplate and accumulate the productions of art, one of the proudest enjoyments of the polished man; and to be honoured by art with a monument, the last ambition of the dying.

If therefore there exist no prejudice to oppose the growth of art among us, the state of society is always ripe for its introduction. And even where prejudices do exist, as they certainly do among us, the arts them-

Raphael D'Urbino, in the Vatican, by the likeness of many works of creation, and by beautiful antique Mosaics; but this improvement is not to be found in the ornaments of Mahomedans, who strictly abide by their interpretation of the second commandment.

selves, like Hercules in the cradle, will strangle the serpents. Mild, insinuating, of no political party, all they require is a slight introduction to our acquaintance. Received at first with reserve, they will be cherished by the best of our affections, and find patronage from our most legitimate pride. Our vanity will combat our avarice in their behalf; they will sometimes be disgusted and repelled by ignorance and parsimony, but they will be consoled and attracted equally by liberality and ostentation. Their advancement to that footing of security and reward which is their right, will not be rapid, but it will be certain and durable. The taste for the fine arts when it shall become a national taste, will be as permanent as the national language. It will not be a fashion set by a Charles, or a Louis XIV.; it will be a law to which the economy of our legislatures will bend, and heroic actions will not go unacknowledged, because a statue or a monument requires an appropriation of money.

The Oration of Mr. Hopkinson, held before the Academy of Arts on the 13th of November last, has preoccupied, much more eloquently than my talents would have enabled me to have gone over it, much of the ground, to which these considerations lead, and has given to the public a very interesting account of the rise and progress, chiefly of the art of engraving, as connected with that of printing in this city.

It is a proud circumstance for the fine arts, that among those who have stepped forward with zeal and with talent, with a sacrifice of their time and of their

money, to establish the academy of the arts in this city, that profession, in which study, habit and emulation contributes, perhaps more than in any other, to the cultivation of the powers of the mind, and to the correction of the taste and the judgment, has been prominently active and useful: and that among the most distinguished members of the Academy of the Fine Arts, are those men who are the most eminent at the bar. The aid of their talents, of their eloquence, and of their high standing in society, cannot be without their effect, nor will the fine arts, to whom jointly with the poet and the historian, belongs the distribution of wreaths of immortality, be unmindful of their services.

By the facts enumerated in the discourse of Mr. Hopkinson, it is fully illustrated that the most effectual patronage which in their infancy the fine arts can receive, is the certainty of employment. The enthusiasm which belongs to genius will do much, but without this inducement to the young who possess superior talents to devote themselves to their cultivation *as a profession*, we shall ever remain mere occasional and unskilful copyists. When Hippocrates lamented that to attain perfection in the medical art, life is too short, he uttered a truth peculiarly applicable to the fine arts. Writers of the greatest genius have denied the existence of that individual native predisposition to eminence which is called genius. But though they fail to prove that education is every thing, and genius nothing, it is very certain that he that is most diligent and persevering, will generally be most eminent. Without encouragement therefore, to look forward to the practice of the fine

arts for the means of a competent and honourable enjoyment of the ease and independence which may be procured by trade or agriculture, few, even of those who feel themselves irresistibly impelled by inclination to devote themselves to their culture, will follow the natural bent of their genius.

That subdivision of labour which has been found to produce such surprising effects in other employments, and which has in modern times, pervaded every branch of human activity, has separated the professors of the fine arts into distinct classes. The painters of history, of portraits, of landscape, of cattle, and of sea pieces, are now distinct persons. The sculptor and the architect, and the artist, who, by multiplying, perpetuates the works of all the others, the engraver, have provinces wholly distinct from each other. This subdivision of the labours of the fine arts is highly promotive of perfection in detail. Whether it is in other respects favourable to the formation of great artists, I will not now inquire; but it certainly gives to us, in the actual state of American society and wealth, the choice of honouring, and patronising those branches of the fine arts, which we find most conducive to our pleasures and our wants, and which can most easily attain excellence among us.

I am not of opinion that it would be possible to point out any set of practicable measures, to be adopted by the general or state governments, by which the course of the fine arts towards perfection could be promoted among us, so effectual, and so economical, as the simple system adopted by the Greeks. If



meritorious actions, and services rendered to the state, were commemorated by a portrait, an historical picture, a bust, a statue, a monument, or a mausoleum, the emulation to excel in the fine arts, would grow out of the emulation to deserve well of the country. The establishment of academies and of schools of instruction in the fine arts, calling for expensive buildings, large endowments and a continual expenditure in maintaining the establishment, would be of little effect without employment of the artists educated in them. Academies should be founded in the encouragement of the works of art. Without the slightest favour from the nation or the state, this society has arisen on the basis of private and individual enterprize, giving to the rising artists of the country the means of support, and paving to them the road to eminence. Affection and pride have asked for portraits, literature for embellishment, and science for elucidation, and we already rival Europe in portraits and in engravings. Commerce has called for beauty in the forms and decorations of her ships, and where in Europe is there a Rush.\* Let the national

\* Mr. William Rush, of Philadelphia, is at the head of a branch of the arts which he has himself created. His figures, forming the head or prow of a vessel, place him, in the excellence of his *attitudes* and *action*, among the best sculptors that have existed; and in the proportion and drawing of his figures he is often far above mediocrity and seldom below it. The rules of design by which the figures of Mr. Rush are to be judged require a considerable latitude. The great object is general effect.—In this he succeeds beyond competition. High finish would be misplaced. The constrained attitude of a figure on the prow of a ship would appear an insuperable difficulty. With him it is

legislature honour the hero or statesman of the revolution with busts; and sculptors will not be wanting.—The genius which under exotic influence has given so high a rank to the American pencil of a West, Copley, Trumbull, and Vanderline, would, under domestic patronage, not refuse to inspire the American chisel.—And whence arises it—is it our national ingratitude, our ignorance or our apathy—that those states or municipal bodies, which have endeavoured to erect a memorial to the merits of any of their public men, have confined it to the form of the face or the person; that the majority of the states have not even gone so far, and that the national legislature has absolutely done nothing:—while four American historical painters have attained the highest eminence in Europe, where their talents have been employed in immortalizing the achievements of a lord Heathfield, or of a major Pearson, in the war carried on against us; and where the patriotism of Trumbull, exhibited in his admirable pictures of the death of Warren and of Montgomery, has been obliged to wear the mask of British victory. The annual expenditure which

nothing. In looking at his figures in general it would appear that his attitudes were those of choice; so little do they embarrass him. There is a *motion* in his figures that is inconceivable. They seem rather to draw the ship after them than to be impelled by the vessel. Many are of exquisite beauty. I have not seen one on which there is not the stamp of genius. But his element is the water. Ashore, his figures want repose, and that which is his highest excellence afloat, becomes a fault.—The ships'-heads of Rush, engraved, would form an invaluable work.

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would employ these great artists upon the transactions of our own country, and which would give to them honour and independence, would be as dust in the balance of our public accounts. The national pride, which such records excite, is well worth purchasing at the expense of a few thousand dollars; and, if the example of all the republics that have preceded us, did not authorize the hope, that history will not find us guilty of ingratitude, but only of delay, the national neglect of the memory of Washington would be sufficient to repress every sentiment of patriotism and public spirit. Of this neglect, aggravated by the solemn steps taken by Congress to obtain a right to remove the body of the founder of our liberties to a place of public and honourable sepulture, and the abandonment of that right when obtained, it is painful to speak—nor is it necessary. There is not wanting a general sentiment of the disgrace which the nation suffers while the body of Washington rests upon a trussle, crowded into a damp and narrow vault, in which the rapid decay of the wooden support must in a few years mingle his ashes with those of his worthy but unknown relatives. Exertions, not altogether worthy of the object, but such as the present fashion of finance authorizes, are made, to give to his memory that honour in other cities which is denied him in the metropolis of the union; and this sentiment, becoming daily more active, will reach and animate the halls of our Congress, and the honour paid to Timoleon by the little republic of Syracuse, will not be thought above the pecuniary means, or contrary to the constitutional principles of the American people.

But if in painting and sculpture the American public have as yet done nothing for the arts, our necessities and our pride has been more favourable to the advancement of our skill in architecture. It is indeed to be regretted, that instead of adapting our architecture to the age of our society and of our institutions, and exhibiting in our public edifices that republican simplicity which we profess, some of the most magnificent situations in our country and in the world, should be already irrevocably occupied by structures copied from the palaces of the corrupt age of Dioclesian, or the still more absurd and debased taste of Louis the XIV. In this city however it might naturally be expected that the purest taste would prevail. Founded by a man, the beneficent effects of whose wisdom and policy will be enjoyed by a late posterity, and the simplicity of whose manners and principles have descended to a very numerous part of this community as an inheritance, influencing and correcting the character of the whole population, the city is held responsible to the whole union for the purity of her taste in the fine arts. Nor has she altogether set them an unworthy example in her architecture. The beautiful marble with which this neighbourhood abounds, and the excellence of all other building materials, give to Philadelphia great advantages in this branch of the fine arts. The first building in which marble was employed as the principal material of its front, is the Bank of the United States. Although only a copy of a European building of indifferent taste, and very defective in its execution, it is still a bold proof of the spirit of

the citizens who erected it, and of the tendency of the community to *force*, rather than to *retard*, the advancement of the arts. Only one year after its completion the Bank of Pennsylvania was built. Whatever may have been the success of the architect in devoting his best talents to produce a pure specimen of Grecian simplicity in design, and Grecian permanence in execution, the existence and taste of this building is due, not to the architect, but to a man, unhappily for the fine arts, now no more. Such a building, so different from all that had preceded it in form, arrangement, construction, and character, would not have overcome the dread of innovation, which uninformed prudence always feels, had not the late President of the Pennsylvania Bank, Mr. Samuel M. Fox, united to the purest taste, and extensive knowledge of the subject, an influence of personal character, which inspired implicit confidence in all he approved. If the style of this single building has given to the Philadelphian architecture, even in our plainest brick dwellings, a breadth of effect and a repose vainly sought in other cities, we owe this superiority to the mild but powerful influence of the discriminating taste of this one man. His death, in the prime of his life and of his usefulness, was a loss, which those, who knew him, who loved him, among whom he shared his admirable qualities, whom his wisdom counselled, his benevolence served, his example instructed, his temper, his taste, and his various knowledge delighted, will never repair. In him native dispositions and talents of rare combination, were brought forth and matured by the best course of culture,

by the extreme simplicity of his early habits, by the advantages of education, by the improvement of foreign travel, and by the experience of the business and politics of his own country. To quickness of perception and ardor of feeling, he joined the mildest and most forbearing temper: cautious to decide—fearing to do wrong—and always leaning to kindness—he was bold, rigid, and immoveable in the performance of what he knew to be his duty. But to discover all the fund of knowledge and worth which his modesty concealed, and which he held, not for show, but for use, the relaxation of intimate friendship, or the call of his fellow citizens for his services, was necessary.

If this recollection of one of our most estimable citizens be out of place, I shall be forgiven; for to the acceptance among you, which his friendship first gave to me, I owe the honour that I may here speak of him. But where the fine arts are named, the name of Samuel Fox cannot be out of place. Had this city been Athens, he would have been a Pericles, in whose character, no Aristophanes could have found aught to censure or to ridicule.

But if the arts have lost HIS influence, we have this consolation, that in our institutions there is a wide field for the growth and influence of similar talents and virtues. If they exist they will not remain hidden or powerless. Of this, the supply of this city with water, the bridge of Schuylkill, and many other public works which have risen around us, and are even now springing up in every direction, are the best proofs.

I have already detained you far beyond the right which my feeble powers of instruction or entertainment give me. An attempt to remove the prejudices which oppose the establishment of the fine arts among us, appeared to me the most pressing duty of the orator of the Society of Artists. I have fulfilled but a small part of that duty. If it were necessary to do more, I could call up the spirit of commerce to aid me. I could enlist in the cause of the fine arts—that embellish domestic happiness, that charm leisure, that grace generosity, and honour patriotism—I could enlist in their cause, the demons of cupidity, and of avarice. I could show that though they are instructive, faithful, and amusing friends, they may also be made profitable slaves. I could mention the names of Wedgewood, whose pots and pitchers, and cups and saucers, and plates, shaped and decorated by the fine arts, have thus received a passport into the remotest corners of the globe—of Boydell, whose engraved prints are spread over and ornament the whole surface of the earth—of Bolton, and Watt, and of the smiths and founders of Birmingham, who, true sons of Vulcan, have rendered the fables of Homer, and the visits of the arts and the graces in the forges and furnaces of that sooty god, to assist in the design of the armour of the immortals, not only probable, but true. But I need not proceed further. The presence of this assembly shows that it is unnecessary, and its patronage will be more efficient than the most laboured oration.

To the artists and amateurs who compose this society it must be matter of infinite encouragement to

view the effect of their collected talents and industry in the exhibition now opened. The novelty of an exertion to bring together and to arrange the productions of art which cover the walls of the academy, must, necessarily, produce some imperfection, both in the collection and in the arrangement. But without asking for any such allowance, have we not reason to be proud of our infant strength:—that it is considerable:—that among the numerous pictures and drawings, there are many which would not dishonour the walls of the London and Parisian galleries, is certain:—And in this is our superiority; that our strength is our own. It is not hot-bedded by imperial and royal patronage, nor even by the nobility of wealth: it is the concentrated force of individual genius and industry, and of the encouragement of private and unproclaimed protection. That this effort of the fine arts may be countenanced by your visits and your approbation, I need not solicit. It is in your power to make your own amusements the foundation of all the eminence to which the most sanguine of us expect to attain; and, as the fair part of this assembly once did in adopting the Grecian dress, to stamp with the sanction of fashion, that which good taste recommends. The success of the exhibition of this year will ensure to you an infinitely superior collection in the next, and not only stimulate the zeal of our artists, but inform them on the best method of accomplishing their object.

In beholding the harmony in which the productions of so many talents are arranged; in considering the general and united effect of all the pictures which cover



the walls of the exhibition room, varying as they do in the merit, the manner, the colouring, and the subject of each; I could not help reverting to that moral and social harmony by which the artists of our country might so much improve each other. There is, indeed, in superior genius a gregarious principle, which naturally brings men of similar talents together. Those who are most susceptible of the beauties of truth and of nature, are also the most susceptible of affection. The enthusiast in art, cannot be cold in friendship, nor can any thing contribute more to mutual improvement and excellence, than that mutual esteem and confidence which embellishes the private associations of artists. Each honest advice, each friendly criticism, each communication of knowledge from one artist to another is a step, hand in hand, in the ascent to perfection. As our political independence was achieved by adherence to this motto, let our independence in the arts grow out of the conviction that, *united we stand, divided we fall.*

I thank you, fellow citizens, for the attention with which you have honoured me. Descended from the earliest European settlers in this state and this city; although the course of my business has for some years separated me from you for the greatest part of every year, I feel that my home is here: and if in my endeavours to exercise that branch of the arts which I profess, I have been ever successful in your service, my pride and my reward is that of a patriot, who has devoted himself to his country.











